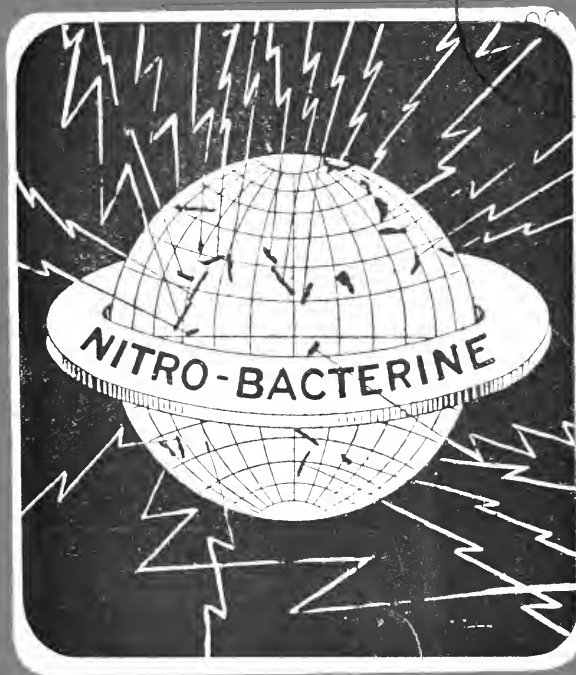


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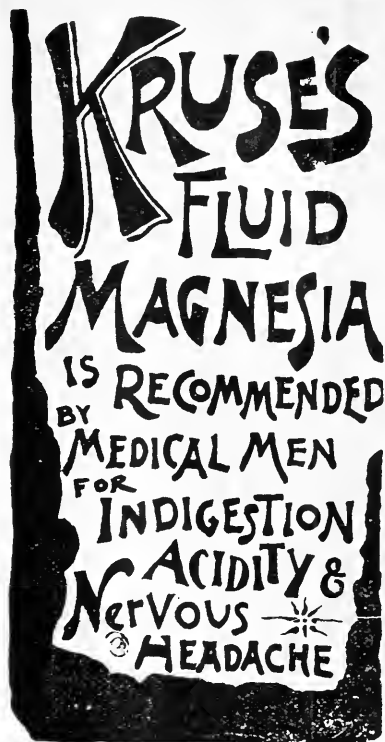
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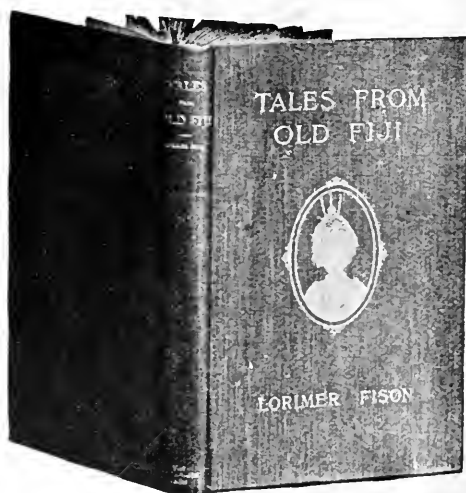
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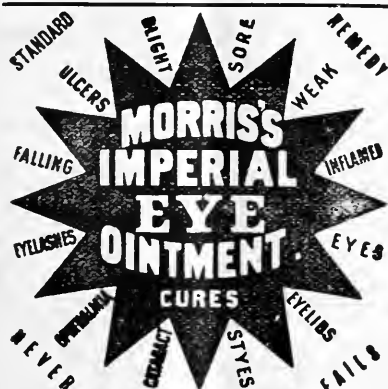
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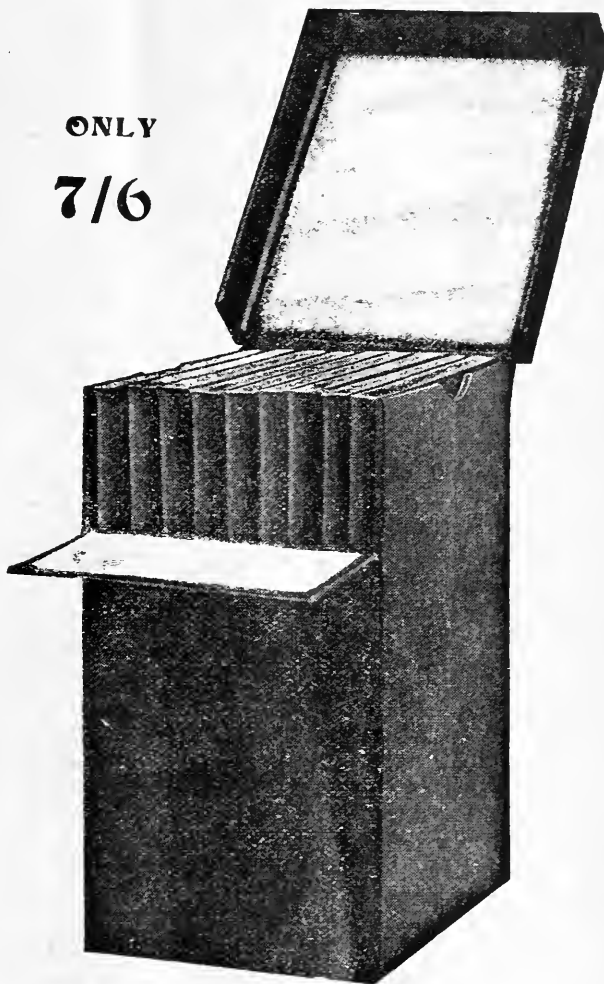
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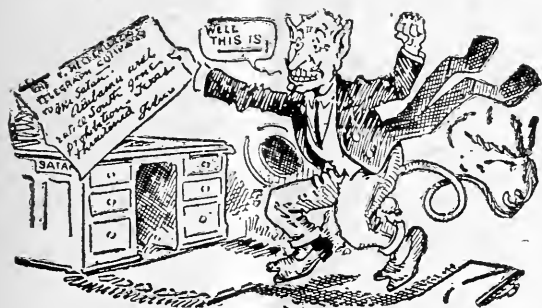
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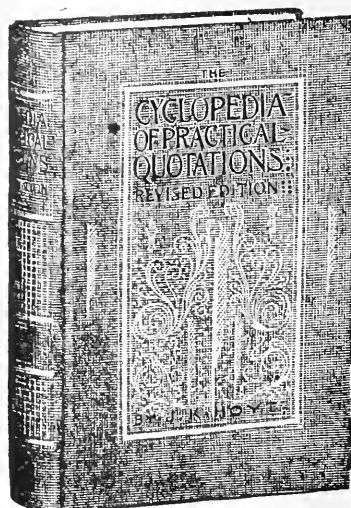
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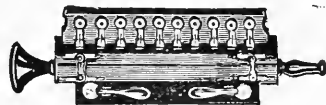
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Five Varieties of Good Non-Alcoholic Wine from the Pure Juice of the Grape, without Preservatives, retaining all the Natural Fragrance and Bouquet Unspoiled.

People have been looking for such a drink for many years, and now that this man has succeeded in making good, wholesome Wine, without the poison of Alcohol, the thirsty sons of men will bless his name, and call him a benefactor.

THE MEDICAL VALUE OF GRAPE JUICE IS WELL KNOWN. From earliest times man has regarded THE GRAPE as one of his CHIEF FOODS, and the juice thereof as his **FINEST AND BEST DRINK.**

Physicians of highest repute advise us to eat more Fruit.

GRAPES CONTAIN A VALUABLE FOOD (Grape Sugar), which ranks very high in the estimation of those who have studied the subject, and, in fact, all hydro-carbons (heat and energy-producing foods) must first be transformed into Grape Sugar by digestion, before they can be received into the blood current. THE NATURAL GRAPE SUGAR CONTAINED IN THE WINES can, therefore, be assimilated directly into the blood without any preliminary process of digestion, and can scarcely be over-estimated as a heat or energy producing food.

Now in these **MAS-DE-LA-VILLE WINES** (L'Arlesienne, Chateau-Peyron, Chateau-Badet and Champagne), all **NON-ALCOHOLIC**, you get the **PURE JUICE OF THE GRAPE, ALL THE JUICE AND NOTHING BUT THE JUICE.**

There is no Alcohol in them, Preservatives are not used in the manufacture, for they are preserved by the process known as "Pasteurisation," and no drugs or plaster of Paris are used to fix them up.

These Wines can be used with Soda or Mineral Waters, or pure water. They are a beverage and a tonic of a fascinating flavour and character.

**They Exhilarate but do not Inebriate. They aid Digestion.
For Communion Purposes they Surpass all Other Wines.**

The New South Wales, Victorian, South Australian and Queensland Customs authorities, after testing the five varieties of these Wines, say there is no Alcohol in them.

A great advantage these Non-Alcoholic Wines have over the ordinary Fermented Wines is that practically all the Grape Sugar is retained in the **MAS-DE-LA-VILLE WINES**, while it is all consumed by the microbes or Alcohol in the Fermented Wines.

WHAT MEN OF SCIENCE SAY OF MAS-DE-LA-VILLE WINES:

"THE LANCET" (January, 1906), speaking of Mas-de-la-Ville Wine, says:—"The juice had a pleasant flavour of the grape, and was free from objectionable preservatives. It contains 16.85 per cent. of solid matter, the bulk of which was grape sugar."

L. PORTES, First Chemist of the Hospital St. Louis, in Paris; Chemist of the "Chambre Syndicate du Commerce des Vins en gros," writes:—

"CHATEAU PEYRON: The liquid, when analysed, has shown the following composition:—

Density...	1053.	Grape Sugar ...	137.19
Extract...	55.45	Alcohol...	0
Ashes ...	3.500	Boric Acid ...	0
Nitrogen calcu-		Salicylic Acid ...	0
lated in albu-		Succharine ...	0
menoid matter	4.134		

"CONCLUSIONS: The product, on being analysed, reveals the composition of a perfectly normal must (grape juice), and fulfils all the necessary conditions to be used as a hygienic non-alcoholic drink. In fact, the proportion of hydro-carbides and nitrogenous elements give it a real food value."—L. PORTES.

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TESTIMONIALS.

The Rev. THOS. SPURGEON, of METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE, LONDON, S.E., writes as follows:—

"I have to thank you for sample of your 'Mas-de-la-Ville.' I think this non-alcoholic wine is SIMPLY DELICIOUS, and I confess to being glad that so palatable a beverage has been produced, without alcohol, from the grape. It ought to become very popular with teetotalers. I could wish, too, that wine drinkers would substitute it for the wines they are accustomed to use, though I fear that the lack of alcohol will prejudice them against it. It should have a distinct value for Communion purposes.

"Yours faithfully,

"(Signed) THOS. SPURGEON."

"Having used the 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines, I enthusiastically commend them.

"All Ministers who sample the still wine I feel confident will adopt it for use in the commemoration of the Lord's Supper.

"The flavour of the grape is so pronounced and pleasant in the sparkling wines that I am very hopeful they will become popular as a beverage.

"(Rev.) ROBERT B. S. HAMMOND.

"Sydney, 4/11/07."

"St. Paul's Rectory, City, 4th Nov., '07.

"The providing good substitutes for intoxicating drinks has ever been a matter of concern with the friends of Temperance.

"There are several, but we notably have one such in the 'Mas-de-la-Ville' French Non-Alcoholic Wine, introduced from France by Mr. William Winn.

"It is very pleasant to the taste, especially I think the 'champagne.' As far as I can judge, it is nutritious, is the true fruit of the vine, unfermented, and apparently in all respects pure.

"I warmly commend it

"I believe, further, that we are under a debt of obligation to Mr. F. Winn for bringing this excellent wine to the Commonwealth, and I trust that his action on behalf of the Temperance cause will be appreciated.

"The moderate price will place it within the reach of the mass of the people, and I hope that it will have a ready and large sale.

"F. B. BOYCE."

"Sydney, 23rd October, 1907.

"I thank you for enabling me to sample the various brands of your famous 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines and Champagnes.

"I have long been seized with the importance of getting a suitable drink from the grape without alcohol, and in all my experience throughout Australasia and New Zealand I have entirely failed to find it until sampling your famous wines.

"The splendid flavour of the grape present in each wine is a distinctly gratifying feature, while the large quantity of grape sugar contained therein gives a special food value.

"It is really excellent, and deserves a ready market, which I trust will be found. I recommend it with confidence to all those who want to solve the problem as to what we shall do with our vineyards.

"Yours faithfully,

"ALBERT BRUNTNELL,

"General Secretary, New South Wales Alliance."

"The 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Wines promise to fill a long-felt want. I have been dissatisfied with much of the Unfermented Wine supplied for use at the Sacramental Table, whilst a good non-alcoholic wine for table purposes has not been procurable at any cost. M. Peyron, of the 'Mas-de-la-Ville' Vineyard, in France, professes to have solved the problem, and is furnishing wines—five varieties, light and red—of a very excellent quality, absolutely free from Alcohol, and of a very sweet and refreshing taste. I have tested several samples, and can cordially recommend them.

"WM. G. TAYLOR,

"Superintendent, Central Mission, Sydney."

"Dear Sir,—

"I have much pleasure in acknowledging the receipt of four bottles of unfermented wine. I have tasted many of the fruit juices, both imported and colonial, and I can positively say that the 'Chateau-Badet' is the first that has ever come under my notice. It is truly the unadulterated, uncontaminated, pure, unfermented juice of the grape.

"It should prove a great blessing for medicinal use, also aid in making good blood. If people would only recognise that 'Pure Grape Juice' is a food as well as a beverage, I am sure that a much larger proportion of it would be consumed.

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"	Litre size, one-third larger than Rep. Quarts, 3 6
L'Arlesienne	Rep. Pints, 1 6 ; Rep. Quarts, 2 6
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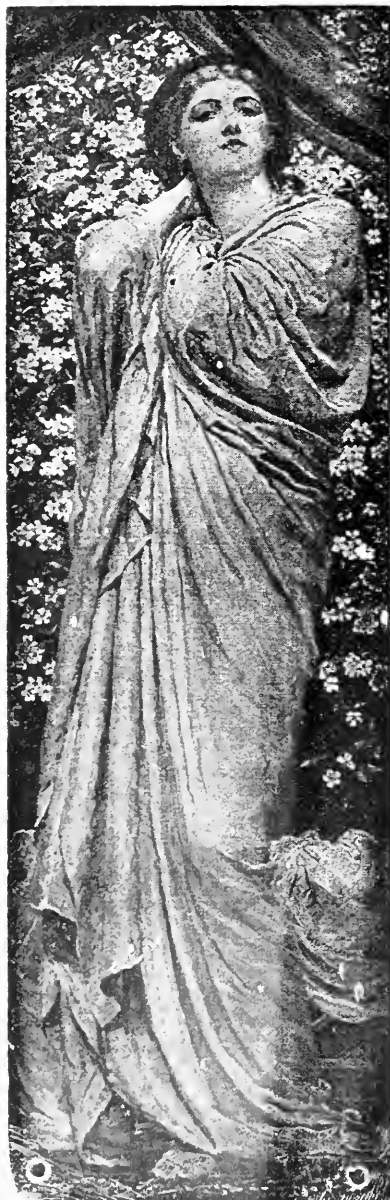
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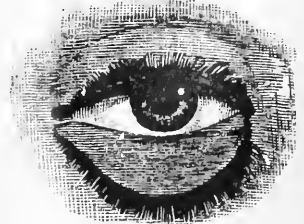
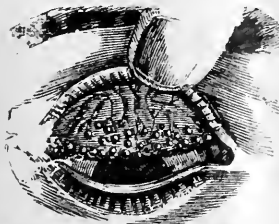
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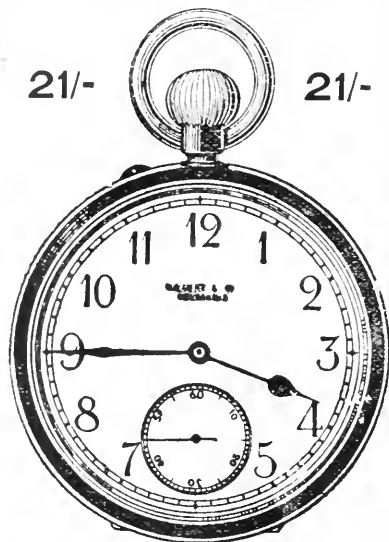


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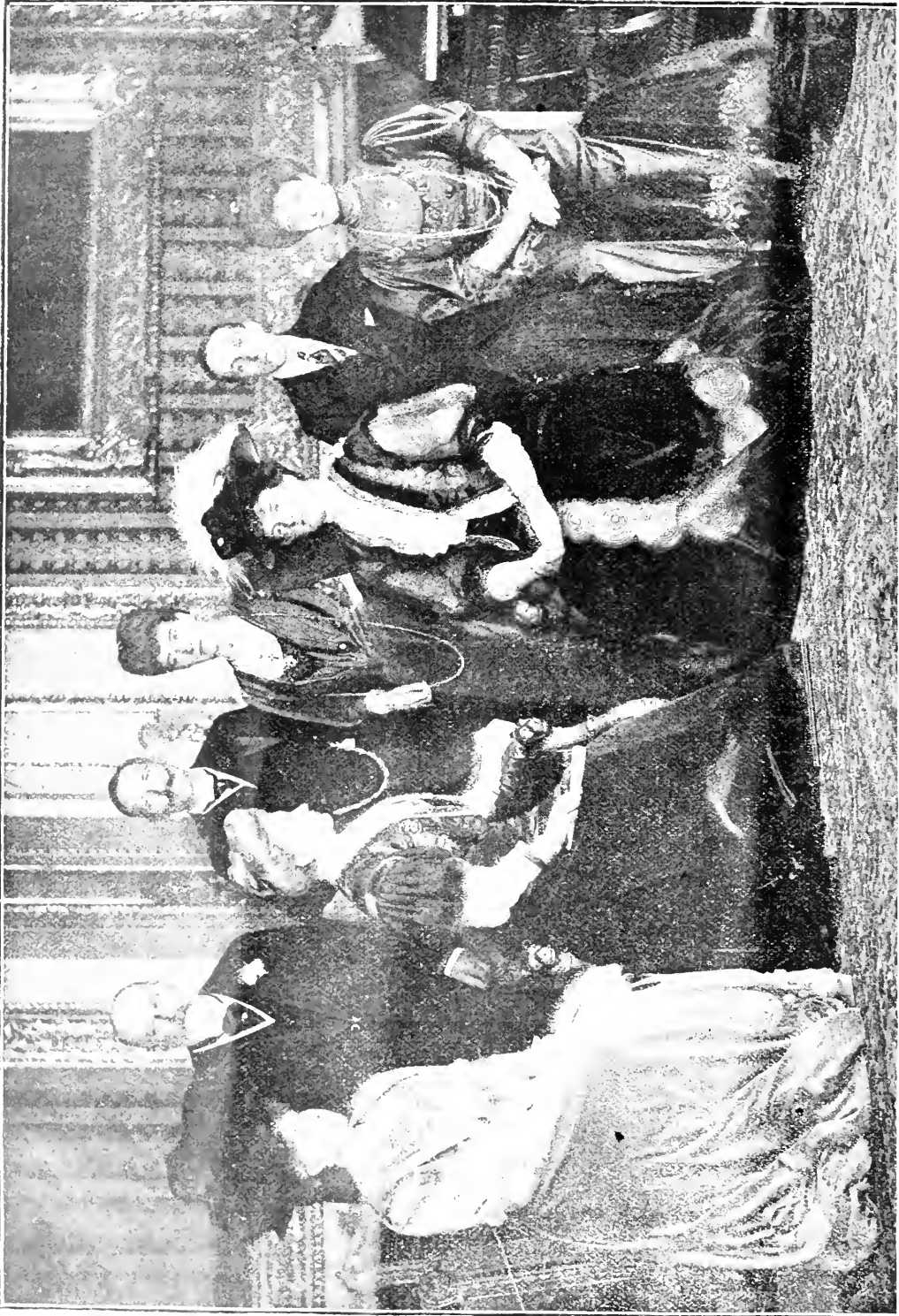
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THE HISTORY OF THE MONTH.

MELBOURNE, JANUARY 15th..

A Holiday Trip.

Since I last wrote these monthly notes I have been on a health trip, (occasioned by a severe attack of influenza) through the Pacific Islands

comprised in the Fijian, Samoan and Tongan groups. It is an education to any Australian to go through these parts. One enters a new world, with different people, different customs and habits to those which appertain to Australian shores. One cannot but be struck, too, with the fine race of people which inhabit these islands. The traveller falls most in love with Samoa, both on account of its people and the wonderful beauty of the island, and it becomes a matter for regret, no matter how broad one's outlook may be, that the lovely islands of the Samoan group, in common with other adjacent islands, should not be under the British flag. The Samoans are a most lovable people, and the islands are beautiful beyond description. By-and-bye these islands will be of even greater importance than they are to-day. Fertile to a degree, enjoying climatic conditions which are almost perfect, and lying midway between America and Australia, they must play a large part in the history of the future. Europeans live in them with the greatest pleasure. To me the climate of Samoa would be a never-ending delight, and after even a brief trip there one does not wonder that Mr. Stevenson chose it as his home. From the mountain-top where he lies buried the view must be enchantingly beautiful. It is ravishingly so even from the lower slopes of the mountain. Some day every one of these groups will be of great strategical importance. After the island trip I went on to New Zealand, where I renewed many friendships of past years, and passed from end to end through the wonderful thermal region. This I shall write about in a succeeding issue. The Dominion is wonderfully blest. Everywhere are signs of prosperity and progress. Wealth seems to be overflowing, and there is a spirit of grit and progress about the people that acts on one like a healthy tonic.

The Defence Proposals.

Mr. Deakin has announced his defence proposals, not a day too soon to gratify the curiosity of the people, for this is a matter which concerns Australia very closely. We are at the present practically undefended, except for the assistance which we receive from the mother country. And the defence question has been incubating so long that one almost wondered whether it would fail to hatch. It is very easy to criticise any defence scheme, but a very difficult matter to formulate one; and consequently one feels inclined to be very tender in criticism towards any scheme that is brought forward. Our country is so big, our population is so small and widely scattered, we have such a length of coastline to defend that how to do it in the most effective way, with the least expenditure of money, and without engendering the war spirit, is a task which no small-minded man can set himself to. Briefly, Mr. Deakin's proposal is that something like an army should be created by a proposal that young men during their nineteenth, twentieth and twenty-first years should submit to a short military training of 18 days a year. Present militia officers would be used to train recruits, and the militia would thus be absorbed in the general scheme. With regard to the naval side of the defence, Mr. Deakin's proposal is that two cruisers of the "P" or some superior type should be loaned from the Imperial authorities, one to be manned by Australian troops and controlled by the Commonwealth, the other to be manned by Australian troops, but to be under Admiralty control. Back of this, of course, there must be very strong local defences and smaller craft, such as torpedo boats. As to the scheme itself, one views the proposal to make service compulsory with more than a shade of suspicion. There are so many evils connected with it that one would willingly try other plans before adopting this as a last resort. The ages of nineteen, twenty and twenty-one years are about the most critical in a young man's career. He is most susceptible to influences, and more than that, he is probably at the busiest time of his prepa-

ration for his life work. There is one redeeming feature about the scheme, and that is that Mr. Deakin insists that it is only for three years, and that it would be unwise to look further ahead and to make provision for a longer period. But the difficulty which must be faced in any arrangement of that kind is this, that the scheme, once started, is likely to go on. The very hindrances which have been in the way of the establishment of a defence scheme will lie in the way of an alteration of a scheme once set in motion, and if compulsory service is initiated it is very likely to remain.

The Alternative.

It is, as we say, very easy to criticise. The answer to any criticism must be, "What would you propose in its place?" From our point of view the answer is simple. Place local volunteer corps on the best footing possible as far as payment and rewards are concerned. Give the boys of the State schools the services of competent drill masters, and equip miniature rifle ranges in their proximity, and the defence problem would almost be solved. If from the ages of ten to fifteen boys in the State schools were to be drilled even once a week by a military officer, and the plan of training in rifle-shooting were carried out, Australians would be always ready to defend themselves. Most Australian boys can hold on to a horse with the agility of a monkey, because they are astride a horse almost as soon as they can walk. Riding, shooting and swimming are all in the same category so far as retaining them in age is concerned. A man who has learned to handle a fowlingpiece when a boy never loses the knack of it afterwards, and four or five years' practice in drill fifty-two times a year at the most impressionable period of his life would render him fit to go into the ranks at any time of his life. In all probability, too, it would induce a huge volunteer movement when these trained lads grew to young manhood. This would be a solution of the defence problem, but it would, of course, have to be taken in hand immediately to be of use even in a few years. In the meantime, a properly equipped volunteer force would be of infinitely more value than a conscript one. There is so much to be said against the latter that it is to be hoped that Parliament will modify the proposals in the direction we have indicated. We need defence, and need it badly, but the way indicated by the Prime Minister is not just the best.

Federal Politics.

The Federal Parliament is preening itself upon the work done last year, although the community at large may not be so satisfied with it. Most of the time of the session was wasted over the fiscal question. Preferential trade with England, which is of so slight a character that that country can hardly discover its existence, has been

affirmed. Several manufacturers will make huge fortunes at the expense of the people, and further efforts will have to be made to cripple trusts that are certain to try to spring into existence. One of the most important things accomplished is the new mail contract. The fiasco a little time ago has somewhat comically terminated by the Orient Company after all securing the contract. The conditions under which that contract has been entered into, however, are very much better than those of the previous one, and so far as that goes there is reason for thankfulness that the previous one did not come off. The Capital Site Bill will have to be taken in hand pretty soon in order to allay feeling, but it is a Chinese puzzle as to what will eventuate over it. Dalgely has been chosen by the vote of the Federal Parliament, and there is a Bill before the House for the purpose of defining exactly what territory shall be granted, and of gaining the authority to secure the necessary area, but New South Wales seems set as strongly as ever against the idea of making the capital at Dalgely. Just why is a question that nobody outside New South Wales can very well understand. Seeing that the main reason for having a Federal capital is that it shall be free from all State influences, it cannot matter much to New South Wales where the capital is going to be situated. However, the matter is certain to come up in the near future, and then there will be wigs on the green.

The Tariff, &c.

The Federal Government has a prospect before it which is not altogether encouraging. The tariff was mangled and mauled about in the House of Representatives until it was strangely unlike the well-groomed and confident new arrival that stepped into that House with such a jaunty air a few months ago. It will certainly be a relief to get the tariff out of the way, for it has been a bone of contention over which an extraordinary amount of rancour has been snarled. The Senate meets in the last week of January, and the House of Representatives on the 11th March, and it is understood that the Senate will employ the time before the House meets in discussing the tariff. One cannot help speculating a little as to what will happen then, for the Government's following in that Chamber is a very small affair, and it will depend upon the whim of the members of the Labour Party as to what happens. Although one will be glad when the tariff is through, and it is inevitable now that there will be a pretty high tariff, it is to be hoped that in the final struggle a few more corners may be knocked off it. The community is paying pretty stiffly already for some things in connection with it, and there is much valuable work that the Senate can do. A new office has been created in connection with the Federal Cabinet. Mr. Hume Cook, as a reward for his arduous duties in connection with the tariff, has

been given the position of Honorary Minister, and has been made Secretary of the Cabinet. This is a promotion which all his friends will be glad to hear of. Mr. Cook is a most indefatigable worker, and his elevation to Cabinet rank is only a matter of time.

The N.S.W. Declaratory Act. During the closing hours of the last session of the New South Wales Parliament, one of the finest things ever performed by a Premier in the British Dominions was done by Mr. Wade. I have asserted since, and I strongly believe, that he is the only man in power in the British Empire who would have had the pluck to do what he did. Some little time ago, New South Wales' first Local Option poll was held. The result was overwhelming votes in favour of either No-license or Reduction. By the provisions of the Act, the votes for No-license, if insufficient to reach the three-fifths majority required to carry that issue, were to be added to the votes for Reduction, and Reduction, if only by a bare majority, was thus to be deemed carried. This was the intention of Parliament. This was the belief of the people. Yet when the Courts to carry out the provisions of the Act were appointed, some legalist raised the point that the Act did not say what was to be done when the two issues were added together. The Court upheld the objection, and the result would have been that the whole of the poll throughout the State would have been nullified. Clearly this would have been an iniquity, but most Premiers would have been quite content to let the matter go. Mr. Wade, however, is not an ordinary man, and he stepped into the difficulty at once, introducing a Declaratory Act, which made plain the intentions of the Parliament which passed the Bill. A considerable storm of opposition was evoked from the publican party, which is always averse to the voice of the people being heard, and some attempts were made to prolong the debate in the closing hours of the session, but Mr. Wade manfully stuck to his post and put it through. It is a matter for keen regret that out of twenty-five members who voted against the Declaratory Act, twenty-one were members of the Labour Party. Here is a party which professes to stand for the people, and so to believe in the will of the people being expressed that it manifests an almost childish devotion to the idea of the referendum, and yet, when a Declaratory Act was necessary in order to make clear the terms under which a referendum was held, it did all it could to prevent it.

The N.S.W. Labour Trouble. But some strange summer madness seems to have seized the Labour Party. Last month we were able to report that Mr. Wade had successfully interfered in the great coal strike, a strike which would have wrought untold damage

both to the miners and the community. It was then agreed that the disputes between the miners and the owners should be referred to a special court of three men, in the appointment of one of which the miners had a voice, and the miners returned to work, only to break over the traces a little time afterwards. Before the difficulty could be argued before the Court, the men again left their work, demanding a progress rise of 2d. a ton in the hewing rate pending a decision of the Court as to whether another 2d. should be given, making 4d. in all. It is no wonder that the owners, growing sick and tired of the whole business, threatened withdrawal from the Court proceedings. Unless the Labour Party acts with a little more fairness, they will turn public opinion against them. It looks as though the only way to make Labour in some of the States have some idea of honour is to punish such breaches of agreement in some way that will be keenly felt, possibly by making union funds liable, or by going still farther. It could hardly be wondered at if the mines were closed down, for it must be exasperating to a degree to have arrangements treated in the puerile fashion that the men have seen fit to do. It is not as though the men had been speaking into ears of stone. The public has been fully alive to their complaints, and the Courts were open to deal with the troubles. Yet immediately before their cause can be heard they break out into disorder. Mr. Wade very rightly warned the men that it would be wise if they returned to work, and in some of the mines they did so, but in others they still held out.

A Wise Decision.

The matter in dispute came before the Court, which had to decide whether the men were justified in their latest action. The Court found against the men, and Judge Heydon spoke some golden words of wisdom to them. He hoped they would return to work and show respect for the Court, pointing out that disobedience to it would not only entail much suffering on the community, but also shake the foundations of justice. We are glad to be able to record that the men returned to work. The cause of Labour is best to be served by showing regard for constituted authority, and by taking adverse decisions like men. But sympathy will be alienated from, and confidence shaken in, any cause if its adherents obey awards only when it suits them. There now seems some prospect of the long-standing difficulties being settled. Especially to be commended is the action of the mine owners in withdrawing their refusal to go to the Court, which refusal was made known when the men struck. In consequence, however, of the men going back to work, the employers will co-operate in having the cases fully discussed before the Court. Most people will breathe a heavy sigh of relief on this triumph of good sense. Reason and some other principles that lie at the base of

good government have had some severe shocks lately, and it seemed at one time as though retrogression and anarchy were likely to prevail in industrial matters in a country which has done more for industry than any other. But the crisis ought now to be over. If industry is wise, she has nothing to fear in this country. Justice will certainly be done.

The Queensland Election.

The Queensland election is being waged in tremendous earnest. The polling is announced to take place on February 5th. Polling day will

be a half-holiday. Queensland politics have been in such a state of flux lately that it is quite impossible to prophesy with any certainty what the result of the elections will be. Mr. Philp, in an address, has stated that the people recognised that there were really only two parties in existence, by which it is supposed that he means the Labour Party, and everybody else who does not come under the category of the Labour Party; but whether that belief is correct, and whether the electors see things in the same light, is a matter for conjecture. Queensland has always returned a big vote for Labour, and it is not likely to be very much decreased, but there remain the Philp and the Kidston parties, and they will divide the remainder of the votes with much the same result as before. Mr. Philp makes one very important announcement in connection with his campaign, and that is, that he is in favour of an elective Upper House. Queensland has groaned for a long time under the disability of a nominative Council. If the Upper House is to represent the people at all, it should be elected by them. Mr. Philp is in favour of the establishment of Wages Boards, but not with the extension of the principle to country work. His programme is a remarkably extensive one, and he promises quicker land settlement, a country threaded with railways, extensive export facilities, a line of steamers to Britain *via* Torres Straits, conservation of State forests, the opening up of Queensland's many ports, the reduction of the number of members in the Assembly, superannuation fund for public servants, reform of liquor law, a referendum of the question of religious instruction in State schools, the establishment of a Queensland University, and an important law with regard to the protection of women and children. Queensland is a State with probably more possibilities than any other State in Australia, but it has been sadly handicapped in the past by legislation, and if Mr. Philp can only carry out a part of the programme he has set himself, he will do good work. But the three-party vote is likely to enter in as a complication in spite of what he says.

Queensland revenue this half-year shows a surplus—and Philp is Premier! Needless to say it isn't Philp's surplus Ex-Premier Kidston: "Gimme back me coat!"



[The Bulletin.]

Cheap Justice.

Something will soon have to be done in the Australasian colonies to have justice made cheaper. At the present time law is such a close corporation that it is quite superfluous to appeal to it if one is short of cash. It has no bowels of mercy whatever in financial matters. The Wallace divorce case is one in point. That case cost about £5000. There are so many intricacies for the seeker after justice to overcome, so many by-ways of legalism to walk through, that the average man may be pardoned if he endures injustice rather than seek its removal at the hands of Courts. If there be anything that should be undertaken by the Government for the good of the community, it is the creation of an institution whereby justice between man and man can be gained with as little trouble and expense as possible. It is anomalous in some respects that in the progress we are making in civilisation justice should be so hard to secure. By-and-bye it is likely that people will submit their cases to self-appointed tribunals, acceptable to both parties, and approachable with little expense.

Social Reform.

The cause of social reform may be said to have had a successful year in 1907. In each of the States it received a fair amount of attention. New South Wales went through its first

licensing poll with infinite credit. Her gambling laws are being enforced with a deal of success. Victoria is vastly better for the purging through which she went with regard to liquor and gambling; and South Australia, which has taken a poll in East Torrens, won a complete victory. New Zealand has greatly improved her gaming laws. Post office facilities are curtailed and betting is practically confined to the racecourse, although it seems a great mistake to have created a new vested interest through the license of bookmakers. Instead of having one enemy to fight in the shape of a totalisator, the friends of reform will now have two—the totalisator and bookmaker. On the whole, however, vast progress has been made, and we are entering the year 1908 with high hopes of work yet to be accomplished.

A Step in Progress.

A step in the progress of the race is to be seen in the work required to be done by postal officials in the various offices of the State at Christmas and New Year. Communication with each other is one of the mediums by which universal peace and goodwill are to be brought about. Isolation is selfish, and breeds all sorts of civic, national and international ill. The mails from Australia to England, and *vice versa*, were the largest on record. On more than one occasion nearly half a million letters had to be held over in New South Wales and Victoria from day to day, it being impossible to cope with the huge business that was being done. Over 100,000 letters were sent to England at Christmas time from Victoria. All this means a wonderful increase in the diffusion of sentiments of peace and goodwill, for Christmas messages are kindly ones—a small thing, perhaps, in itself, but one that must play a large part in the spread of goodwill and kindly feeling—goodly plants that will bear a rich harvest in days to come.

The Westralian Railway.

West Australia very naturally feels very satisfied with matters in connection with the transcontinental railway. Now that the South Australian Parliament has authorised the survey of the transcontinental railway route, there should be no difficulty in getting the surveys through quickly. Sir John Forrest's suggestion that the officers of the South and West Australian Governments should carry out the surveys in their own territories—a New South Wales engineer acting as a kind of general director—is one that will find acceptance to all parties concerned. Sir John Forrest estimates that the cost of the railway will not be more than £3,300,000. If Mr. Louis Brennan's gyroscope be the success that it is hoped, it might be well to delay operations and use it on that line of railway.

Extension of Commonwealth Powers.

That the Labour Party has its eyes open to future possibilities, and that its outlook is in some respects a wide one, is evident from the way in which it is looking at the powers of the Federal Government. In this it is wise, and sets a good example to the States. If anything is going to be done for the people of Australia on a great and national scale, it must be regarded from a continental point of view. While the States are cavilling as to the limit of their powers, the Labour Party is proposing to discuss at its next Federal Conference, in June, such proposals as the giving to the Commonwealth unlimited power to make laws and also giving them full control of revenue. Of course it would mean that Australia in one sense would become one great State, but there is no reason why that should not be. In a great many things we suffer through our social and industrial laws in the different States being different from one another. As soon as this is brought about, the sooner will the time come when the inflated and foolish expense of State Parliaments will be done away with. Why should not, for instance, industrial conditions, social legislation and old age pensions be uniform all over the Commonwealth? With regard to the last-named, it is almost impossible now to carry on any reciprocity, and it is most desirable that it should be. The mere fact that an applicant for a pension has lived for a few years in another State may debar him from receiving what is his just due. Conditions must tend towards the accumulation of power by the Federal Parliament, and in regard to matters in general it is right that it should be so.

State v. Private Railways.

Australasia has not, fortunately, given itself very much to the establishment of private railways. It has known one or two. One of the most successful was the Wellington-Manawatu railway of New Zealand. A good many years ago, when communication with the rapidly opening country around Palmerston North, about eighty miles from Wellington, was needed, the Government was unwilling to undertake the job. The engineering difficulties were not very great, but they were sufficient to cause the Government of the day to hand the work, together with valuable concessions, over to a private company. That company did its work wonderfully well, and made a great success of its enterprise. It was not very long before the Government tried to get the railway into its hands, but for nearly a score of years now it has been vainly endeavouring to do what is at last within sight. Whatever may be the success of privately-owned lines in other countries, it is certainly desirable that in Australasia railway lines should be owned by the people. It is not likely that any more mistakes of the kind will be

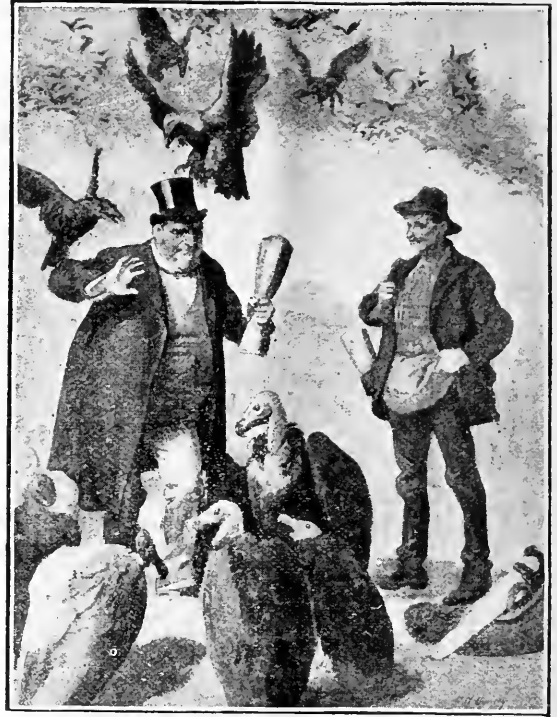
made. The Government will have to pay a good round sum to the owners of the Manawatu railway, who very rightly will want the best market price for their extremely valuable commodity. Sir Joseph Ward is to be congratulated upon bringing the business to a point. When passing through New Zealand, I was pleased to note that Sir Joseph's rule seemed to be very favourably regarded by men who had the real progress of the country at heart. There is nothing flamboyant or personally aggressive about him, but there is a growing belief that he is actuated by a sincere desire to do his level best for the country, without fear or favour. It comes rather a relief to find a somewhat quieter personality, who may be just as strong as others more aggressive, at the head of affairs in the Dominion.

The South Australian Senate Vacancy.

Rarely has there been such a muddle as that occasioned over the now famous Senate vacancy in South Australia. After repeated appeals to one court after another, political and legal, it has been decided that the election of Senator O'Loughlen by the South Australian Parliament was *ultra vires*, and the people are to be allowed to exercise their right. This is what everybody recognised as the right thing to be done in the first instance. Nothing could have been lost by allowing the people to elect their representative. It is rather hard on Mr. Vardon, however, that he should have had to put his hand so far down in his pocket to establish the right, and seeing that the Federal Government made the primary mistake, it would be only fair if he were recouped the amount of his expenses. It is only a man with the public interest greatly at heart who would fight a matter out as Mr. Vardon has done, but it is more than one should be asked to do to pay the piper for the public good. A great principle which will serve the Commonwealth well as a precedent in days to come has been established, and the community is under a debt of gratitude to Mr. Vardon for his persistence.

A Taint in the Atmosphere.

It is unfortunate that the old year closed with such a taint of impurity in the air as was caused by the Wallace divorce scandal. But being there, the Chief Justice of Victoria has laid the whole community under debt to him in getting it out of the way before the birth of the New Year. What a reproach to the community is an incident of this kind! What incalculable harm is wrought to that community by the parade of iniquity made before their eyes! For twenty-one days the public lived in an atmosphere in which sexual disorder formed the most prominent feature. Everything else paled beside the Wallace divorce case. The newspapers reported it almost verbatim. Columns of suggestive and disgusting matter were dished up day by day. The courthouse was thronged by male



Melbourne Punch.]

Knowing Birds.

THE CARPENTER: "Look here, Fatman, I admit the blessings of poverty. These birds don't want to settle on me." (Sir John Madden said that if the Wallace case had been that of a local carpenter suing for divorce, with the township doctor as co-respondent, the case would have been settled in a day.)

and female, eager to drink in every word and to eye the participants. What a commentary on our civilisation! It is, however, cheering to note that while the newspapers reported too fully for the public welfare, they condemned the case in their leading articles. But it would have indicated a giant stride in morals if they had refused to publish the evidence, and had declined to give sexual pervers the magnificent opportunity that was afforded by the full reports, to gloat over the disgusting details. Surely the time is ripe for Parliaments to forbid the publication of evidence in divorce cases. It is bad enough in all conscience for cases to happen. It is far worse for the public to be regaled on vice and to be educated in crime by the newspapers, which ought to be great educators on public and private morals, as well as purveyors of news.

The New Zealand Press.

When passing through New Zealand a few weeks ago, at the conclusion of a long and pleasant health trip through some of the Pacific Islands, I had an interesting chat with one

of the most prominent of the officials of the New Zealand Press Association, and he told me of the part that the Association is playing in trying to keep the New Zealand press clean. The New Zealand Government is the most advanced in Australasia in respect to the publication of objectionable matters, but apart altogether from the Government, the Association has taken matters into its own hands, and forbidden certain advertisements. The result is that some firms whose methods are open to question, and whose very existence is prejudicial to public health and morals, have had to withdraw from doing business in New Zealand. If only the press generally would refuse to publish details of divorce cases, betting odds, etc., and keep out of its columns things that appeal to and feed the lower nature of its readers, what wrongs would be prevented, what good done.

The Northern Territory.

Now that the Federal Government has taken over the Northern Territory, it becomes a matter of deep concern as to what is to be done with it. With an area of 532,620 square miles it is a burden which the Federal Government will feel. In this vast territory the population is less than 6000, and of this considerably more than half is made up of Chinese. There must be no halting over the position, otherwise things will be worse than they were before. It would almost seem as though the best thing to do would be to appoint an administrator with wide power, to immediately begin the development of the country. While there is no doubt that a great deal that is said about the invasion of the north is claptrap and exaggeration, there can be no doubt that in a few years the proximity of such a wealth of territory will prove a strong temptation to the denizens of the thickly populated islands lying at so short a distance from it. There is no doubt about the wisdom of a White Australia policy. America's racial troubles give one warning of the difficulties that lie before a strong admixture of white and black. But that is not to say that every dark-skinned nation is to be treated with contempt and have epithets fired at them which can only produce animosity and increase racial prejudice. The easiest solution of the trouble is not to fire off vigorous expletives at Japan, as some of our newspapers are so fond of doing, but simply to people the Northern Territory; and, if land be thrown open on the easiest of terms and in areas that are small enough for men to manage, if railway communication be vigorously carried on, and arrangements made with freight steamers to carry produce away, there would be no difficulty in settling that part of the country. Grave problems lie before the Federal Parliament of the future with regard to this great territory. Its peculiarities are great. It is practically shut off from the rest of Australia, both by

land and sea, and yet it is so wonderfully rich that it would carry a self-contained population of millions of men and women.

Prosperity.

Australia has had a year of abundant prosperity. Figures can be very eloquent at times, and no words could speak more loudly than does the fact that the half-year's returns in the States show tremendous increases. Victoria's half-year ended with a total revenue of £4,125,903. This was an increase of £369,348 as compared with the same period in the previous year. The revenue for New South Wales for the last half-year was £7,191,978, an increase of £627,189. South Australia's receipts for the half-year were £1,670,265. All these amounts are in excess of the Treasurer's estimates, although, if they all go on the principle Mr. Bent does, that is not surprising. He has a habit of writing down his expectations to as low a point as possible, and then claims the credit for skilful financing in announcing a huge surplus.

The Quest for the South Pole.

Lieutenant Shackleton, with his party of brave explorers, has started for the southern seas. He expects to reach the ice and dispense with the towing steamer about the 25th January. It is very delightful that New Zealand has contributed £1000 and Australia £5000 towards the expense of the expedition, for without doubt the scientific work that is done must be of value to the Dominion and the Commonwealth. Lieutenant Shackleton made himself very popular during the time he was in New Zealand by his interviews and his lectures. He should have some exceedingly interesting news to give the world on his return from the frozen Antarctic.

Commonwealth Weather Bureau.

Another area has been added to the extent of the Commonwealth control in the meteorological department, which has been undertaken by the Commonwealth Government. On the first of the New Year, the first Federal forecast was issued. This is another instance in which Commonwealth control is most assuredly the proper thing. Our meteorological department has been very much out-of-date, and there remains a vast deal to be undertaken in meteorological work which will benefit shipping and the farming community. Hitherto the latter has been scarcely considered at all. The work of the local observatories will still continue, and will do useful local work, acting, of course, as branches of the central bureau.

Naturalisation Returns.

As showing the way in which a composite nationality is being built up in Australia, in the same way as is being done in America, it is interesting to note that 1402 naturalisation papers

were issued in Australia during 1907. The number was not very great. It might well have been ten times as much, but it goes to show that the Australian States are not composed simply of people of British stock, and that we are building up a community which, while essentially Australian in the sense of not being thoroughly English, may yet be truly British in spirit. Of those naturalised, about 70 were women. The greatest number went to New South Wales. That is not to be wondered at, as that State has been forging ahead tremendously during the last year or two. Of the total number, 450 are settled in that State, 214 going to the credit of Victoria. It is curious also to note that the nationalities were comparatively few in number, and that none of them included some of the types that America gets so many of. Of those naturalised, Germans, Swedes, Italians, Danes and Russians predominated, Germans being in the majority with 365.

Cricket.

The English cricketers have managed to rehabilitate themselves after their defeat in the first test match. By one wicket they won the second test match. Some of the Australians played so badly that one simply stared at the records as they appeared in the newspapers. It is true that the game was played under very excessive weather conditions, but if anybody felt it oppressive it ought to have been our English visitors, and not our own men. The interest in the game, we are glad to note, has been most enthusiastic. This is the kind of sport that Australians may indulge in with the greatest of pleasure, and fortunately it has been kept clear of the gambling taint.

Mr. Mauger's Campaign Against Vice.

Mr. Mauger has to be congratulated upon the magnificent stand he has been taking with regard to the prohibition of objectionable matter going through the post. His action in connection with the screwing up of certain firms and individuals who were carrying on gambling by post is now past history, and his latest determination to prevent the perpetration of frauds by medical institutions, and the prohibition of the circulation of indecent post cards, has added another to the many laurels that he has gained during his short administration of the Postal Department. The last-named is an evil which will have to be attacked in some such way as the Postmaster-General is doing. For some time a large German firm has been circularising Australia, and post cards of the most indecent character imaginable have been posted to people far and wide throughout the Commonwealth. It is difficult to keep such garbage out, but Mr. Mauger is bent on doing whatever the law permits him to do, and letters addressed to the firm in question have been prohibited. The community backs Mr. Mauger up in all his actions. They have raised a tremendous outcry

from those who enriched themselves on the vices of the community, but any attempt to curtail his aggressiveness will be met by such a storm of uproar that those who are engaged in wrong can only work secretly in their endeavours to turn him from the path which he has entered upon. They deal with the wrong man, however, when they attempt to influence the Postmaster-General. Anyone who knows Mr. Mauger knows perfectly well that he would rather give up his political aspirations than fail to use the means he has at his command for keeping the morals of the people pure. Mr. Mauger is a standing example of the rightness of the principle of putting the best man obtainable into office. It stands to reason that, if a machine is to turn out good work, the man in charge of it should be thoroughly competent, and also enthusiastic. Mr. Mauger is both. Long may he maintain his position in order that wrong may be smitten and right upheld.

LONDON, DEC., 1907.

The Orange Free State Once More.

We heartily congratulate our friends in the Orange Free State upon the admirable use they have made of the liberty which has been restored to them by the pro-Boer Government now in power at Downing Street. The Orange Free State is now restored in all but in name, and another great blot has been wiped off the good name of the British Empire. The elections went overwhelmingly in favour of the tried and trusty heroes of the War of Independence. Only in Bloemfontein did the men who approved of the War of Conquest find any support. As a result we have a Government composed of men who can thoroughly be trusted to restore the Free State to the position it held before the war, when it was, by universal consent, the best governed and most contented State in the world. Mr. Fischer, one of the most cautious and conservative of men, is Prime Minister. General de Wet is Minister of Agriculture. They have as their colleagues General Hertzog and Dr. Ramsbottom, men who command universal respect in South Africa. Our only regret is that President Steyn is not able to resume his old place. But he is President for life of the ideal Free State of History and of Romance, and perhaps that is better than being Prime Minister for a term of years of the Orange River Colony.

Prosperous Canada.

The financial storm which has wrought such havoc in the United States does not appear to have affected Canada, whose banking system differs from that of the States. There has been a rush of unemployed across the border, which has not as yet produced any disturbance. The development of the Klondyke goldfields goes on apace. In five years' time the annual yield will exceed four million pounds sterling. A short time ago an



Kladderadatsch.]

[Berlin.

Unhappy Germany in the Finance Hospital.

The Finance Minister has pointed out the urgent necessity of developing new sources of taxation.

eminent professor at Harvard professed complete ignorance of Canada. Since then President Eliot, in a recent address, directed attention to the comparatively new Canadian Industrial Disputes Investigation Act, which he characterised as "the best in the world." This measure greatly limits the number of strikes and industrial "lock-outs" of all kinds. Another advantage which, according to him, Canada has over the great American Republic, with all its vaunted liberty, lies in the power of a man to represent a constituency other than that in which he resides, thus enabling the best men to be kept in the public employ.

The End of the Year.

1908 will have dawned before we again salute our readers, and the occasion is suitable for retrospect.

1907 has been a year of great opportunity. It has also been a year of great disappointment. The meeting of the first Parliament of Humanity constitutes a landmark in human progress. But the failure of the British Government to fulfil its most solemn pledges deprived the Second Conference of the Hague of any opportunity to challenge the collective conscience of mankind on the subject of international armaments. As Prince Bülow triumphantly told the Reichstag last week no debate on that question had ever taken place. When England sold the pass and betrayed the cause which she was supposed to have taken under her special protection, there was nothing to be done. We might have rallied all the Powers anxious to reduce the burden of the armed peace, we could have demonstrated before all the nations that we were earnest and resolute in pressing for a limitation of the increase of armaments, and we should at least have had the satisfaction of clear-

ing ourselves from all complicity with those Powers which persist in keeping up the breakneck competition of armaments. We did none of these things. And now the Ministry responsible for this act of national apostasy is being called upon to pay the penalty for its fault.

The First Gain from the Kaiser's Visit.

We rejoice that the visit of the Kaiser to this country has been so completely successful. But those who have commented upon it have ignored the chief advantage which has resulted from this long overdue exchange of international hospitality. This is the opportunity which it has afforded us of discussing the German new naval programme with coolness, courtesy and sobriety. If the Kaiser had not been in our midst when the new German naval programme saw the light of day, there would have been a very disagreeable and unmannerly outburst in our Press. The obligations of hospitality fortunately impose upon even the hottest-headed Jingo the duty of discussing the question with sanity and an absence of ill-temper. That is a great gain. The more dangerous any rival may be, the more indispensable is it that we should keep cool when dealing with him. The habit of "seeing red" whenever a foreign Empire makes a move is of all others the most suicidal. We ought ere this to have learned that the matador is always sure of the bull when he has goaded his victim to fury. Then the bull shuts his eyes and rushes upon the glittering death. These truisms are so habitually treated as anti-patriotism by our Jingo that but for the Emperor's visit our Press should have disgraced us before Europe by the wild and whirling tempest of furious invective by which it would have sought to inflame Germanophobia, and deprive us of our reason and self-control.

The German Naval Programme.

This temporary access of good manners renders it possible for us to state without the slightest offensiveness to our Imperial guest the policy which any new programme of the kind imposes upon us. There is nothing so very serious after all about the new programme. The gain to the German Navy under the new plan is that three inefficient ships will be replaced sooner than was anticipated, whereby the fighting strength, not the number, of the German battleships becomes increased. All the same we regret the increase for many reasons. At the Hague Conference the President deprecated the discussion of the question of armaments, because, he said, to arrest armaments before establishing a good understanding between the nations was to put the cart before the horse. The Army and Navy Estimates of nations he declared were merely the thermometrical registration of the degree of distrust with which

they regard each other. The *entente cordiale* with France led to an immediate easing-up in the rivalry of Anglo-French armaments. Follow it up by a similar good understanding with Germany, and the war estimates will fall as the mercury falls in the thermometer when you remove it from the fire. According to this doctrine, unanimously accepted by the Conference, the way to the relief of mankind from the ever-growing burden of the armed peace was to remove national misunderstandings. Now Prince von Bülow himself being witness, the Kaiser's visit has entirely dissipated the great misunderstanding on both sides which for the last ten years threw its shadow over the world. But as the first-fruits of the disappearance of the misunderstanding and the establishment of peaceful and friendly feelings between England and Germany, we are confronted by a sudden increase in the German naval programme. Measured by ships it may not be great, but the annual expenditure goes up from £14,500,000 to £17,500,000. The army expenditure also shows a rise of nearly £3,000,000. It hardly seems reasonable now that Germany is so much better friends with all her neighbours that she should spend so many more millions in self-defence.

John Bull's
Reply.

Of course there is no question as to what John Bull will reply to this programme, be it little or big. He will say that he is sorry, but if it must be so he cannot help himself. Without any unfriendly feeling he accepts in all courtesy the challenge which is offered him. He wishes for nothing more than the maintenance of the *status quo*. He has no army to speak of; his only defence is his navy. The maintenance of its unquestioned supremacy is for him a matter of life and death. His readiness to secure that supremacy is the condition of the existence of the British Empire. He does not waste his breath in idle moan or profane objurgation when any of his neighbours challenge him to see whether or not he is prepared to hold his own and maintain his position. He simply says to himself, "What a bore! The two foremost nations of the world might surely find something better to do with their money than spend it in a breakneck, beggar-my-neighbour competition in warships. But if Germany insists, what must be must be." He will not take much heed of programmes on paper, but the moment the challenger lays down the keel of a new "Dreadnought," we will lay down the keels of two. It is a game of beggar-my-neighbour which we would gladly have been spared. The challenge is none of our seeking, we simply take our stand on the *status quo*. We are willing to maintain the *status quo*, either by reducing armaments or by arresting the increase of armaments. But if it can be maintained in no other way, we are ready and resolved to maintain it by competition.

The National
Resolve.

We shall not say much about it. We shall bring forward no imposing counter-programme. But when the Kaiser lays down one keel we lay down two. That is the formula of safety. We shall no more discuss it than a swimmer discusses the necessity of keeping his head above water. We shall simply do it because we have no alternative except that of suicide. It is a hideous nuisance to be driven to waste our resources in this way, but it would be cheaper to lay down three keels to their one rather than to acquiesce in the loss of that supremacy at sea which alone saves us from the intolerable curse of universal military service. It is their keen appreciation of this fact that makes our Peace party even more anxious to maintain our naval supremacy than our Jingo. The Jingo is hankering after conscription. If the supremacy of the Navy was impaired, he would have his compensation in the immediate, almost automatic, adoption of universal military service. For the Peace party there is no such compensation. The Peace party is also the party of Free Trade. And our island, which lives from day to day on food from overseas, must keep control of its ocean moat. Was it not Cobden who said when the French Emperor was supposed to be challenging our naval supremacy that he was willing to vote a hundred millions rather than sacrifice the control of the seas? We shall not be any worse friends with Germany because she wishes to alter the *status quo* to our detriment. It is a fair challenge, and we shall accept it in the same spirit in which we accepted the challenge for the blue riband of the Atlantic. Only instead of allowing the naval "Deutschland" to take the prize and hold it for years while the "Lusitania" and "Mauretania" were building, we cannot afford to allow our naval supremacy to be imperilled. No, not even for a single day. "Britons, hold your own." And so say all of us.

A Bad Time
for
Mr. Haldane.

Mr. Haldane has done very well at the War Office. But there is a very bad time ahead for him next Session. One hundred and thirty-six members of the Liberal-Labour party have signed a memorial to the Prime Minister calling upon him to make serious reductions in the Army and Navy estimates next year. These signatures were obtained before the German naval programme had challenged us to a beggar-my-neighbour competition in ship-building. If that programme is persisted in—and as Germany has a deficit of six millions, and is driven to propose to borrow thirteen millions, there is still some hope that reason and cool reflection and the impatience of the taxpayer may yet arrest or, at least, postpone the execution of the programme—there can be no further reduction in our naval estimates. We shall, indeed, be lucky if we escape an increase. If, therefore, any money is to be saved on the war estimates, it will

have to come from the Army. It is when Mr. Haldane introduces his estimates that Ministers will begin to realise what a ghastly mistake they made when they allowed the Tchinovniks of the Foreign Office to burke the discussion at the Hague of the question of the limitation of armaments. If Sir Charles Hardinge had not reversed the policy to which Sir Edward Grey had pledged himself in the House of Commons, if the British delegation had gone to the Hague with a clearly defined programme for an international agreement for a Standstill of Armaments, if they had fought the question out in set debate, they would not have secured unanimity, but they would have liberated their own Conscience, they would have rallied to the side of an overwhelming majority of the forty-four Governments of the world, they would have shown everyone which Governments blocked the way, and what, from a party point of view, was not the least important, they would have silenced all opposition in the Liberal ranks to the voting of any sum which they declared to be necessary for Imperial defence. As the Government did none of those things the 136 memorialists will give Mr. Haldane a very bad quarter of an hour, and compel Ministers to appeal to the Opposition to save them from defeat.

The Airship.

Against all these excessive and ruinous developments of army and navy expenditure the airship is our only defence. "La Patrie," the French military airship, which a high wind has carried off no one knows where, had been stationed at Verdun, on the frontier. It sailed from Paris to Verdun, a distance of nearly 200 miles, at the rate of 33 miles an hour in bad weather, without using more than half its ballast. It has also proved its capacity to rise with ease to the higher strata of the air. At St. Cyr last month it conducted a reconnaissance 4500 feet above the earth. If it took to making reconnaissances 4500 feet above Metz and Potsdam the situation would become serious. But from an international law point of view it is difficult to say how anyone could object. An accident which happened to an airship which broke its propeller, and part of which, weighing 200 lbs., fell to the ground accidentally, demonstrated the possibility of dropping aerial torpedoes. It has been contended that the sudden diminution of weight carried by a balloon would be fatal to the balloon. The chance experiment proved this to be a fallacy. The airship shot up into the air, but it did not burst or lose its equilibrium. The sudden ascent may indeed be a source of safety. An airship which had dropped 200 lbs. of dynamite on the deck of a "Dreadnought" would do well to rise out of gunshot as speedily as possible. The experiments on the aéroplanes—the airship proper—continue, and will sooner or later be successful.

A Family Party of Kings.

The King of England has been entertaining as his guests at Windsor last month a bevy of sovereigns. The Kaiser and the Kaiserin, the King and the Queen of Spain, the Queen of Portugal, and the King and Queen of Norway—was there ever so many crowned heads assembled in one country merely as a family party? This international hospitality on the part of princes is excellent. But in these democratic days it ought to have its counterpart in the systematised interchange of hospitality between the representatives of the peoples. By-the-by, it is rather odd, but how is it that the British aristocracy never seems to bethink itself of using its splendid vantage ground for the purpose of developing an international interchange of hospitality with the nobles of other lands? Why should not a great noble like the Duke of Devonshire or the Duke of Portland gather under his roof year after year representatives of foreign aristocracies? If they have no common meeting ground in the defence of their order, they might at least remember that *noblesse oblige*, and use their castles and their demesnes for the promotion of the solidarity of mankind.

The Unionists and Tariff Reform.

The Unionist caucus met at Birmingham last month. It was addressed by Mr. Balfour, passed the following resolution, and departed without feeling that it had got much forrarder:—

The first constructive policy of the Conservative and Unionist Party should be the reform of our present fiscal system, with the view (1) of broadening the basis of taxation, (2) of safeguarding our great productive industries from unfair competition, (3) of strengthening our position for the purpose of negotiation in foreign markets, and (4) of establishing preferential commercial arrangements with the Colonies and securing for British producers and workmen a further advantage over foreign competitors in the Colonial markets.

These generalities about disabilities were rendered still more nebulous by Mr. Balfour's definition of the incontrovertible:—

There are four principles which may be laid down as practically incontrovertible, or, at all events, which I am prepared to support by arguments if necessary. The first is that your duties should be widespread. The second is that they should be small. The third is that they should not touch raw material. The fourth is that they should not alter the proportion in which the working classes are asked to contribute to the cost of government. They should be small because small duties do not interfere with the natural course of either production or consumption. They should be numerous because if you require revenue and your duties are small you must have many articles of consumption subject to those duties.

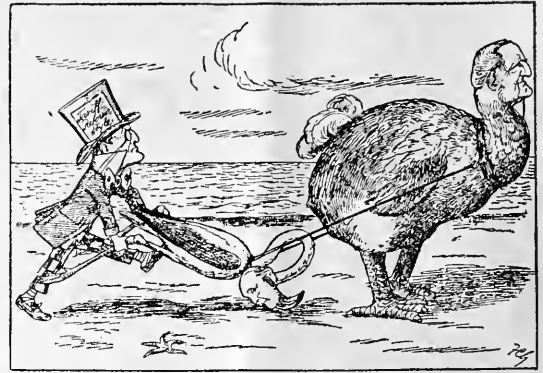
All these fine distinctions are mere cobwebs. Tariff Reform in the mouth of the Tory is only an *alias* for Protection—no more and no less. Note that the *Times* and one or two other saner Unionist organs are suggesting that Tariff Reform should be laid on the shelf till a more convenient season.

**The
Constituencies
and
Tariff Reform.**

The Tory caucus may pronounce as much as it pleases in favour of Protection, but the constituencies will not have Protection in any shape, whether veiled or naked and unashamed. Last month a vacancy in West Hull afforded the country an opportunity of seeing whether the persistent propaganda of the Protectionists had made any headway. At the General Election the Liberals, who were united, had a majority of 2247 for Free Trade. Last month the Labour men ran a third candidate. The Unionists had an excellent candidate in Sir G. Bartley. As the Labour men were able to count upon 4500 votes, it seemed a foregone conclusion that the Unionists would win the seat. But Tariff Reform, however organised, stinks in the nostrils of the Yorkshiremen. The Liberal came in at the head of the poll with a majority of 241; but the total Free Trade vote, which in 1906 was only 8652, rose to 10,135, of whom 5623 were Liberal and 4512 Labour; the Protectionist vote fell from 6405 to 5382. The result made the heroics of the *Morning Post* seem as amusing as they are grotesque. Before the election it declared that "the electors of West Hull will to-day vote either for or against continued greatness and increased prosperity for the country which their children will inherit. Every vote given to either of the Free Trade candidates is a vote for the decline of England, and ultimately for her subjection to a foreign yoke." After the election it proclaimed that "by a majority of two to one the electors of West Hull have in effect decided that the Empire is not worth preserving, and that the Germany navy may continue to grow on the revenue supplied by British industries so long as the Liberals will promise them old age pensions at the expense of other people." The possibility that the hard-headed Yorkshiremen know their own business and love their own country quite as much as any Cockney scribbler does not seem to have pierced through the dense self-conceit of the *Morning Post*.

**Lord Milner
and
Lord Cromer.**

Lord Milner and Lord Cromer served together in Egypt, but they appear to be as far as the poles apart in the prescriptions which last month they tendered to John Bull. Lord Milner is, as might be expected, German to the backbone, pressing his German policy of Protection, Conscription, and State Socialism with the same unswerving vehemence that he pressed his policy of blood and iron upon South Africa. Lord Cromer, on the other hand, denounces Protection under all its aliases as a peril to the Empire. We have appropriated all the richest territories in the world with the tacit consent of our neighbours, because they know that in all our possessions, colonies and dependencies we should allow them to



Westminster Gazette.

Ploughing in the Fiscal Wonderland.

The Mad Hatter, the Flamingo and the Dodo.

"We have set our hands to the plough, and there will be no turning back."—MR. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, at Birmingham, November 15th, 1907.]

share equally with our own citizens in all the good things that are going. The moment we attempt to discriminate between our own traders and those of the other nations, the latter naturally feel that in future they must be as much on the alert to prevent our expansion as we all feel that it is our interest to prevent the expansion of the Protectionist Powers. Lord Cromer also deprecates old age pensions, whereas Lord Milner is implacable in his demand for "steady, consistent, unhesitating, and unrelenting social reform." He declared that Unionists must be

"the strenuous and constant assailants of those two great related curses of our social system, irregular employment and unhealthy conditions of life, and of all the various causes which led to them," such as "the defective training of children, defective physical training to begin with, and then the failure to equip with any particular and definite form of skill. Among other evils were the haphazard creation of new slums on the site of old rookeries, the depopulation of the countryside, and the influx of foreign paupers into overcrowded towns.

Therein speaks the familiar voice of the Milner of Northumberland Street of 1883-1885, the father of the Fabian Society, when in the columns of the *Pall Mall Gazette* he first introduced Katheder Socialism, or Socialism of the Chair, as municipal Socialism to the British people. Note also that he advocates the selection of Unionist working men as Parliamentary candidates!

**The Third Duma
at Work.**

There seems to be some hope that the third Duma will settle down to work. The great fault of the first and second Dumas considered as representative bodies was that the great inert, stolid conservative forces of the Empire were so inadequately represented as to be practically non-existent. That cannot be said of the third Duma,



M. Homiakoff.
President of the Third Duma.

where, thanks largely to the efforts of the late Mr. Gringmuth, the much-abused but much-misrepresented editor of the *Moscow Gazette*, the Conservative party has at last secured a respectable position. A division which took place on the proposal to introduce a reference to the autocracy in the Address to the Throne showed the strength of the Right to be 140, as against 212, who defeated the proposition. Possibly in order to remove the impression produced by this division, M. Stolypin made a speech a few days later, in which, amid the vociferous cheers of the Right, he declared that

The historic autocratic power and the free will of the monarch stand out as the most precious assets of the Russian State. They have created the present institutions and are destined to save Russia in the time of danger and disaster, and to bring her back into the path of order.

Russia has been in such an evil plight for so many years she can ill afford to dispense either with the autocracy or the Constitution in coping with her difficulties. But the autocracy and the Constitution are like red rags to the bulls of the Left and the Right, and that being so it would be better to use them than to speak of them. Neither one nor the other appears to be strong enough to rescue the finances of the Empire from confusion, for M. Stolypin says, "Notwithstanding the existence of the best relations with all the Powers, the Government contemplated asking for additional funds for military purposes." If Russia were to dispense with a fleet for the next ten years—but such wisdom is past praying for.

The Unrest in Portugal.

All last month the papers have been full of telegrams from Lisbon which, if taken seriously, would seem to portend a speedy revolution in Portugal. But the Queen of Portugal came here to attend a royal marriage, the story of the arrest of the Crown Prince was denied, and arrangements are being made for the visit of the King to Brazil—all of which point in the other direction. There seems to be no doubt that the Dictator is staying longer in office than is altogether pleasing to the politicians who were at first not unwilling to acquiesce in a temporary suspension of the ordinary constitutional machinery. Dictators, like the camel in the Arabian story, are apt to make themselves permanently at home in the snug place which they have been permitted temporarily to occupy. It is to be hoped that the effervescence on the Tagus will subside without causing any upset, dynastic or otherwise. Portugal is such a close and intimate friend of ours that any disturbance of order at Lisbon would be felt almost as severely in London as if it had occurred in part of our own Empire.

The Troubles of Germany.

Germany, the most prosperous and triumphant of European States, is not spared those tribulations which afflict all nations. Baron von Stengel, in presenting his financial statement to the



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The Third Duma.

STOLYPIN: "This one will soon learn to do what we tell it."



Photo. by]

[Camacho.

Senhor Franco, Prime Minister of Portugal.

Senhor Franco has exposed the most flagrant abuses in the administration of public funds, and with the King's support he is determined to carry out reforms, although his policy has brought the nation very near to civil war.

Reichstag, deplored the "lamentable condition of the Imperial finances, which were unworthy of the Empire." A debate in the Reichstag brought into vivid relief the sufferings of the masses whose food has been artificially increased in price by the tariff—from 33 to 60 per cent.—with no prospect of relief. To add to these difficulties the Prussian Government demands more money for the compulsory expropriation of the Polish landowners from the land which they have occupied in their own country for generations, in order to promote the Germanisation of Posen. This proposal has created the liveliest indignation not only in Prussian Poland, but beyond the frontier in Galicia, whose inhabitants naturally regard the Polish proposal as a deadly blow aimed at Polish nationality. So intense was the animosity that an unprecedented demonstration took place in the Austrian Reichsrath directed against the Germanising policy in Posen, a demonstration which it is believed in some quarters may endanger the Triple Alliance. The Slavonic peoples of the Dual Kingdom can hardly be expected to remain indifferent spectators of a deliberate attempt made by their Emperor's ally to rid a Polish province of the Poles. It is a sorry business which can only produce trouble with-

out realising the hopes of its promoters. The Polish nationality is as indestructible as the Irish, and we know to our cost how hopeless a failure awaits all such State-aided efforts of colonisation and expropriation.

The American Elections.

"In his effort to clean the house," says Mr. Maurice Low in the *National Review*, "Mr. Roosevelt has set the house on fire, which is a drastic but expensive method to get rid of dirt." And he proceeds to explain that, in consequence of this action, the Republican candidate for the Mayoralty of Cleveland was defeated. Unfortunately for Mr. Low's argument, Mayor Johnson's victory is due to his own splendid record, which would have made his defeat a cause of regret to all friends of civic reform throughout the world. On the other hand, the "good Government" Mayor was elected at San Francisco, and the Hearst-Republican coalition ticket was defeated in New York by Tammany. There may be signs that the enthusiasm for Roosevelt has abated, but there is nothing in these elections to show any general disposition to hold him responsible for the recent panic. He and his administration appear to have done all that could be done to restore confidence. The choice of the Republican convention now seems to be between Mr. Taft and Mr. Hughes, the Governor of New York. If the Democracy were to nominate Mayor Johnson of Cleveland they might have a better fighting chance than if they put up Mr. Bryan once more; but Mr. Johnson prefers the Mayoralty of Cleveland to the White House.

The Financial Crisis in America.

The most remarkable feature of the financial crisis in America has been the setting in of a reflux wave of emigration from the States to Europe. Seventy-five thousand men are said to have left New York for Europe in seven days. All the while the tide of immigration flows in unchecked, for these great movements of millions cannot be arrested at a week's notice or even at a month's. The excessive severity of the crisis has somewhat abated, but the experts are predicting a long series of years of depression similar to those which followed previous panics. There seems to be some reason to doubt the accuracy of this gloomy view. A temporary derangement of the delicate mechanism of public credit does not necessarily imply a permanent check to the immense prosperity of the States. Mr. J. W. Cross, the banker, says all the trouble is due to extravagance rather than to dishonesty. His words on the subject of the honesty of American business men are worth quoting:—

All I can say of Wall Street, after ten years' experience there, is that it is the most satisfactory place that I know to do business in, notwithstanding all its harassing ups and downs and its hustling. The besetting danger is megalomania.

mania, but the average business man in America is honest, just as the average business man in England is honest. The honesty of men is really much more strong than their dishonesty, and no one country can throw stone at any other country in regard to the exceptionally dishonest.

It is just fifty years since I first became interested in American securities, and I have continued to be increasingly interested in them up to this time. So far as my memory serves me, I have known no other class of investments which has given more satisfactory results during these fifty years, taking the average prices they cost, the interest they have returned, and the average prices at which they can be sold, even at the panic quotations of to-day.—*Nineteenth Century*.

Honour to the "Lady with the Lamp."

It is significant of the chivalrous estimate of womanhood which prevails in the predominant sex that Florence Nightingale had to

wait until she was almost on the verge of the grave before her name has been added to the select company upon whom the King bestows the Order of Merit. Men are always sneering at the weakness of women, as illustrated in their passion for ornament and the gewgaws of social distinction. But when any ribbons or medals or decorations are going they take very good care that they are given only to the male. Even the *Times* is constrained to say:—

It is good to find that this high mark of the Sovereign's and the country's recognition is not to be denied to women. This, it need not be said, is wholly exceptional in this kingdom. While Germany, Russia, and other countries, including even Turkey, have several high Orders which may be conferred on ladies, all the great English Orders are given exclusively to men, with the single exception that the Garter has been specially bestowed upon her Majesty the Queen.

We men talk a good deal about the chivalrous consideration, the generosity, and courtesy which women would forfeit if they were recognised as citizens. But considering the way in which the monopolising male refuses to allow women to share in any of the good things going—all the plums being created specially for the lords of creation—it is not surprising that some women fail to see that they are risking so much in asking for the suffrage.

The Policy of "Pestering."

The Prime Minister's homely but shrewd advice to the Suffragettes to pester Ministers until they consented to enfranchise their sex has borne good fruit. No one can say that women are slow to take a hint or are lacking in prompt obedience to their leader. Since C.-B.'s counsel not a single Cabinet Minister has addressed any kind of public meeting—even at bazaars—without being "pestered" by women who demand with persistent iteration that they should be admitted within the pale of the Constitution. It is their substitute for pulling down Hyde Park railings and the Bristol riots of 1831. Last month women appeared in various police courts, and protested against women being tried for breaking laws which they had no voice in making. It is very worrying no

doubt, but it is a test of the dogged determination of the women to convince men that the line of least resistance lies across the rights and wishes of women. R. F. Cholmeley, writing to the *Westminster Gazette* of November 29th, says:—

I wish to assert the apparently incredible fact that this thing has reached a point at which a number of women feel that they had rather be killed in a riot than not. What they would say in answer to their superior critics I do not know; but I think it possible that they would say that for every ten thousand whom they discouraged by such an attitude they believed that there were a hundred thousand, less orderly, less educated, less careful of opinion, less comfortable, whom they felt that they were inspiring more and more every day with something of their own feeling of bitter exasperation; and if there is any truth in that view, it is worth thinking about.

It is very horrible to think of such a possibility. But some women will be killed if Ministers refuse to give more serious consideration to demands the justice of which is admitted by both the great parties in the State and by 400 members of the House of Commons.

Propaganda by Debate.

The peevish complaint that women should confine themselves to passing resolutions which no one reads in public meetings, which no newspaper reports, is sufficiently answered by the fact that they have been doing this for forty years, and have thereby made less impression on public opinion than the Suffragists made in half as many weeks. These critics forget that what needs to be proved is not the justice of the women's claim, but the resolution and earnestness of the women who are demanding it. That is better proved by one Suffragette in gaol than by a hundred public meetings. But at the same time I rejoice to see a beginning is to be made in a more excellent way. It has long been an amazement to me that so little use is made nowadays by any political or religious party of that most potent instrument of propaganda, a public debate between the champions of opposing views. Forty years ago public debates used to be carried on sometimes night after night before crowded and enthusiastic audiences who often never went home till morning. But for many years past public debates have been almost unknown. Now there is a welcome indication of a reversion to the healthier practice of an earlier time. Miss Pankhurst has challenged the opponent of woman's suffrage at Birmingham University to public debate. The challenge has been accepted, and a battle royal is expected which will wake up the Midlands almost as much as the gaoling of half a dozen Suffragettes. This will be a welcome interlude, but not, I fear, a permanent one. And for this reason. The arguments against women's suffrage are so few, so poor, and so unconvincing, that it will become increasingly difficult to find any man temerarious enough to face Miss Pankhurst in debate.

£5 FOR FIVE SHILLINGS ; OR, "THE MIRACLE OF NITRO-BACTERINE."

BY W. T. STEAD.

Everyone knows the story of the man who stood on London Bridge with a tray full of sovereigns in front of him, offering to sell one pound for a penny. He did it for a wager, knowing human nature. He made a bet that very few people would accept the offer, and the legend goes that he won his bet triumphantly, although he spared no pains in offering two hundred and forty pence for each bronze penny. A similar difficulty confronts me with regard to Nitro-Bacterine, the registered title of the nitro-culture which has been perfected by



Trade Mark of Nitro-Bacterine
(Without which no packets are genuine).

Professor Bottomley. According to the statement published in the last number of "The Review of Reviews," which I shall repeat in the course of this article with further proof and additional details, the effect of this substance is to enable, in ordinary good seasons, every owner or occupier of an acre of poor soil deficient in nitrogen, but possessing lime and the other two necessary ingredients, potash and phosphoric acid, to put a five-pound note into his pocket in the course of two years for an outlay of five shillings. It seems, to quote a familiar phrase, too good to be true, and yet if the evidence of hundreds of persons who have tried the experiment can

be trusted—and the sceptical will find extracts from their reports in the course of this article—that is actually what can be done: given the indispensable pre-requisites of a poor soil, ordinary weather, good seed, and careful attention to the directions for the use of Nitro-Bacterine. There is no lack of poor soil in the world. The human race, which must be fed from day to day, has been steadily exhausting the fertility of the soil, which it has only been able to keep up to the mark by the expenditure of millions of pounds sterling in the purchase of guano and nitrates for the purpose of restoring the indispensable nitrogen without which no crops can thrive. Professor Bottomley claims to have demonstrated by experiments carried on, not merely in the laboratory by skilled experts, but in the open field and garden by ordinary farmers and gardeners, that his Nitro-Bacterine is capable of working this miracle. I see no reason to question the accuracy of his statements. The experiments have been tried under all manner of conditions and by all kinds of men varying in intelligence. The consensus of opinion is overwhelming. We are, therefore, confronted with an immense problem, both agricultural and social, and one which is also ethical.

In the next page I will repeat the explanation which was given in "The Review of Reviews" last month as to how it is done; but first I may briefly state that it is an admitted scientific fact that there is practically an inexhaustible amount of nitrogen in the air of incalculable value, that the great problem of how to extract this nitrogen from the air so as to fix it in the soil is a problem which, after having perplexed scientific men for many years, has now been solved, and it is possible by the proper use of Nitro-Bacterine to convey from the air to the soil such quantities of nitrogen as will increase the value of the first year's crop from two to three pounds sterling, and would add to the soil, so as to render it available for the ensuing crop, as much nitrogen as could be found in two or three pounds' worth of the ordinary nitrate sold as a fertiliser at present prices. In some cases of course the value of the increased yield of the first crop would be less, and in other cases it would be more; and in some cases the amount of nitrogen left in the soil after taking off the first crop would be less, and in some cases more. But taking it all round, it may roughly be asserted that the application of five shillings' worth of Nitro-Bacterine to seed necessary for sowing one acre, and the subsequent spraying of the crop, would enable its user to be a richer man by £5 than he was before.

The great thing is to get the bacteria into the soil. - The more there is the better, and the more nodules will be formed.

WHAT MAY BE DONE FOR FIVE SHILLINGS.

As was explained in the last number of "The Review of Reviews," the one desire of Professor Bottomley is to secure the distribution to the farming community of the culture at the lowest possible rates. If the task had been undertaken by the Agricultural Department as a branch of the Government service he estimated that its production and distribution would only cost three shillings a gallon packet. As the Government could not do this, the next thing to be done was to secure its distribution by the ordinary trade channels, charging sufficient excess above the net cost of manufacture to cover commission and advertising expenses, which would not be incurred if the supply were undertaken by the State.

The question as to the amount of the additional charge which is justified by the necessity for placing the distribution on a commercial basis is one on which there is naturally much difference of opinion. It altogether depends upon whether the object is to sell a maximum or a minimum quantity of the commodity. The lower the margin available for the cost of advertising and canvassing the less rapid will be the distribution. To secure the widest possible distribution of Nitro-Bacterine to the greatest number of farmers and gardeners in the shortest possible time, the proper price would be 5s. per quart package and 10s. 6d. per gallon packet.

Professor Bottomley, however, declared himself

unalterably opposed to charging a penny more for Nitro-Bacterine than 5s. per gallon packet. He preferred the lower price, even although at first it limited the rapidity and extent of its distribution. Of course it is all a question of whether you prefer to go fast or slow. It is paradoxical, but true, that when advertising is needed the higher the price, within commercial limits, the greater the speed, and *vice versa*.

Professor Bottomley's wish in this matter settled the question, and the price is definitely fixed at 5s. per gallon packet. Each "gallon packet" consists of three envelopes, containing all the ingredients necessary to prepare one gallon of solution.

One gallon of solution is enough to inoculate seed for ten acres, so that the net cost of seed inoculation is only sixpence per acre, an expenditure which in favourable cases will produce a return of 200 sixpences, equivalent to a 20,000 per cent. profit on the outlay. If, however, the best results are sought, it is well to spray the growing crops with a solution of Nitro-Bacterine, and a gallon packet furnishes enough solution to spray an acre or more, for it should be diluted with fifty gallons of water for spraying. The entire cost per acre in no circumstances can exceed 5s., and need not exceed 6d. if the farmer confines himself simply to the inoculation of the seed, and does not use solution to water the growing crop.

I am now in a position to supply the Nitro-Bacterine in one-gallon packets at 5s. each. Professor Bottomley objects to any exclusive agencies. He desires the commodity to be accessible to all the world at a minimum price. Any agents, however, who desire to sell Nitro-Bacterine can have it in quantities if they apply to us for terms.

The "gallon packet" can be sent post free for 5s. to any part of the world, with full directions as to its use. No attention will be paid to orders which are not accompanied with remittances.

As might have been expected, I have been deluged with correspondence from all parts of the world as to the result of the announcement I made in the last number of "The Review."

For the benefit of those who did not read last month's article I quote the following passages from Professor Bottomley's pamphlet:—

WHY NITRO-BACTERINE IS WANTED.

There are ten essential elements of food necessary for the healthy development of a plant. Seven of



An Interesting Experiment.

On the left is a little heap of volcanic ash from Guatemala; next a bottle of solution; then six beans, which were inoculated; then the plants grown from similar beans (when the photograph was taken the foliage had withered and the pods were ripening); and finally, excellent soil which was the resultant product.

these are generally present in the soil in far greater abundance than is required to supply the small amounts necessary for plant growth. The remaining three elements—nitrogen, phosphorus and potassium—are, however, present in most soils in strictly limited amounts, and as plants require these in considerable quantities, constant cropping of the land soon exhausts the soil, and the farmer has to restore these elements to his soil in the form of natural or artificial manures.

An average of the results of forty-nine analyses of typical soils in America showed that the first eight inches of surface soil contained per acre 2600 pounds of nitrogen, 4800 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 13,400 pounds of potash. A yield of 14 bushels of wheat per acre—said to be the average yield in America—would remove 29.7 pounds of nitrogen, 9.5 pounds of phosphoric acid, and 13.7 pounds of potash.

There is little cause for alarm as regards phosphates and potash, for there are practically unlimited and cheap sources of supply of these elements to draw upon for restoring the loss due to cropping. With nitrogen, however, it is quite different. The supply of combined nitrogen in the universe is limited, and the two richest sources—guano and nitrate beds—are being rapidly exhausted.

What is wanted is a cheap supply, and modern science has revealed this by showing the ability of leguminous plants, when in association with certain bacteria, to utilise the inexhaustible store of atmospheric nitrogen, and add large quantities of combined nitrogen to the soil.

It has been calculated that there are about 75,000,000 pounds of atmospheric nitrogen above every acre of land of the earth's surface. Taking the value of nitrate of soda, containing 16 per cent. of nitrogen, at eight shillings per 100 pounds, the commercial value of one pound of nitrogen would be sixpence. At this valuation there is nearly £2,000,000 worth of nitrogen above every acre of land, free and waiting to be utilised!

How can it be done? Well, Nature has revealed to us the way, and shows how by means of those wonder-working agents of hers—bacteria—it is possible to obtain practically unlimited quantities of nitrogen from the air for the use of farm crops, at a very small cost. These bacteria live in the nodules or tubercles which are found upon the roots of all leguminous plants (peas, beans, clover, lucerne, etc.). There they multiply and absorb the free nitrogen from the air, and cause it to unite with other elements to form compounds which are suitable for plant food.

EXPERIMENTS IN OTHER COUNTRIES.

In 1836 Hellriegel demonstrated that these plants somehow obtain their nitrogen from the air, and that their growth in soil free from nitrogen con-

pounds depends upon the presence of the nodules upon their roots.

In 1890 Prazmowski succeeded in inoculating the roots of bean plants growing in sterilised soils, and obtaining luxuriant growth by simply watering the plants with a liquid culture of the organism.

Professor Nobbe, of Germany, was the first to attempt the inoculation of soils by means of pure cultures on a large scale. Nobbe's principle of inoculation was sound, but he had not devised the correct method of application.

In 1901 the United States Department of Agriculture commenced "a scientific investigation of the root-nodule organism, with a view to making practicable for use in the United States the pure-culture method of inoculation."

During 1903 and 1904 over 12,000 packages were sent out free to farmers in the various States. In January, 1905, a report of the results obtained was published which shows that 74 per cent. of the trials were successful, that is, gave an increase of crop as the result of inoculation.

These satisfactory results naturally attracted much attention, and in 1905 the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries of this country "obtained the co-operation of thirteen different agricultural colleges and experiment stations with a view of testing the cultures." The results of these experiments were published in the Journal of the Board of Agriculture for February, 1906, which stated that "the negative results exceed the positive in number both in plot experiments and under agricultural conditions."

Yet, the results obtained by the Board with some of the cultures which chanced to be alive ought to have prompted it to undertake the "more work required." In Scotland an acre of inoculated beans yielded 3070 lbs. of grain, against 1800 lbs. from an acre non-inoculated; a gain of 70 per cent. In Leicestershire, a half-acre plot of treated peas yielded when threshed 108 stones, a half-acre plot untreated only 66 stones. At Woburn, treated *Melilotus* gave 23 per cent. heavier crop than untreated. At Aberdeen "on a farm where the soil is peaty, and clover had never grown well, the treatment has been remarkably successful, producing a thicker covering of clover and a much stronger growth. The difference has increased between October and the present time in an extraordinary way."

EXPERIMENTS IN ENGLAND.

In the spring of 1906, when it was found that the Board did not intend to follow the subject further, much disappointment was felt, and, eventually, after considerable hesitancy, it was decided to distribute such of the pure cultures from the King's College experiments as were suitable and available for inoculation, and thus continue, within the narrow limits of time and means at disposal, the work which ought to have been carried out by the Board of Agriculture.

During 1906 and 1907 over a thousand packages of this preparation have been distributed *free* to anyone who cared to test inoculation of seed or soil, with the gratifying result that over 80 per cent. of the reports returned show an increase of crop from its use. But the free distribution must now cease, as the Nitro-Bacterine is on the market as a commercial article.

At this point it will be well to utter a warning against any misconception or unjustifiable expectations regarding the use of bacterial cultures. Inoculation is not a panacea for all ills of the soil.

To begin with, it should be clearly understood that the nodule-forming bacteria supply nitrogen only to the crops and soil. If the land is deficient in phosphates, potash, or lime, these must be added if the bacteria are to do their work properly. Another point to be remembered concerning inoculation

leguminous crop, or when the roots of legumes grown are devoid of nodules. Inoculation is *desirable* when a different leguminous crop from that previously grown on the land is being planted; or when the crop growing, though possessing root nodules, is not producing up to the average. The introduction into the soil of a more virulent race of bacteria may greatly increase the yield.

Inoculation is *useless* when the legumes usually grown are producing high yields and the roots show nodules in abundance; or when the soil is rich in available nitrogen, for under this condition few nodules would be formed.

To the farmer who reads of the wonders worked by soil inoculation, the question naturally arises—"How is it done?"

The method is simplicity itself. Given ordinary common sense and care, there is not the slightest



These broad beans were the product of one inoculated bean.

These were the product of one bean which was not inoculated.

is that soils rich in available nitrogen do not respond to inoculation. Where plants can obtain nitrates from the soil they appear to prefer this source of nitrogen supply, and tubercle formation is prevented.

It cannot be too strongly emphasised that the cultures of nitrogen-fixing bacteria are not to be regarded in the light of nitrogenous fertilisers, increasing the yield under any or all conditions. The cultures do not contain nitrogen. They simply add to the soil the bacteria which, under favourable conditions, form nodules on leguminous plants, and render available the nitrogen from the atmosphere for the growth of these plants.

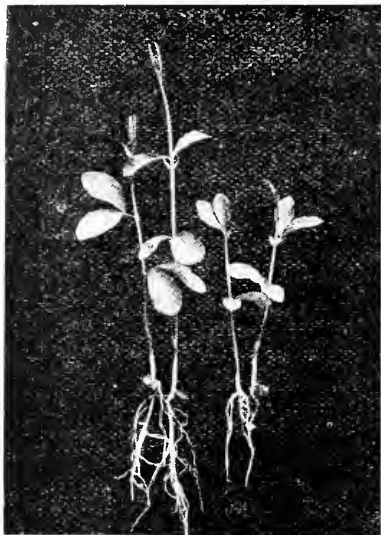
What then are the conditions under which a farmer may expect to benefit by inoculation? Inoculation is *necessary* when the land is poor or "thin," that is, low in organic matter, and has not recently borne a

difficulty in preparing the culture solutions from the materials supplied. Neither elaborate appliances nor special knowledge are required. The "suitable temperature" has caused anxiety to some users, but if it be remembered that a temperature similar to that necessary for the "working" of yeast when mixed in the sponge by the housewife is all that is required, there ought to be no difficulty in obtaining the cloudy solution. The results quoted in this article have all been obtained under the general conditions to be found upon any farm or garden.

The cultures were distributed as far as possible to everyone who was sufficiently interested in the subject to write for material. With the material and instructions given below were sent, from which it will be readily seen that the preparation and application of the culture solution of nitrogen-fixing bacteria present no difficulty:—

HOW TO USE NITRO-BACTERINE.

The contents of a five-shilling package will produce one gallon of culture solution. A smaller



Sweet Pea Culture.

One seed was inoculated; the other was not.

quantity may be prepared by using proportionate quantities of the materials.

Take a bucket or tub, clean and scald it out thoroughly, place in it one gallon of good pure water (preferably rain-water which has been well boiled and allowed to cool), add the contents of package No. 1 and stir until the salts are dissolved. Then carefully open package No. 2, and drop the enclosed wool and powder into the solution, giving another stir. Cover the tub with a clean moist cloth to protect the solution from dust, and keep in a warm place (*e.g.*, by the side of a fire), *but temperature must not exceed 75 deg. to 80 deg. Fahr.*

After twenty-four hours add the contents of package No. 3, again stirring and allow the mixture to stand until it turns cloudy. This will take place in from twenty-four to thirty-six hours if the temperature is suitable. If the solution has been kept cold, further time should be given (not exceeding one or two days) for sufficient growth of the bacteria to produce the cloudiness, as it is useless for inoculating purposes until it turns cloudy.

TO INOCULATE SEED.—Take enough cloudy culture solution to moisten the seed. This may be done either by dipping the seed in the solution, or by sprinkling the solution on the seed, and turning until all the seeds are moistened. Seeds should not be *soaked* in the solution, but merely *moistened*. Then spread out the seeds in a shady place (never in direct sunshine) until they are perfectly dry. Plant just as you would ordinary seed. If thoroughly

dried the inoculated seed will keep for several weeks, but the culture solution when once mixed must be used fresh, as it will not keep, after ready for use, more than 48 hours.

TO INOCULATE SOIL.—Dilute the cloudy culture solution with an equal quantity of water, then take enough dry soil so that the solution will merely moisten it. Mix thoroughly so that all the particles of soil are moistened. Thoroughly mix this soil with four or five times as much soil, then spread thinly and evenly over the prepared ground just as if spreading a fertiliser, and rake or harrow in immediately. If used as a top dressing for growing crops, it must be applied in showery weather, so that the bacteria may be washed down to the roots of the plants.

TO INOCULATE GROWING CROPS.—Mix 1 part culture solution and 50 parts water—say $\frac{1}{2}$ pint culture solution to three gallons water—and apply directly to roots of plants by means of a watering-can in gardens and water-cart in fields.

In gardens where only a small amount of culture solution is required for seed inoculation it is best to take a proportion of the materials—say one quarter—and produce one quart of culture solution for the seeds. Then when the plants are from three to six inches high prepare the remainder (three quarts) and apply diluted as above directly to the roots.

This double inoculation will give the best results.

FROM THOSE
WHO HAVE
TRIED IT.

More than 80 per cent. of the reports received from those who tried the experiment are favourable. In Professor Bottomley's pamphlet reports are published from Cheshire, Cornwall, Dorset, Devon, Denbighshire, Essex, Gloucestershire, Guernsey, Hants, Jersey, Kent, Lancashire, Leicestershire, Lincolnshire, Middlesex, Norfolk, Nottingham, Shropshire, Somerset, Staffordshire, Surrey, Sussex, Wiltshire, Worcestershire and Yorkshire, also from Scotland and Ireland. Most of the experiments were



Tomato Culture.

These experiments have been very successful. This shows a plant grown from a seed in the ordinary way and one from an inoculated seed.



Experimenting with Cereals.

made with peas and beans, but many of those that relate to clover are quite as remarkable as any. Take, for instance, the following extract from a report received from Elgin, in Scotland:—

The inoculation experiment has been a great success. I sowed the clover with oats. The part I left untreated has been a failure, where treated there is a good crop. I thought when I sowed it, it would have no effect on the corn crop, but only on the grass next year, but I am glad to say that on the top of the field which is inoculated where the land is very poor and no depth of soil, there is a good crop of oats where it was never anything before. The neighbouring farmers are wondering what I have done to it. On the part of the field I left uninoculated the oats are not nearly so high or so thick as where it is inoculated.

One experimenter in Ireland reports that the inoculated seed produced twenty-three tons of vetches per acre, while the uninoculated produced only 11 tons 7 cwt., showing that the crop had absolutely doubled. At the West of Scotland Agricultural College, Kilmarnock, the experiment was tried on a growing crop of lucerne. It was divided into three plots: one had no nitrogenous manure; the second was dressed with nitrate of soda at the rate of 2 cwt. per acre, costing over £1 sterling, and the third plot was inoculated with nitro culture, which would cost five shillings. The plot that was not manured at all yielded seven tons per acre; that treated with nitrate of soda produced nine tons and a-half, while the inoculated plot produced twelve tons and a quarter, an increase of more than 70 per cent.

The effect of inoculation upon cutaway bog land in Ireland is even more remarkable. Not only was a heavy crop of clover taken off, but the heather and the bent were killed, and the land was converted into meadow without one shilling spent on tillage.

These extracts from Professor Bottomley's pamphlet justify me in asserting that every agriculturist and

market gardener who has any poor land would do well to make an experimental application of Nitro-Bacterine. It may not, as some have lightly suggested, inaugurate an agricultural millennium, but it ought to add many million pounds sterling to the value of the agricultural produce of this country in the next few years.

SOME REPLIES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

I have received a great number of letters asking many questions, some of which are answered in the extracts given above; others I will now proceed to deal with.

1st. The packets can be supplied as soon as they arrive from London to any reader of these lines who wishes to make the experiment, if he

will send a postal order for 5s. to The Manager, "Review of Reviews," Temperance and General Life Building, Swanston-st., Melb. Orders will be filled in the order of receipt, and state what kind of crop it is he wishes to raise, because it is necessary to make a difference in the ingredients of the packets. The Nitro-Bacterine, for instance, for clover is different from the Nitro-Bacterine for peas. At present we have only discovered the method of applying Nitro-Bacterine to leguminous plants, not to ordinary cereals. Professor Bottomley is actively engaged in experiments which will enable us to apply nitro-cultures to cereals and all kinds of growing crops, but for the moment Nitro-Bacterine has only been proved to be profitable to leguminous plants, viz., peas, beans, scarlet runners, vetches, tares, clover, sainfoin, alsike, and lucerne (or alfalfa). It has also been proved to have excellent results when applied to tomatoes, even to roses, and, strange to say, to strawberries. It is no use for potatoes, swedes, mangels, or, as one correspondent enquires, for grape vines.

2nd. Many correspondents enquire how long the Nitro-Bacterine will retain its vitality. Professor Bottomley replies that it has been proved to retain undiminished vitality for three years. How much longer it will last is not known, but the fresher it is used the better.

3rd. Correspondents ask how often should the treatment be repeated? The answer is that no leguminous seed should ever be sown until it has been inoculated. After it has been sown, or when the crop is growing, it can be watered with advantage. A certain amount of soil can be inoculated, and then spread thinly and evenly either over prepared ground or growing stock in showery weather,

so that the bacteria may be washed down to the roots.

Another correspondent wishes to ask if its application to good soil would tend to its deterioration. The answer is—No.

Another correspondent wishes to know if it is good to use it for poor chalky marl? The answer is—Excellent.

Another asks if it can be used along with basic slag. Professor Bottomley replies that this is an ideal material for supplying the necessary phosphoric acid, but the basic slag should not be used together with Nitro-Bacterine.

Inoculating the seed is only putting the bacteria into the soil *round the seed*; but if you plant your

inoculated seed in the soil, and water the soil with solution when the seeds are coming up, or even before, the results will be the greater.

Old-standing pastures are benefited in the same way if there happen to be clover in it.

Finally, let it be repeated that sufficient culture, that is "Nitro-Bacterine," to make one gallon of solution may be sent by post on receipt of 5s., and that this culture may be applied to—

Peas (including sweet peas and cow peas); beans (including broad beans, field beans, kidney beans, soy beans and velvet beans); vetches, tares, clover, sanfoin, alsike, and lucerne (or alfalfa).

In ordering please mention the crop for which the culture is intended.

Orders for the bacteria may be sent to the Manager, "Review of Reviews," Swanston Street, Melbourne. They will be filled in order of receipt immediately supplies from London arrive.

AUSTRALIA'S QUESTION OF QUESTIONS.

BY DR. RICHARD ARTHUR, PRESIDENT IMMIGRATION LEAGUE OF AUSTRALASIA.

(Dr. Arthur is an enthusiast on defence matters, and I print his contribution as an opinion from an enthusiast on one side. Publication does not necessarily involve us in approval of every sentence of Dr. Arthur's article, although we are as anxious as anyone that our defences should be fully adequate.—Ed. "R. of R. for A.")

To ensure survival in the struggle for existence, the instinct of self-preservation should be as strongly developed in the community as in the individual.

That race or nation which takes no heed for the morrow, which immerses itself entirely in the trivial pursuits and pleasures of the day, may dwell awhile in a fancied security, back in a billabong of the world what time the fiercer and more virile people are contending among one another for the mastery of the globe.

But all history proves that this immunity is transitory and the end inevitable. Sooner or later the waves of conflict beat against the frontiers of the doomed community, and once again is Evolution justified of her laws. To come to a concrete example, consider that of Australasia. Here the Olympians might foresee all the elements of a tragedy greater than the world has ever been witness of before.

In this Austral Asia—this appendage to the vast cradle-continent of the human race, there have been pitchforked some few millions of the Anglo-Saxon breed. Fortuitous their coming, because first, the revolt of the American colonies compelled a new penal settlement, and second, the irresistible magnet of free gold drew all the adventurers of the world to Ballarat and Bendigo. In the days when the creed of the Briton was to go out and possess the uttermost corners of the earth, no statesmen could

have had the prescience to realise the ultimate folly of planting a British colony in a land which seems geographically destined to act as the receiving ground for the overflow of Asia. It is one of the wonders of the world that this continent should have remained empty of people all these thousands of years while the pressure of population in the East drove wave after wave of Tartar and Mongol invasion over Europe and Africa. The bridge—Sumatra, Java and the Philippines—was filled with crowded-out races, but some fate stayed the advance on the Australian coast.

But the question now is—How much longer? Eastern Asia cannot advance on Western, for in the South the plains of India already teem with an oft-famine-stricken population, while further north the legions of the Great White Czar keep watch and ward on the confines of Siberia. And yet Eastern Asia is filled to bursting point with countless millions of the most industrious and frugal-living people in the world.

Confined closely for hundreds of years within their narrow limits, they have already begun to overflow. The Chinaman is found in his tens and hundreds of thousands in the Straits Settlements, in Borneo, the Philippines, and the smaller islands of the archipelago; he poured in increasing numbers into California, British Columbia and Australia until an artificial dyke of legislation dammed him

back for the time being, he crossed the sea without misgiving to work in the mines of South Africa. And where he has gone, there he will go whenever the temporary obstacles in his path can be removed. And when he arrives, all but a few of the white or coloured men there before him will depart. They are as children before his merciless competition. There can be no talk of compromise. To the social and industrial organisation of the European at least, he is as deadly as the plague to an unprotected people. Let him settle in numbers anywhere as he has at Singapore, and in a few years he will take possession, not only of all manual occupations, but of wholesale and retail trade and land cultivation. One million Chinamen in Australia would shake our social fabric to its foundations, four millions would overwhelm it completely and irremediably. No power of trades unionism, no legislative enactment, could prevent them from monopolising gradually all skilled and unskilled occupations to the exclusion of the Australian worker. At present, however, this branch of the yellow race can only attain to Australia by guile or by the payment of an almost prohibitive poll tax. The time is not yet when China shall take her place in the comity of nations, and demand rights and privileges for her subjects equal to those accorded to any other power. But though she has as yet no sword to open the oyster of forbidden lands, there has leapt into the arena of the world a combatant full-grown and full-armed who has thrown down the gauntlet as the champion of Asia. The appearance of Japan as a first-class fighting power is the miracle of the 20th century, and bears with catastrophic effect on all international relationships, especially as regards the Pacific.

The parallel between Great Britain and Japan has never been sufficiently emphasised, for nothing could be closer. Let us try and imagine what would have happened in the days of the expansion of England, had various far-off powers bidden her to keep her rovers at home; if, for example, Spain had ordered her to set no foot on America, and the colonists of Peru and Brazil had claimed the whole of North America by right of discovery. Such a claim was in fact made, but it was treated as lightly as the Australian Exclusion Act will be when the time is ripe. Many left the shores of Great Britain when the population did not number ten million; during the last century, at the very height of the industrial expansion of England, millions crossed the Atlantic to the Land of Promise. An economic revolution which takes the people from the soil to the factory leads in time to a surplus of labour and a higher standard of material living. This in its turn brings about the emigration of the virile and adventurous, immediately they learn they can improve their condition by leaving the mother country. Japan is already overcrowded, her soil is worn out; she will colonise in Korea and

Manchuria, comparatively densely populated countries, no more than England colonised in France or Germany. As a great naval power, her ambition must inevitably lie over seas in climates comparable to her own. The Pacific littoral of the North American continent might naturally be regarded as an objective, and since the Japanese began to emigrate, this has been the favourite quarter. But all along that coast an agitation for exclusion has arisen, although the people of California and British Columbia have no power in themselves, they have behind them the resources of eighty million white people and illimitable wealth. It is certain that Japan must recognise that there her people can have no abiding city, and that she will find it expedient to consent to the exclusion of her subjects from the North Pacific littoral. In fact there is no chance of the Greater Japan being founded in the Americas, since the Munroe Doctrine protects them from Asia as well as Europe. There may be emigration to Mexico, Chili or Brazil, but those going there will not be actuated by the desire to form a permanent over-sea colony, but to make money and return to Japan.

The statesmen of Japan must have realised ere now that the world Powers of the future will be those who can keep all their people under their own flag. Germany has grasped this fact clearly, and it is this which accounts for her feverish reaching out in various directions for territory to which she may divert her surplus population, and so maintain her place in the race for empire. It is this also which is impelling her to build up a great navy to challenge the maritime supremacy of Great Britain.

The population of Japan increases at the rate of over 700,000 a year, and her islands are already overcrowded. The question which Australians should be asking themselves in season and out of season is—Where are these 700,000 to go? Anyone who has given consideration to the subject can hardly fail to answer—to the south.

Assume Australia to be a Japanese colony, and a million persons pouring in annually. I can realise how the imagination of a Japanese statesman would reel at the prospect. Scatter a score or two of millions of these industrious little people over this great continent (even then they would only be scattered), and one can conceive how this land would hum with industry and wealth production. As the United States are now to the poverty-stricken people of Eastern Europe, a very Eldorado of hope and promise, so this Australasia would be to the children of the Mikado. There is here the climate they want, not the rigours of Manchuria, nor the tropical deadliness of the Philippines; there is here fertile soil that will grow everything a self-contained community requires; there is wealth inexhaustible of minerals and coal. And this land of milk and honey is held by a handful of people whose god is sport, who

clamour incessantly for the privileges of their citizenship, but refuse with equal persistence to assume any of its duties—especially that of defence.

Were I a subject of Japan, I should make it my life's business to point out that Australia is the destined place for the Greater Japan; and as Peter the Great in his will bade the Russian people press forward to the warm and open sea, so my testament to my country should be "Australia for the Japanese." Some may say it is treason even to put this suggestion into words, but I am not foolish enough to think that the idea has not come again and again to the astute intellects behind these inscrutable faces that we Occidentals will never understand. There are the equals of Bismarck and Cavour at Tokyo, and the horizon of these is not the horizon of the Australian politician, whose view is mostly bounded by the next election.

And when the people of a continent in which there are $1\frac{1}{2}$ persons to the square mile have come to regard the arrival of any of their kith and kin from the mother country in much the same light as the Chinese used to feel about "the foreign devils," and are tending more and more each year to that form of racial suicide brought about by restriction of the birth rate, the time cannot be far distant when they will be put to the evolutionary test of the survival of the fittest. There can be little doubt as to what the result will be.

If the counsels of caution and expediency are followed, Australia will capitulate without a blow and throw open her ports to the Mongolian, if the clamour of the headstrong and uncalculating prevail, torpedo boats will go out to fight huge battle-ships and their attendants, and militia drilled perfunctorily sixteen times a year, will offer battle to veterans who give 365 days annually to the pro-

fession of arms. It will be magnificent, no doubt, but it will not be war.

I have said it before, and I repeat it with all the emphasis at my command, that the chief and only business for Australia to-day and for years should be to determine how she may work out her own salvation and escape the wrath to come. Every land where there are industrious and virile white people should be canvassed with feverish energy for immigrants. Money should be poured out like water to obtain them and bring them here, and land should be obtained for them at any cost.

And Australia should be converted into an armed camp. As at one time games were forbidden in England, so that the people might become proficient at the archery butts, so no youth in Australia should be allowed to play cricket or football or go sailing until he has qualified as a rifle shot, or learnt to launch a torpedo. To become proficient in arms should be our chief business and recreation after our ordinary occupations, and in some cases even before it.

It is only by the most desperate and unheard-of measures that we may hope to persist as a nation, and to hand on this great heritage to our children's children.

Who shall fan the fires of patriotism in this land? Who shall rouse Australia from her dreams of ease and pleasure? Who shall bring her people for love of country to a willing and cheerful sacrifice of much that is desirable in life? Who shall teach them to cry in strenuous truth—

"Take us and break us, we are yours,
Australia, my own!"?

We await the coming of the man or men who have power to do this. Till then, some feeble voice and pen will surely keep alive a spark of patriotic zeal and raise their protest against the blindness and folly of this self-doomed people.



Interviews on Topics of the Month.

(ENGLISH INTERVIEWS.)

THE TRUE SOUTH AFRICAN ELDORADO: MR. ABE BAILEY.

The true Eldorado of South Africa is not in the Rand or Johannesburg, but on the soil of the country. In other words, while gold and diamonds have contributed much to the welfare of the sub-continent, there is a much greater treasure in the soil on the surface than will ever be extracted from the bowels of the earth. This, at least, is the opinion of Mr. Abe Bailey, who has just resigned his position as Whip of his Party in the Transvaal Legislature, and who in future will devote his life to the development of agriculture in the Cape Colony. Mr. Abe Bailey paid a visit to England last month, and just before his departure I dined with him at the Savoy, and had the pleasure of hearing from his own lips some account of the real development of South African agriculture of which he is the pioneer. Mr. Bailey's farm lies in the north of Cape Colony, near Colesberg; it extends for an area of over 200,000 acres, of which he has about 3000 acres in cultivation. He is contemplating an extension of the cultivated area to 15,000 acres, part of which lies in the flat alluvial stretch on either side of the Woorcockspruit, one of the many streams which rise in the hills and empty themselves into the Orange River. By far the greatest part of his holding consists of the Karroo.

"The Karroo," said Mr. Bailey, "is the best soil in the world, and is capable of the greatest development."

"Why, it is wilderness," said I.

"It is a wilderness of untold wealth; it only requires intelligent cultivation to make South Africa one of the greatest farming countries in the world."

"But you have no water in Karroo."

"That is where you make your mistake," said Mr. Bailey; "I have bored ninety-three wells in the various parts of my farm, and have struck water every time. Sometimes it was only eight or nine feet below the surface, and the deepest boring we found necessary to make was 135 feet. Sometimes the water rises to the surface by itself, but as a rule it is pumped up by windmills. We have about ninety windmills on our farm—English windmills of the type known as the Samson. There is plenty of wind, and with their aid all my cattle can be watered where they are pastured. In the old days the farmers used to drive their flocks and herds two, three and four miles to the dams, where they were watered morning and evening. By the aid of my windmills this necessary pedestrian exercise has been dispensed with, and the time wasted in

this enforced constitutional can be employed to better purpose. The windmill is one of the instruments by which the Karroo will be revolutionised. My neighbours have nicknamed me Windmill Bailey; but the example is spreading, and many of my neighbours have begun to put up windmills of their own, for there is nothing so effective as an object-lesson."

"You speak of the windmill as one of the instruments. What are the others?"

"After the windmill, if not before the windmill, comes the dam. I have dammed the spruit which flows through my farm at regular intervals during the whole of its course. These dams are very simple; they are made of cement and wire-netting, which, when thrown across the stream, arrest the flow of water; the silt piles up against the dam, and the water spreads itself over the level ground to the right and the left, thus securing an almost costless method of effective irrigation."

"Do you have too much water when the floods come?"

"We like floods; the more we have the better. The higher the flood the greater is the area of land on either side of the spruit that we can irrigate."

"Don't your neighbours below complain of their water rights being interfered with?"

"Not at all; more water leaves our farm now than used to leave it before I put up any of my dams; but I think I may claim that there is not a drop of water that leaves my farm until it has done some useful work in irrigating the ground."

"What do you grow upon your irrigated land?"

"Lucerne," said Mr. Bailey, "and if the windmill be the first instrument and the dam the second, lucerne is the third instrument necessary for the revolution of South African agriculture. I have two thousand acres growing lucerne, which is regularly and periodically irrigated, and nearly another thousand acres, which is what I call flood land. I hope before long to have fifteen thousand acres under lucerne. We take seven or eight clips of it every year, and after I had fed all my stock last year we had six hundred and fifty tons of lucerne hay left on hand. It is marvellous what lucerne will do. I estimate the value of my lucerne at £7 an acre—not bad for land which I bought seven years ago at 17s. 6d. an acre."

"Don't you exhaust the soil?"

"Not at all. I could sell my farm at 30s. an acre to-morrow, but I have no intention of doing

any such thing. I love farming; it is a pursuit for which I have a veritable passion. By growing lucerne I am able to secure an ample supply of fodder for my stock through the winter."

"What stock does your farm carry?"

"I am rather proud of the variety of my stock. Mine is the only farm in the whole world on which you will find sheep, cattle, horses, Angora goats, and ostriches, all doing well, and all the best of their kind."

"You are a great flock-master, I believe? What sheep do you breed?"

"I have 60,000 sheep, all of the best merino stock, that came from bastard sheep. It was held that none but bastard sheep could thrive upon the Karroo. I have proved the contrary; I have bought the best breeding stock that could be bought for money in any part of the world. I paid as much as £600 for one Tasmanian ram, and now my wool is as good as the best in the London market. The average yield of clip of the Australian sheep is about 11 lb.; I have already got mine up to 9 lb., and I expect I shall get it up to 10 lb. One fleece from one of my ram's first clipping made 35 lb."

"What about scab?"

"We have no scab. We did away with the old kraals, and we dipped our sheep regularly, and now we are quite free from scab, that scourge of the Australian sheepfold."

"What about Angora goats, in which Rhodes was so much interested?"

"We have a fine flock of about eight hundred Angora goats whose hair fetches the top price in the market. I have a man at present in Asia Minor, whom I have specially sent to buy the best Angora goats he can find for breeding purposes. They are doing well, and the Angora goat has a great future before it in South Africa. Then we have our ostriches. My ostrich feathers, judged by the prices which they bring, are beaten by none in the world. We have seven or eight hundred birds whose feathers we cut thrice every two years; they wander about the Karroo, but are quite tame, and, like everything else, they enjoy the lucerne. The lucerne, by the way, grows up by itself. When once the land is laid down under lucerne it continues to grow year after year; supply it with water, and you have an unfailing supply of fodder for both birds and beasts. Then our cattle are splendid. We have a herd of Herefords which will compare with any in the world. I imported the Hereford bulls, and they thrive amazingly on the Karroo and the lucerne. I saw a herd of my stock just driven in from the Karroo which looked as if they had been fattened for Smithfield market. We breed solely for slaughter; we are too far from the market to make any use of our milk, and calves are suckled by the cows. I have just bought a young bull for £150. My maxim in farming is, never have any stock but the very best. A thoroughbred

eats no more than a mongrel, and a pedigree ox requires no more to feed it than a gaunt, bony beast which will not fatten."

"What about your horses?"

"We are doing splendidly with horses. I imported English thoroughbreds, and the result is amazing. The cross between the English thoroughbred and the Boer pony is a foal which unites the qualities of both its parents; it has the wiriness and endurance of its mother and it has the height and the strength of its sire. It is astonishing the height to which horses grow when they are well fed. It was the starvation in-winter time which dwarfed the South African horses. I have a splendid thoroughbred which stands sixteen hands high; I intend to bring it over to England, where I expect it will astonish a good many people. I have a horse entered for the next Derby, South African bred, for which I have very good hopes. My farm is well worth going a pilgrimage from England to see. It is the agricultural Mecca of South Africa. The variety of stock, the yield of lucerne, the facility with which the land can be cultivated, and the windmills which fetch up the water from below wherever it is wanted, are a revolution to South African agriculturists. It will take me ten years' time before I have developed the farm to its full extent, but already its influence has been felt far and wide. It has given new hope to South Africa."

"How did you achieve this miracle?"

"The credit of it does not belong to me; it belongs to my manager, a British Colonial of the name of Webb. He was an accountant in a bank. When I heard of him he had been entrusted with the management of a farm, and he was recommended to me when I was on the lookout for a manager. I took him, and he has proved a jewel indeed. He has a veritable passion for farming. I leave him a free hand, and I have every reason to be satisfied with the result."

"Do you have much difficulty about labour?"

"None at all. We have plenty of labour, coloured labour. Our only difficulty was with the white overseers; we began with English, and then we tried Dutch, and we found that after three or four months the Dutch went slack, and now we have fallen back upon British Colonials, who work, and work hard."

"Is all your farm fenced in?"

"Practically it is, with wire netting, but we are planting hedges of quince and peach trees, which make excellent shelter and almost as good as quick-set hedges. And the fruit: there is plenty of fruit, but anyone can gather it who pleases; in fact, the quinces and peaches are with us like blackberries on an English hedge."

"Is there any malaria?"

"None at all; it is the healthiest climate in the world. I am sending my two children there to give

them tone before sending them to school in England. It is a limestone country, and a climate in which it is a pleasure to live."

"And what about rinderpest?"

"I only lost one head of stock by rinderpest. I had a little more trouble with East Coast fever, but that very soon disappeared."

"Do you think there is much land in South Africa that could be made as profitable as your farm?"

"I think I have got the pick of the lynch, but there are millions of acres that are almost as good, with any number of spruits running to waste, and

square miles of the Karroo which is quite waterless for want of the windmill. No," said Mr. Bailey, "I think my farm has demonstrated in practical fashion that South Africa can be made one of the richest farming countries in the world. But you must have:—(1) Brains in the management; (2) windmills to raise water for your stock; (3) dams to secure the irrigation of the flat land on either side of the spruit; (4) lucerne with which to fodder your stock in winter time; and (5) raise nothing but the best stock. If you stick to these five rules you will not go far wrong."

THE PRESENT AND FUTURE OF KOREA: MR. P. K. YOON.

The proper title of this article is "How best to help Japan and Korea"; but my friend Mr. Yoon would certainly have a fit if he found any such title affixed to his interview. In reality, however, this was my object in asking him to be interviewed. For good or for evil the Japanese are in Korea and the English are in Egypt. In both cases this is not justified by international law, but it is recognised by all the Powers. This accords a certain validity, and so long as the English occupation lasts in Egypt, or the Japanese occupation lasts in Korea, what we have to do is to make the best of it, and not the worst.

Mr. P. K. Yoon is a Korean pastor, a Christian convert, who might properly be described as "the Reverend," although he dislikes the prefix. He is a great Korean patriot and detests the presence of the Japanese in Korea, and if by lifting up his finger he could turn them out to-morrow he would do so with a glad heart. I met Mr. Yoon first at the Hague, when he accompanied Prince Yi, the Korean delegate, to the doors of the Conference from which the Prince was turned back. Since then he has been in London conducting a propaganda in the press and on the platform in favour of the Christians of Korea.

When he called at my office on my return from the Hague I asked him what he wanted to do.

"I wish," said he, "to direct the attention of the Christian public of Europe to the scandalous oppression and injustice from which we in Korea are suffering at the hands of the Japanese, and I want you to help me in this work."

"My dear Mr. Yoon," I replied, "I will help anyone with all my heart and soul, whether in Korea or anywhere else, in order to expose and remove any oppression or injustice from which they may suffer. I will do this all the more zealously in Korea, because I think that by so doing I shall be rendering the very greatest service to the Japanese."

"But I do not want to help the Japanese," said Mr. Yoon.

"I know," I said. "But in reality you cannot

render them a greater service than by bringing to the light of day all instances of injustice and oppression that they may be guilty of in Korea. If Japan will govern Korea justly, and develop the country for the benefit of the people of the country—"

"That is exactly the contrary of what she is doing," said Mr. Yoon.

"I went on. "If she will regard herself as on trial before the world in Korea, and so sedulously avoid everything which would cause her enemies to blaspheme, it will go far to condone, if not to justify, the high-handed measures by which they seized the country, the independence of which she had pledged herself to maintain."

"But," said Mr. Yoon, "you are supposing what is nonsense. Japan has exploited us for her benefit. She has flooded the country with the worst of her own people. She has dispossessed us of our people and of our lands, and she has substituted Japanese for Koreans in the Administration. Wherever there was any money to be gained, she is acting as a blood-sucking vampire, rather than as a friend and protector. If you doubt what I say, ask Mr. Mackenzie, who has just come back from our country."

"If what you say, Mr. Yoon, is true, then Japan is doing the worst possible thing she can for her own interests: she is doing much more harm to herself than she can possibly do for Korea. Japan is on trial in Korea. No one knows what she does in Formosa, which is the only other place where she has been entrusted with the administration of foreign territory. In Korea all the world will see what she is doing, and she is bound to be on her good behaviour. Every Japanese patriotic statesman of any intelligence must regard every high-handed act of tyranny, or any case of corruption for which the Japanese are responsible in Korea, as blows dealt against the honour and interest of Japan. At the same time it is very difficult for the Japanese, unaccustomed to the administration of foreign dependencies or protectorates or

spheres of influence, or what you like to call them, to secure perfect agents, and to govern with due regard to the rights and privileges, and even the prejudices, of any nation. The remedy for these evils, which Japan herself ought to welcome, is publicity, publicity, and ever more publicity."

"That," said Mr. Yoon, "is precisely what we want, and that is what I am working for in London. I want to get the English Press interested in Korea, to have correspondents there, or, if they have not correspondents of their own, to publish reports as to the actual truth of things that are going on there."

"Therein," I said, "you are working in the very best interests of Japan. Japanese administrators, if they are good, will welcome the light being thrown on their actions. If they are bad they will hate it, and the measure of their hatred will be the measure of the utility of the agency which you propose to establish."

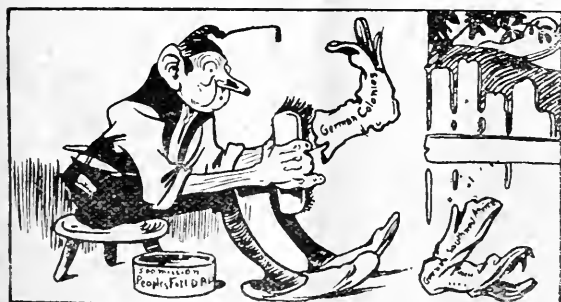
"I fear," said Mr. Yoon, "that the number of Japanese who will welcome a Korean agency which will assist in securing information as to the misconduct of Japanese administrators or settlers in Korea are very few. You make an ideal picture of Japan civilising Korea, educating the people, developing the material resources of the country, and, in short, doing for Korea what you are doing for Egypt. But we in Korea know that Japan is doing none of these things. She is doing nothing but plunder the

country, and making bitter enemies of the people."

"I cannot believe," I said, "that the Japanese are such fools, and if they have yielded to the temptation to act like criminal idiots, then the best corrective is to let the whole world know what Japan is doing. If she improves the country, develops its resources, and wins the confidence of its people, the verdict of the world will be that she is as great in administration as she has shown herself to be in war. But if what you say about her be true, her victories on land and sea will but brand her as a supremely capable bandit nation, who is strong, but who is not just; who is resolute to defend her own privileges, but ruthless in trampling upon those of other people. I am quite certain that the Japanese whom I know would dread such a verdict as the worst shame that could befall them. Therefore, if for the moment there may be abuses in Korea, it lies with you to bring them to the knowledge of the world, and by so doing you will take the best method of securing redress. That would be a good thing for Korea, it would be an even better thing for Japan."

"Humph," said Mr. Yoon. "I am not ambitious to be a benefactor to Japan."

I could not resist the temptation to fling at him a text in parting. "Have you forgotten," I said, "that you should 'love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them that despitefully use you and persecute you'?"



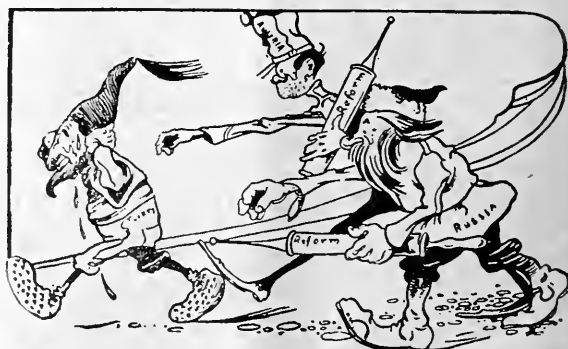
Nebelspalter.]

German Michael and His Boots.

[Zurich.

"I can brush them up as often and as hard as you like, but no matter what I do, none can possibly use them."

[The boots are the Colonies: the polish the Colonial Estimates.]



Nebelspalter.]

The Worried Sick Man of Turkey.

[Zurich.

TURKEY: "Oh, here come those fellows again with their syringes; it would be a good thing if they would use them on themselves."

CHARACTER SKETCH.

THE TCHINOVNIK* OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

More than twenty years ago it fell to my lot as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette* to initiate the reform of the headquarters of the Metropolitan Police by publishing an article entitled "The Dodo of Scotland Yard." Whether this companion picture of the Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office will be equally serviceable to the interests of the public service remains to be seen. The need for drastic action is at least as great in Downing Street as it was at Scotland Yard in 1887. The Tchinovnik is more perilous to the Empire than was the Dodo to the security of the metropolis, because it is much more difficult for the public to realise the significance of a stupid foreign policy than it is to make them understand the result of the lethargic incompetence of a Commissioner of Police. But the Dodo would have still been dozing at Scotland Yard if it had not been for the riot in Trafalgar Square. The smashing of the windows in Pall Mall and the looting of a few West End shops by a mob that had got out of hand brought home to London a vivid sense of the necessity for immediate reform. It will be more difficult to arouse the public to a similar sense of the significance of the *débâcle* at the Hague. But the riot in Trafalgar Square was the merest triviality compared with the grave Imperial disaster which has been either deliberately or wantonly courted by the Foreign Office when for the first time representatives of Great Britain met the delegates of all the Governments of the world in the Conference at the Hague.

THE FOREIGN OFFICE FOUND OUT.

The Boer War led to the reform of the War Office. To use the cant phrase, that Augean stable has been cleared out at last. But in order to generate the force necessary to turn the dammed-up stream of indignant public opinion through the abandoned offices in Pall Mall it was necessary that Great Britain should experience the humiliations and defeats of a disastrous war. When it is discovered that the Campaign of Peace at the Hague was a fitting counterpart in its inception, in its blunders, in its irresolution, and in its general result to the campaign in South Africa we may hope for a similar beneficent reformation in Downing Street. The matter is a serious one of the first urgency for the Commonwealth. For there will be a perpetual series of similar betrayals of the public interest in

the supposed interest of the Tchinovnik until such reformation takes place.

THE LESSON OF THE HAGUE CONFERENCE.

We imagine that we are a self-governed people. The British electors, having installed a Liberal Ministry in office by an overwhelming majority, had every reason to expect that the policy which these Liberal Ministers had promised to promote would be carried out. The British elector reckoned without the Foreign Office Tchinovnik. We imagined that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman would use his position as Prime Minister to make a resolute effort at the Hague to carry out his loudly declared policy of the promotion of a League of Peace. We fondly dreamed that Sir Edward Grey would insist upon fulfilling the pledges which he gave to the House of Commons and elsewhere, and that the public opinion of the world would profit by a full and exhaustive debate upon a proposal for the limitation of armaments. The Liberal party impatiently awaited the realisation of these election pledges. The democratic spirit of our people looked forward with high hopes to the magnificent opportunity which was afforded the new Ministry of taking up and carrying on the work which Lord Paunceforte began so well in 1899. Resolutions expressing confidence in the determination of Ministers to act up to the letter and spirit of their pledges rained into Downing Street. Never had any Ministry a plainer road on which to travel. There was absolutely no opposition. Mr. Balfour and the Unionist party assured them of their hearty support. If there was no active Peace Crusade such as strengthened the hands of Lord Salisbury in 1899, it was not thought necessary to flog a willing horse. There were abundant manifestations of popular interest in the matter. Meetings were held in all parts of the country. The Anglican Church for once united with the Free Church Council in pressing Ministers to act with earnestness and resolution. Abroad everyone looked forward to Britain taking the lead in the cause of arbitration and armaments as the natural sequel to her action of 1899. Everywhere there was high hope and confident expectation that the British Government would respond with enthusiasm to the appeal of the people and to the anticipations of their neighbours.

But the official Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office, irate at the intrusion of the breath of fresh air of popular aspiration into the musty and mouldy recesses of his lair, muttered through his teeth, "I'll

* Tchinovnik is the Russian term for the Government official or Bureaucrat, against whose stolid "vis inertiae" and reactionary tendencies even the strongest of reforming Emperors struggle in vain.

see them damned first." And he was as good as his word.

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TCHINOVNIK.

The Hague Conference proclaimed to all the world the triumph of the Tchinovnik, the supersession of the Liberal Ministry as directors of British policy by a Camerilla of third-rate clerks and senile ambassadors, and—as a consequence—the betrayal of the cause of peace and progress by a conspiracy of angry and jealous mediocrities who have dealt a foul blow at the prestige of their country and the reputation of their chief, apparently for no other conceivable reason than to avenge the irritated vanity of the Service. Sir Edward Grey and the democracy of Great Britain ventured to step outside the ruts of officialism in order to achieve some of the great ideals which fire the popular imagination and appeal to the Christian sentiment of our nation. "I'll learn you how to behave," said the Foreign Office clerk. "I'll teach you who is master here." And he did. What we have just witnessed at the Hague was the eclipse of Sir Edward Grey, and the consequent sacrifice of the proud position which Great Britain had assumed at the first Conference, and which she might easily have improved at the second. We have been defeated, discredited, and disgraced before the world—and all for what? To avenge the offended *amour propre* of the Tchinovnik. Since the days when Troy was doomed because Paris gave the apple to Venus instead of to Juno, have ever such dire results followed from so miserable a cause?

THE FULL CUP RUNS OVER AT LAST.

This impeachment of the Tchinovnik is long overdue. But "mercy can endure no more." The full cup ran over when the Downing Street Camerilla baffled the declared policy of the Government they professed to serve, and made first a fool and then a tool of the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. This is what comes of sacrificing everything to the fetich of Continuity. Poor Sir Edward Grey, the most modest and retiring of men, himself the soul of honour and high public spirit, succeeded to the direction of a Service saturated through and through with the Jingo spirit which culminated in the Boer War, many of whose members made no secret of their scorn and contempt for the pro-Boers whom the electorate, in an unaccountable fit of madness, had placed in office. We are all familiar with the complaint of the Irish Nationalists concerning Dublin Castle. No matter how devoted the Chief Secretary may be to the popular cause, he is speedily made to feel the yoke of the Castle. It is the same thing at the Foreign Office, only more so. The Liberal Secretary of State has to administer the affairs of his department through a hierarchy of officials who believe that their first allegiance is one to the Sacred Tchinn, and who can hardly disguise their contempt for their new chiefs who lead the party which they have identified for years with

treason, disloyalty, and lack of patriotism. It is possible to plough with dogs, but no one can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear. No Foreign Minister can carry out a Liberal foreign policy, a policy of the League of Peace, a universal *entente cordiale*, an arrest of armaments, and the extension of arbitration when the whole diplomatic machine is controlled by men who ridicule all these things, and sometimes openly and sometimes secretly, but always defiantly, set themselves to thwart and counterwork, to undermine, and to baffle the declared policy of their chiefs.

THE ONE UNREFORMED DEPARTMENT.

This is a serious accusation to make, but it is unfortunately too true. The Colonial Office has been reorganised from bottom to top as a result of the protests of the Colonial Premiers, but no reformer has laid a profane hand upon the sacred arcana of the Foreign Office. The War Office has been turned inside out, the Admiralty has been brought up-to-date. But the Foreign Office remains as it has been for generation after generation, the stronghold of caste prejudice and class influence, utterly out of sympathy with the modern movement, wedded to old traditions, jealous of all outsiders, even when they supplement its own notorious deficiencies, resentful of counsel, lethargic to the verge of indolence, and resentful of popular control. It has the faults of the Dodo superadded to the vanity and jealousy of the Tchinovnik. It will probably be the last Department of the Public Service to be democratised. Carlyle once recommended the application of a red-hot coal to the basement of Downing Street in the belief that it was only by such drastic method of purification by fire any reform was possible. Without resorting to such Carlylean procedure, the time has come when the Prime Minister and the majority which supports him in Parliament must take the Foreign Office in hand and place the control of the foreign policy of Britain where it ought to belong—in the hands of the British people. At present it is in the hands of the Tchinovnik.

THE POLICY OF THE GOVERNMENT AND THE NATION.

In dealing with a matter such as this it is necessary to be clear and explicit, and above all things to avoid making sweeping charges without substantiating them by specific statements capable of verification or disproof. The matter fortunately is as plain as a pikestaff. There is not a man in the House of Commons, there is not a candidate who went through the General Election, but is well aware of the earnest, the passionate desire of the Liberal Ministers to relieve the burdens of the people by reducing the burden of armaments. The people of the country were assured that this end could only be obtained by a general agreement among the Powers, which was to be sought at the Hague, and by the further development of international arbitration. That was the declared policy of the

Liberal Party, the passionately cherished ideal of the Prime Minister. It was affirmed by a unanimous vote of the House of Commons, and officially accepted and emphasised by Sir Edward Grey as Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

WHAT WAS EXPECTED FROM THE CONFERENCE.

When the Hague Conference met the nation expected—and I think I may truthfully say that the King and his Prime Minister expected—that vigorous measures would be taken to attempt at least to realise the national ideal. Sir Edward Grey had repeated in even more emphatic form than he had used in the House of Commons his resolute determination to have the whole question of armaments exhaustively discussed despite the objection of any single Power. This was his contention to M. de Martens and to others. Admitting that nothing could be done, the case for a serious discussion of the question was all the more urgent for a full debate by the Conference of the British proposals. Only by this means could public opinion be educated. Without such a serious exhaustive discussion undertaken on the initiative of a great Power the Conference would become a farce, and we should become the laughing-stock of the world. That was the declared policy of Sir Edward Grey as late as January and February of last year. It was declared with his authority in every capital in Europe. Thanks to his determination and persistence the German Government reluctantly withdrew its veto on the discussion of armaments, and left Britain free to initiate such a discussion and carry it through as she pleased—merely reserving to the German delegation the right inherent in the nature of things to abstain from participating in the discussion.

WHAT THEY GOT INSTEAD.

The door was then opened wide for the educational discussion to which Sir Edward Grey was pledged, and without which, as he himself declared, the Conference would become "a farce and we should become the laughing-stock of the world." But to the amazement of everyone, and to the disgust and dismay of all those who had faithfully followed Sir Edward Grey's lead, no attempt whatever was made to open the debate for which the field had been cleared with such effort. The British delegates did everything they could to prevent a discussion. Members of the delegation were ordered peremptorily to refrain from saying a word even privately about the proposed debate. When the Conference opened people asked in amazement how it was that the British delegation was the most vehement in deprecating any discussion of the question. The result of this astounding *volte face* was that there was no discussion. Sir Edward Fry, in order to save the face of the Government, was put up to mumble inaudibly for ten minutes a little homily upon the subject, on the strict understanding that no one else should speak, and that there should

be no discussion whatever, although without a discussion Sir Edward Grey had declared the Conference would be "a farce and we should become the laughing-stock of the world."

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

Who is responsible for converting the Conference into a farce and for making us the laughing-stock of the world? That is the question. It admits of only one answer.

It was not the King. His Majesty is incapable of betraying his own Ministers. That of course. But if proof were wanting we have it in the amazement and disgust with which His Majesty received the news of the *débâcle* of British influence at the Hague, and the efforts, alas! only partially successful, which he made to rescue something from the general wreck.

It was not the Prime Minister. If Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman cares for anything in foreign politics it is the promotion of his League of Peace, the arrest of armaments, and the extension of arbitration. Of that there is no dispute. It was not "C.-B." who sent delegates to the Hague instructed to gag the Conference on the question of armaments, to oppose obligatory arbitration, and to pursue a policy which strained to breaking point the informal league which in 1899 existed between Great Britain and the great Republics of Europe and America.

It was not Sir Edward Grey. For a man does not intrigue against himself. Sir Edward Grey would not make solemn declarations in January to deceive the world if he had meditated pursuing a diametrically opposite policy in July. He could not knowingly and deliberately have adopted a policy which in his own words would "convert the Conference into a farce and make us the laughing-stock of the world."

It was none of the rest of the Cabinet. Lord Loreburn was anxious to go further than his colleagues in acting together with America. Not a single Cabinet Minister has ever hinted by word or deed that he was not heart and soul devoted to the policy of Sir Edward Grey.

THE TCHINOVNIK THE CULPRIT.

How comes it, then, that at the Hague Conference there appeared a British delegation instructed to pursue a policy diametrically opposed to that to which Sir Edward Grey was pledged?

But the bewildered reader will exclaim, "These instructions must have been issued by Sir Edward Grey? How, then, can he be held free from the guilt of what you describe as the great betrayal?"

The question is natural, and the answer gives the clue to the mystery. Who is there who can draw up instructions for the Secretary of State to sign? Who is there who has access to the bureau of the Foreign Secretary who can obtain authority to act in his name, to speak with his voice, to issue

orders in furtherance of his policy? Who is it that, when the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, absorbed in, let us say, the responsibility of negotiating a treaty with Russia, leaves the conduct of the minor affairs of his department to his permanent officials, has opportunity to insinuate his own views into the directions which are nominally issued by his chief? There is only one answer to this question. It is the Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office.

SIR EDWARD GREY.

It is with the greatest regret that I write a line or utter a word that even indirectly reflects upon the administration of foreign affairs by Sir Edward Grey. Whenever he rouses himself to deal with any question himself personally there is nothing to be desired. His judgment is cool, his impartiality is judicial, and his public spirit is unquestioned. But Sir Edward Grey's virtues have their shadow. His modesty and retiring disposition render him an easy prey to the pushing and unscrupulous intriguers whom he has not the resolution to dismiss, and whom, indeed, he is too charitable to suspect. Himself the soul of honour, it is unthinkable by him that English gentlemen trained in the traditions of a great English public department could stoop so low as to oppose the policy of their chief from motives of political partisanship or of official jealousy. He is not of a masterful disposition. His conduct of foreign affairs is admirable when it is not marred by his deplorable failure to control the Foreign Office. But the Tchinovnik is master in Downing-street in all matters in which Sir Edward Grey does not take a close personal interest, and the *débâcle* at the Hague is the result.

HOW HE WAS BETRAYED BY THE TCHINOVNIK.

It is, of course, much to be regretted that Sir Edward Grey did not take a close personal interest in the Hague Conference. That he did so down to the end of February is clear from M. de Martens' mission. But between the end of February and the beginning of June he seems to have lost grip and to have allowed affairs to fall into the hands of his permanent officials, who were prompt to use their opportunity.

Why Sir Edward Grey went slack at the moment when it was most important he should have held tight it is not very difficult to discover. The discussions with M. de Martens probably convinced him that there was really no chance of getting anything done in the shape of an arrest of armaments, after which his zeal for an educational debate seems to have grown cold. He does not seem to have realised that, after taking so much trouble to force open the door of the Conference for a discussion of the armament question, it was worse than imbecile not to enter at the open door. All around him weighed the pressure of a hostile atmosphere. The Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office has allies in every public office. They all belong to the sacred Tchinn, and make common cause against the impertinent

interlopers who presume to bring the conscience and the intellect of Britain to bear upon the conduct of public affairs. The military and naval Tchinovniks are always predisposed to resent any attempt to restrict the growth of armaments. Sir Edward Grey willed, no doubt, that armaments should be discussed, but he failed to realise the necessity for careful preparation in advance of the scheme which he had vaguely dreamed of submitting to the Conference. It was just as it was before the Boer War. Nothing was thought out. No definite plan had been intelligently conceived and patiently worked out. In every direction there was declared to be a lion in the path. So it came to pass that instead of making the most of the Conference, Sir Edward Grey appears to have decided that it should be minimised. Instead of seizing the opportunity of making a decisive bid for the leadership of the world in the path of peace, he persuaded himself that the Conference must be confined as far as possible to purely juridical question, and that no statesman should be sent as plenipotentiary. From that it was but a short step to leaving the reins altogether in the hands of the Tchinovnik.

THE APPOINTMENT OF SIR EDWARD FRY.

The first result of this slackening of Sir Edward Grey's interest was seen in the extraordinary and fatal selection of Sir Edward Fry as first delegate. In 1899 Lord Pauncefoot, a statesman, a lawyer, a diplomatist, and a man of the world, led the Conference, and achieved for Great Britain and for peace a brilliant triumph. But Lord Pauncefoot had from Lord Salisbury, who did not permit the usurpation of the Tchinovnik, clear and explicit instructions. They were brevity itself. "You know our ideas, my old friend. Go to the Hague and do the best you can to carry them out." Nobly he fulfilled his trust, achieving not only a great result, but setting before his successors a great example, and blazing out a trail which if they followed it would have secured them a similar success.

It was a risky experiment to send to the Parliament of Man an octogenarian judge who was neither statesman, diplomatist, parliamentarian, or man of the world. In such an assembly the tact of the courtier is more in request than the uncompromising austerity of the Quaker. The rugged fidelity to principle which led the followers of George Fox to remove their headgear in the presence of kings and magistrates was very magnificent, but the same spirit applied to the management of a World Congress is not business. Add the effect of a judge's wig to the aboriginal Quaker spirit, and the stiffening of the mental muscles that afflict an octogenarian, and you have about the most unfit instrument in the world to carry out the policy to which "C.-B." and Sir Edward Grey had committed the nation.

THE INSTRUCTIONS OF THE BRITISH DELEGATES.

The appointment was disastrous. But even more disastrous were the instructions with which this

unfortunate delegation appear to have been furnished. Sir Edward Grey's policy, proclaimed to all the world, was to insist upon a great educational debate, in defiance of Germany or any other Power, upon proposals which the British Government would submit, for the arrest of an increase of armaments. The instructions given to the delegation, judging from their consistent course of action, were to deprecate all discussion and to sacrifice all the advantages hoped for from a full-dress debate in order to secure at any price the adhesion of Germany to an empty repetition of the empty *vœu* of 1899 on the subject of the study of the question of armaments. As in eight years the only perceptible result of the effect of this study had been an increase of fifty per cent. of the expenditure on the armies and navies of the world—or, say, £120,000,000 a year—it would be difficult to imagine a more piffling piece of futility than to repeat the same recommendation this year. Germany had waived all objections to a full debate on the question of armaments. No one had ever asserted that the educational effect of such a debate depended upon the participation of every Power in the discussion. But on the pretext of the abstention of Germany from the debate, the British delegates were instructed not merely to abandon the demand for discussion, but to pay whatever price Germany might demand for her adhesion to the meaningless formality of voting the *vœu*. Germany, finding the British delegates at her feet, promptly took advantage of the situation. Her conditions appeared to have been as follows. First, the *vœu* itself must be a mere repetition of that of 1899. A feeble attempt to introduce a declaration of urgency was peremptorily rebuffed. Secondly, there must be no debate, not even a single speech, in support or against the *vœu*. Thirdly, the speeches of the President in introducing, and of Sir Edward Grey in moving, the *vœu* must be submitted for censorship to the German delegation—so that no word might be spoken that might jar upon German susceptibilities and render it possible for Baron Marschall to join in the acclamations with which it was arranged the *vœu* should be passed.

INSTEAD OF DEBATE AN EMPTY VŒU:

The conditions were accepted. Independent members were waited upon and subjected to the utmost pressure to induce them to observe the compact. "Mum's the word and gag is the policy"—that was the outcome of Sir Edward Grey's valorous determination, as the "Palmerston of Peace," to have a full and exhaustive debate on the question of armaments, without which the Conference would become a farce and we should be made the laughing-stock of the world. Who made the Conference a farce? Who added the sauce of hypocrisy to the nauseous dish that was set before the representatives of all the Governments of the world?

Nominally it was of course Sir Edward Grey. Really it was the Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office.

It may be asked, what evidence is there that this Tchinovnik was opposed to Sir Edward Grey's policy?

THE POLICY OF THE MINISTRY.

The answer is clear and definite. Just before Christmas I had interviews with Sir Edward Grey and Sir H. Campbell-Bannermann, in which they made to me personally the same statements which they had made frequently before in the country and in Parliament. But they were more precise and definite, and they had specific reference to a policy of propaganda which I was attempting to set on foot. Knowing full well the impossibility of inducing Germany to consent to any proposal for the arrest of armaments, I had in a manifesto I was about to publish recommended that the demand for a discussion of armaments should be dropped, and that attention should be concentrated upon practical and attainable objects. To this passage in my manifesto Sir Edward Grey took exception. He asked me to strike it out on the ground that he was determined to have a full discussion of the question of armaments for educational purposes. I warned him that he was running his head against a stone wall. But finding him resolute at all costs to have the matter debated, I struck out the passage, and out of loyalty to a British Foreign Minister who had thus gallantly committed himself to lead a forlorn hope in a good cause I spent the first four months of last year in pleading, publicly and privately, in Europe and in America, for support for what he had personally assured me to be his policy, which I was also personally assured by "C.-B." had his firm support and that of his cabinet.

DIPLOMATIC NON-CONDUCTORS.

All seemed clear. But I had reckoned without the Tchinovnik. Nor had I realised the resentment which I should unwillingly excite by trespassing on the sacred precincts of the Service. I went round Europe and to the United States. Nowhere did I find that the Foreign Office had instructed its representatives to take any steps whatever to promote the views to which the chief was pledged. Between Sir Edward Grey and the Foreign Ministers and sovereigns and peoples of the world there seemed a great gulf fixed. The Diplomatic Service was either not used or it was a non-conductor. It might have been thought that every Embassy would have been instructed to make soundings, to prepare information to secure support for the generous spirited forward policy of the new Government. Nothing had been done. Ministers and sovereigns heard from me for the first time—sometimes with satisfaction and surprise, sometimes with uneasiness and alarm—the line of policy to which the British Cabinet was committed. How was this? It was not rational. Why were the representatives of

Britain abroad so inert, so indifferent, so out of touch with the new current of thought and aspiration in Britain?

The answer is always the same. The Diplomatic Service is under the Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office, and the Tchinovnik had no sympathy with the policy of his chief. This, it may be said, is negative evidence. The same objection might be offered to the evidence of witnesses who convict a general of neglect by proving that he had never reconnoitred the ground over which his troops were ordered to advance, and had made no preparations for transport. A campaign of peace demands preparation in advance as much as a campaign of war. The Foreign Office had more than a year's notice of the coming of the Conference, and it was surely not too much to ask that the King's representatives in foreign Courts should have been furnished with at least some general outline of the plan of campaign which the King's Ministers had decided to carry out.

THE BRITISH TCHINOVNIK ABROAD.

But unfortunately there is positive as well as negative evidence to prove the disloyalty of the service to the person and the policy of its chief. In the course of my tour round Europe I discovered at least one Tchinovnik of the genuine official brand who was almost savagely contemptuous of the policy of his chief. He was a Tchinovnik of the Tchinovniks, who could hardly find words adequate for the expression of the scorn with which he regarded the policy of the Government of which he was supposed to be the loyal and obedient agent. The Hague Conference, according to him, was a hollow farce; the proposal to limit the increase of armaments not only an absurdity but opposed to the real interests of Great Britain. To desire to discuss such a proposition was ridiculous. What was wanted was an exactly opposite policy. Germany was the enemy of the peace of the world. What we ought to do was to increase our armaments, not diminish them. And so forth, and so forth. I was simply appalled when I listened to his outpourings, and reflected that he was in a position to substitute his own Jingoistic prejudices for the sane and pacific policy of Sir Edward Grey and Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman. This man was not merely a non-conductor of the sentiments of the Government; he was in violent opposition to them. He did not profess ignorance of what they desired. He admitted that they were foolish enough to desire to carry out a policy which he detested, and he gloated over the fact that they would not be able to command the support even of their closest allies.

I do not suppose that there are many Tchinovniks quite so frank, although there may be many quite as mischievous as he. But the existence of a single specimen of the tribe capable of such treason was enough to convince me that Sir Edward Grey was a

mere mockery king of straw so long as he had to depend upon such agents to carry out his behests.

THE TCHINOVNIK AT HOME.

Before my journey came to an end I had other evidence that the Tchinovnik at Downing Street was quite capable of falsifying facts in order to prejudice the King's agents abroad against the policy of the King's Ministers. After I had left one of the Northern capitals a friend wrote to me in serious distress. He had accepted the statement which I had made as to the determination of Sir Edward Grey to have armaments discussed at the Conference in good faith, and he had been assured by the British Minister that I was entirely mistaken. Sir Edward Grey did not intend to carry out the policy which I had imputed to him. He said he had it "almost on the highest authority" that I had befooled myself and was befooling others by imputing to Sir Edward Grey a policy which I myself had invented. My friend protested that this was impossible. "Wait and see," said the Minister; "the Hague Conference will show who is right." In reporting this conversation to me my friend begged me to ascertain who it could be who could give such mendacious assurances to the official representative of the Crown. I went at once to Sir Edward Grey and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and reported with exact particularity of detail what I had stated to be their intentions, and what I had reported as to what they had told me of their policy. Neither of them objected to a single syllable that I had uttered on that subject, and the Prime Minister thanked me most cordially for my "exceedingly interesting and reassuring report." The disclaimer which had been circulated among the embassies and legations abroad clearly did not emanate from them. From whom, then, came this injurious slander, this positive authoritative repudiation of a policy to which His Majesty's Ministers were committed? There is only one possible answer. It came from the Tchinovnik of the Foreign Office.

I encountered the same poisonous falsehood in other and even more exalted places. It was evident the word had been passed round to repudiate Sir Edward Grey's declarations, and there was a sinister note of confidence in the appeal to the forthcoming Conference to justify the assertion that it was the policy of the Tchinovnik and not the policy of Sir Edward Grey which would be carried out by the British delegation. Even at that early stage the Tchinovnik knew the strength of his entrenched position, and calculated confidently upon the slackness of Sir Edward Grey.

THE POLICY OF THE TCHINOVNIK AT THE HAGUE.

The result justified their calculations. When the Conference opened it was soon evident that the British delegation came in the spirit of the Tchinovnik, not in that of Sir Edward Grey. The first overt act of Sir Edward Grey was to oppose a

mild and moderate proposal to strengthen the article on the Commissions d'Enquête by restoring the wording approved at the last Conference by everyone but the Roumanian delegate. Instead of accepting the principle put forward by the Russians that the second Conference should advance, it was loudly asserted that to strengthen the wording of the article was to cast a slur upon the work of the first Conference. It was but a small thing, but it was typical. The British delegation threw cold water upon all proposals for advance. They made it evident in many ways that they had no faith in the Conference, no enthusiasm in their task. As one of them had roundly declared before he started, they regarded the whole thing as a farce. There was to be no discussion about armaments. Nothing was to be done in the way of strengthening the securities for peace. They were willing to do any amount of tinkering the details of procedure. But as for obligatory arbitration in any shape or form, they were against it—or, rather, their instructions directed them to oppose it. Of the demands which had emanated from scores if not hundreds of influential meetings all over the country, not one word was said. Instead of being like the British delegation in 1899, the fiery heart of the machine which generated the driving power, they were a vacuum brake. The Tchinovnik had triumphed indeed. Of the generous enthusiasm of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman there was no trace. The solemn pledges of Sir Edward Grey were as if they had been written in water.

DELEGATES WITHOUT FAITH AND WITH INSTRUCTIONS.

To do the delegates justice, although they did not disguise their lack of faith in the Conference, they were better than their instructions. Even Sir Edward Fry privately expressed his regret that his instructions forbade him to support the American proposal of obligatory arbitration. Another of the delegates personally remonstrated with the authorities at home concerning the nature of the instructions that he was ordered to carry out. But they could not be made to believe that anyone in England cared a brass farthing for the Conference. At least one foreign delegate familiar with English opinion took pains to expostulate with them and to point out that, so far from the British nation caring nothing about arbitration, it was the one thing which they had at heart. They shrugged their shoulders and remained incredulous. They had their instructions, and the instructions were those of the Tchinovnik.

A TARDY VOLTE FACE.

At last vehement protest was made, and by dint of pressure from above and from below Sir Edward Grey was compelled to realise something of the mischief which had been done by the Tchinovniks who had used his authority to repudiate his policy. The instructions of the Tchinovnik were

cancelled. Sir Edward Fry declared that he was instructed by his Government to support both the obligatory arbitration proposals which the Tchinovniks had previously instructed him to oppose. A profound sigh of relief rose from the hearts of our allies. "There is more joy," it was said at the time, "over one sinner that repenteth than over ninety and nine just men who need no repentance." To such a pass had the treachery of the Tchinovnik brought the prestige of the Empire which at the first Conference had led the van.

THE COST OF THE TCHINOVNIK.

The British delegation adopted the Portuguese Treaty of Arbitration as their own, and did what they could to carry out their new instructions. But no alteration of instructions could restore the confidence which had previously existed in the leadership of Britain. The Tchinovnik had done his work. But at what a cost! Forty-three other Governments had sent their delegates to the Hague, one of whose chief businesses was to form an estimate of the intentions, of the character, and of the capacity of the Powers with which they had to do. Whatever impression these delegates carried back from the Hague, they took with them a deplorable conviction as to the weakness, the vacillation, and the incapacity of the British Government. Even when spurred into a brief display of energy, the momentary impulse to advance was speedily followed by a reaction. Sir Edward Grey ordered Sir Edward Fry to associate himself with Mr. Choate in making the Conference a permanent institution. But the Tchinovnik in a few weeks asserted his paralysing sway, and Sir Edward Fry was instructed to leave Mr. Choate in the lurch to go on alone or to retreat as he pleased.

"A LEAGUE OF PEACE"

As for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman's League of Peace, instead of endeavouring to promote it, the British delegates, acting no doubt on instructions, were a constant source of amazement and distress to those Powers with whom it had been assumed by everyone we were certain to act as allies. Every strategical combination which seemed obvious to everyone else was neglected. The Quaker judge seemed to think diplomatic tact a sin, and parliamentary management "dirty work," for he found himself on two occasions with only a single supporter in the whole Conference. Sir E. Satow's prejudice against the Chinese as barbarians drove the Chinese into open revolt. Bad as were the reverses of the British armies at Colenso and at Magersfontein, they were no worse and were much more excusable than the series of disasters into which the unfortunate British delegation marched month after month under the instructions of the Tchinovnik.

THE INTERNATIONAL PRIZE COURT.

It may be said that there was one exception to

this monotonous roll-call of humiliations. The British delegation, instructed by the British Tchinovnik, were honourably to the front in the establishment of the International Prize Court. But already the Prime Minister has seen it necessary to utter a significant note of warning. "It is desirable and it may be essential," he told the company at the Mansion House on Lord Mayor's Day, "that before legislation can be undertaken to make such a Court effective the leading maritime nations should come to an agreement on the rules which are to be administered by the Court that is established." In other words, No Code, no Court. But this was the contention of Russia from the first. M. de Martens' warning words were scouted by the British delegation, which, presumably under instructions from the Foreign Office, accepted with a light heart the provision that a Court composed of a majority of foreign judges should make the laws of naval warfare in accordance with its own notions of justice and equity.

THE BRITISH AT THE HAGUE AND IN SOUTH AFRICA.

The conduct of the Campaign of Peace at the Hague by the Foreign Office was infinitely worse than the conduct of the South African war. Our generals may not have been geniuses, but they were not chosen for their special disqualifications, or sent upon a campaign which was derided as a farce before they left our shores. Never had any Government a more splendid opportunity of assuming the leadership of all peaceful nations, of cementing its alliances with its friends, and of rallying the forces of progress in the cause of international peace. That no use was made of them, that indeed every chance was seized for demonstrating the insincerity and incapacity of our Government, is due to the ascendancy of the Tchinovnik.

THE TCHINOVNIK AND GERMANY.

The Hague Conference affords the most striking object lesson of the fatal consequences of allowing the generous impulses of a Cabinet to be thwarted by the jealous and reactionary instincts of a disloyal Camerilla. But it does not stand alone. The influence of the Tchinovniks has made itself dangerously felt in other directions. To one of these we may now allude with safety, seeing that the statesmanlike and pacific policy of the German Emperor has at last triumphed over the obstacles which the Tchinovniks placed in the way of the *rapprochement* between Germany and Great Britain. The visit of the Kaiser has been a great success, and in nothing has it been so successful as in demolishing the bogey by which the Tchinovniks scared Sir Edward Grey into adopting an attitude of suspicion and of reserve in relation to the German overtures of friendship, of which I hope and believe he sees now to have been justified. The visit of the Kaiser is the culmination of a series of international interchanges of hospitalities which were as warmly welcomed by the German Govern-

ment as they were coldly tolerated by the British Foreign Office. The pioneer of the Anglo-German *rapprochements* was Dr. Lunn, who took over municipal parties to Germany and brought back German burgomasters to this country. The German Government welcomed Dr. Lunn's patriotic labours. The British Foreign Office stood coldly aloof. A choice specimen of the British Tchinovnik, one of the many remnants of a Jingo administration still misrepresenting the King in Germany, was absolutely rude to Dr. Lunn, and few of our officials at home or abroad would say him even one kind word. After the burgomasters came the editors. Lord Loreburn, Mr. Haldane and Mr. Bryce gave the German journalists the right hand of fellowship: but from the Foreign Office they received not the slightest recognition. There is reason to believe that the King would have gladly received our distinguished guests, but a growl from our Tchinovnik at Paris prevented it. When the British editors went to Germany they were received with open arms by Kaiser, Kings, Princes and Ministers. But never a single word of recognition of these unparalleled overtures of friendship could be wrung from Sir Edward Grey. The visit of the Kaiser was looked forward to with ill-concealed dismay. The Tchinovnik at Paris, with the sinister co-operation of his fellows in the Foreign Office, appeared to have actually convinced Sir Edward Grey that the visit of the Kaiser to his uncle would endanger the *entente* with France. Sir Edward Grey now sees, as we all see, how baseless were the fears which led to such unworthy unwillingness to accept the proffered hand of German friendship. The proper sequel to the Kaiser's visit should be the recall of Sir Francis Bertie. That Tchinovnik may have been tolerable when France was dreaming of the descent of English armies on German soil. He is emphatically matter in the wrong place now that it is demonstrated to all the world that we can entertain the Kaiser as an honoured guest without causing even a ripple on the placid surface of the Anglo-French *entente*.

THE DEMOCRATISATION OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE.

The fact is the Foreign Office needs to be reformed from bottom to top. Our ambassadors should no longer consider themselves mere splendid courtiers whose only duty is to appear at State functions and carry on diplomatic negotiations with foreign Ministers. They must be made to realise that a new spirit has sprung up in Great Britain, and that the vivifying breath of democracy will insist upon making even these dry bones live. Every British Minister abroad should be, like Mr. Bryce, quite as much an ambassador to the people among whom he lives as to the Sovereign to whose Court he is accredited. The first duty of a British ambassador abroad ought to be to do everything in his power to make friends with the foreigner, for thereby he can best promote British interests much

more effectively than by merely dancing attendance at levées and exchanging visits with Ministers for Foreign Affairs. Most British Ministers abroad are deplorably out of touch with the living forces of the nation amidst which they dwell. Many cannot speak the language of the country to which they are accredited. Very few ever take the trouble to cultivate the acquaintance of the journalists, the merchants, or the men of letters whose influence is all important in international relations. In this matter Sir Edward Grey would do well to hold up Count Metternich as an example to the King's representatives abroad. The mission of diplomacy is to keep the peace, and there is no more effectual way of keeping the peace between the governments than by constantly, tactfully and earnestly promoting good relations between the peoples. We have democratised many things and many departments. We have not yet democratised our diplomacy. But the time for that is at hand.

THE TCHINOVNIK AND LATIN AMERICA.

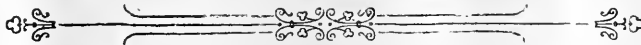
Of the crass ignorance, the perverse stupidity, the archaic antediluvianism of the Tchinovnik I may give one more example before I close. It is almost incredible, but it is unfortunately only too true, that Downing Street does not yet seem to have wakened up to the significance of the existence of Latin America. Canning a hundred years ago boasted that he had called the New World into existence to redress the balance of the Old. But to this day there is no place at the King's table for any of the diplomatic representatives of the South American Republics. There is no room at the King's table for the representatives of great States like Brazil, the Argentine, or Chili. For the Minister of the smallest European Principality there is room and to spare. But for these great Empires of the Southern American Continent there is no place for a single chair. Yet to these nascent

States belongs the Future. Two years ago, M. Nabuco, the distinguished statesman who now represents Brazil at Washington, was so indignant at this scandalous discourtesy that he set on foot a formal protest, in which all the Latin American States would have taken part. M. Nabuco left London before the protest was filed, and the outrage is persisted in to this hour. It remains to be seen whether now that South America has demonstrated her power and her influence at the Hague Conference, the Tchinovnik will persist in maintaining this invidious distinction between Sovereign independent States. When M. Nabuco was agitating the question a Chilian deputy proposed in the Chilian parliament that Latin America should unite in treating British Ministers in the same scurvy fashion that their Ministers were treated in London. The South Americans, being courteous and cultured gentlemen, shrank from so rough a retort. But it is a scandal which ought not to last another year.

SIR EDWARD GREY'S OPPORTUNITY.

To conclude: Sir Edward Grey has now had a bitter lesson as to the consequences of acquiescing in the usurpation of the Tchinovnik. It is for him to justify the confidence which his country reposes in him to make himself master in his own house. A self-effacing modesty, a beautiful humility, are admirable virtues in private life. They are out of place in the head of the Foreign Office. The task before him is simple and clear. The Tchinovnik is a good servant, but an abominable master. Let him reform the Foreign Office from roof to basement. Let him purge the Diplomatic Service from all the antiquated fossils and reactionary survivals from the Jingo epoch. And, above all, let the country and foreign nations understand that Sir Edward Grey is master in his own office, and not Sir Charles Hardinge.

W. T. STEAD.



CURRENT HISTORY IN CARICATURE.

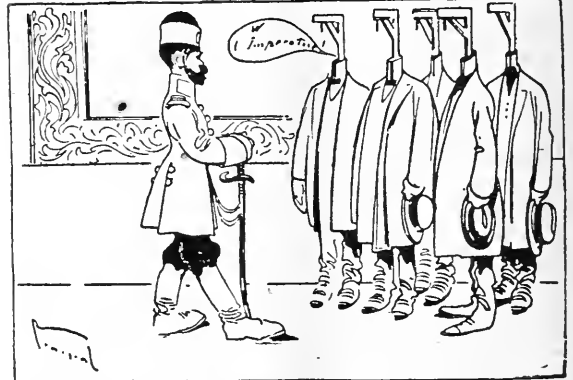
"O wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as ithers see us."—BURNS.



[Kladderadatsch.]

The Meeting of Uncle and Nephew.

[Perlin.]



[Lund.]

THE TSAR (to the Third Duma): "I salute in you great Russia, Russia calm and very thoughtful."



[The Bulletin.] The First Arrivals at the Door.

"N.S.W. and Westralia have decided to borrow about £1,500,000 or £2,000,000 apiece during the new year. The pawnshop is expected to open on January 6."



By permission of the proprietors of "Punch."

The Implacables.

MR. BIRRELL damaged by charge of Amazons: "We're all on their side, really, aren't we?"

MR. "LULU" HARCOURT: "Well, you'd better make that quite clear to them. They'll be back directly!"



Lustige Blätter.

The Nulli Secundus.

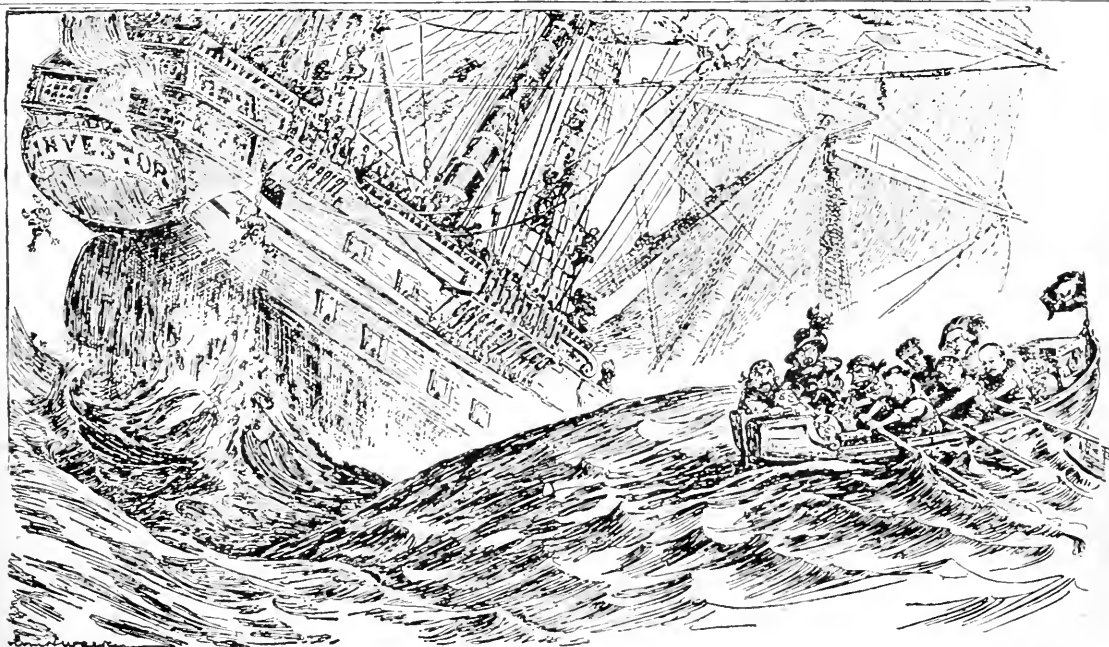
THE KAISER: "Yes, my dear Uncle, I have heard about it in Berlin. It is called the Nulli Secundus because it cannot remain a single second in the air."



The Bulletin.

Two Christmas Boxes.

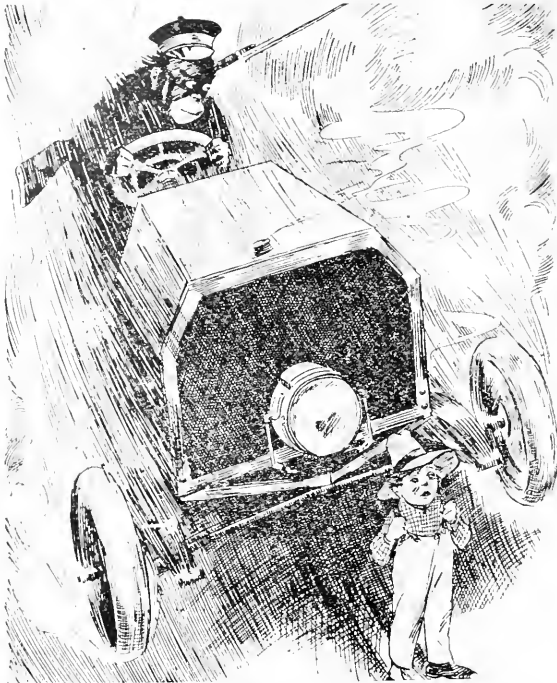
"Bill Lyne puts prosperity into Australia's stocking."
(N.B.—In the north-east corner appears a reminiscence of another Christmas in N.S.W.'s un-Federated and alleged Freetrade days, when Santa Claus Reid handed out the rail-
-saining job.)



From "New York Life."

Scuttled

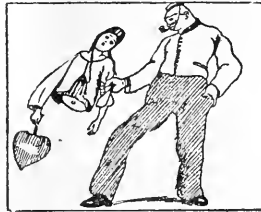
[By permission.]



The Bulletin.] The Thing He Doesn't Recognise.
(Keir Hardie, preaching the Gospel of Peace, urges Australia to ignore war and militarism.)
THE BOY (just before it struck him): "How beautiful is peace!"



RUSSIA



& ENGLAND DIVIDE PERSIA



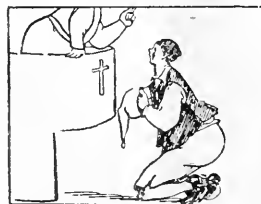
ITALY GETS ALBANIA



& AUSTRIA - MACEDONIA



France gets Morocco.



But only the Kingdom of Heaven remains for Germany!

Kladderadatsch.] The Division of the Earth.

[Berlin.

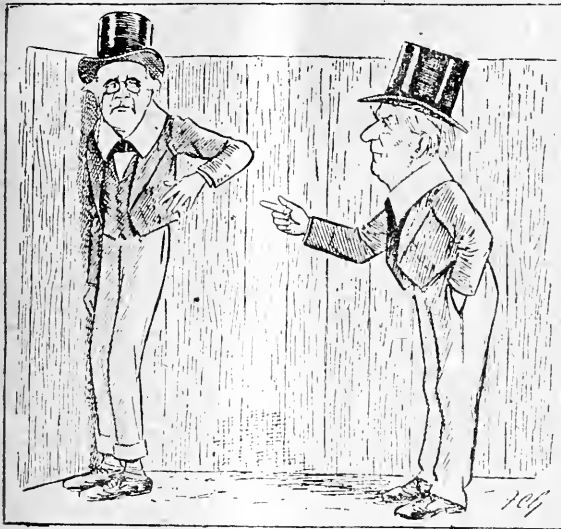


Melbourne Punch.] The Resourceful Lion.

THE LION: "My tail has developed—the Australian influence perhaps—but I have learned how to use it."



Pasquino.] A New "Turn" at the Variety Theatre. [Turin.
Edward the International Juggler.



F.O.G., in "Westminster Gazette,"]

The Boy who would not be Bullied

BOY ASQUITH: "I say, Arthur, do you really want to tax foreign corn, meat, and wool?"

BOY BALFOUR: "Just you stop it, you nasty bully, asking me those horrid questions."



New Zealand Free Lances.]

Beginning a New Journey.

SIR JOSEPH: "Well, Young Dominion, I see you've labelled your bag for the next journey through 1908. Come along and we'll go on together. I wish you all the luck that I would wish myself."



Il Papagallo.]

An Italian View of the Macedonian Question.

[Bologna.

Greece is represented as explaining to Madame Civility that Cerberus (i.e., Turkey, Bulgaria, and Albania) will not allow him to deliver Macedonia, which he would willingly do; but the sop to Cerberus is not sufficient for such hungry maws.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

THE HEIR OF FRANCIS JOSEPH.

A CHARACTER SKETCH OF FRANZ FERDINAND.

I heartily congratulate the *Fortnightly Review* upon having secured so admirable an article as that which Miss Sellers has written on Franz Ferdinand. I congratulate not less heartily Miss Sellers on having produced an article which is full of information, written in admirable good taste with unusual judgment, and which, in short, possesses all the qualities of the best political writing. Miss Sellers has hitherto been remarkable for articles dealing chiefly with social legislation and social reforms. In that field she has long reigned supreme, but this new departure of hers in the political sphere shows that she is capable of dealing with politics as with sociology. This article puts her in the front rank. The title, for which I do not hold her responsible, is the weakest part of the article. "Austria's Dark Horse" is a somewhat flippant title for an article of this political value.

HIS UPRISING.

Miss Sellers gives the following account of his early career:—

Franz Ferdinand was born in 1865, and was the eldest son of the Archduke Karl Ludwig, by his second wife, Annunziata of the Two Sicilies. His early days were spent chiefly at Grätz. The Archduke Karl Ludwig was one of the most kindly and charming of men; but he was a reactionary of reactionaries, as well as a Clerical of Clericals; and he proclaimed the fact from the very house-tops. He had a perfect horror of everything modern: in his eyes parliamentarianism, freedom of the Press, and religious toleration were all the devil's own inventions. On the rare occasions when his sons as boys were seen in Vienna, it was always in the company of priests. The citizens used to shrug their shoulders as Franz Ferdinand passed, and call him a chip of the old block; for he looked for all the world like a little monk as he walked along gravely, solemnly, with his great dark eyes always fixed on the ground. When he was eight years old his mother died. Fortunately for him, however, his father soon found another wife, Maria Theresa of Braganza, who made short work of her husband's ante-diluvian ways, even though she failed to change his ante-diluvian notions. Franz Ferdinand soon became passionately attached to her. Even as a boy he was a personage of importance in the eyes of the Church, it must be remembered, as he had inherited the immense fortune of the last Duke of Modena. In 1878 the Archduke entered the army; he exchanged the companionship of priests for that of officers, and surroundings that smacked of the cloister for a garrison. The result was a foregone conclusion.

HEIR TO THE CROWN.

From this life of dissipation and debauchery he was brought up with a sharp turn by the death of Prince Rudolph, which practically installed him as heir to the Crown:—

He was just twenty-six at the time, young enough, as they no doubt thought, to learn how to adapt himself to parliamentary ways and to rule as a constitutional sovereign. In 1890 he was sent to Berlin, that he might learn to know

his country's chief ally. His visit, however, did not prove a success, owing partly, perhaps, to his shyness being mistaken for pride, and his silence for indifference. The next visit the Archduke paid was to St. Petersburg, and this was as great a success as his visit to Berlin had been a failure. There his very shyness seemed to tell in his favour; and it is an open secret that he made an extremely good impression on Tsar Alexander and Tsaritsa Marie.

HIS SYMPATHIES AND ANTI-PATHIES.

He then made a tour round the world and published an account of his travels. Miss Sellers says the book was severely edited, but still contains much that is interesting. She says:—

The care with which the Archduke avoids all mention of Germany and things German is significant, especially as he waxes quite enthusiastic in his admiration of France, and his sympathy with the French as a race. The French stand nearer to Austrians than any other people, he maintains; and are more akin to them both intellectually and in their tastes. As to the English, there must be something radically wrong, he evidently thinks, with people who can dine on roast beef every day, as he says we do, and without ever a sauce at all. Still, he goes out of his way again and again to express his appreciation of the great work which, according to him, we are doing in the world, and also of the many fine qualities he thinks we possess. He was very much impressed, he tells us, by what he saw in India; it is only a dominant race, a race of born rulers, he maintains, that could hold rule there with so small a garrison.

The Americans he detests:—

Never was there such ruthlessness as theirs, never such colossal egoism: the way they dance round the golden calf and sacrifice without scruple lives by the thousand that they may add to their wealth is, he maintains, quite horrible. He denounces in unsparing terms what he calls their "humbug," and declares that corruption prevails among them on an unparalleled scale. Then the hurry-scurry in which they live he finds intolerable—"they have not time even to greet one another when they meet."

HIS UNCONVENTIONAL MARRIAGE.

On his return from his travels the Archduke was appointed Inspector-General of the Army, and began to represent the Emperor officially. It was a great anxiety to get him married. He refused proposals that were made to him, and at last it was noticed that he spent much of his time in the house of the Archduchess Frederick, who had a number of marriageable daughters. Imagine the dismay of the Court when it was discovered that the Heir Apparent had

really fallen in love, not with the Archduchess's daughter, but with her lady-in-waiting, Countess Sophie Chotek! The outside world was as much astonished as the Court, for the Countess was already past thirty at the time, not at an age, therefore, one might have thought, to inspire *une grande passion*; and although she has a very attractive face and a graceful figure, she had never been counted beautiful. Her great charm, and she certainly has great charm, lies in her singularly sweet voice, and in her manner, which is most seductive, combining as it does the simplicity of a child with the dignity of a great lady, and the subtle sympathy of a woman who knows her fellows thoroughly.

A SOLEMN RENUNCIATION.

At first it was declared that under no circumstances would the Emperor Francis Joseph allow such a marriage, but he gave way on condition that the lady was never to be Empress of Austria :—

A solemn ceremony was held in the Hofburg, in the presence of the Emperor and the chief official personages of the Church and State. Franz Ferdinand, standing before a crucifix, with two fingers of his right hand resting on a Bible, swore always to regard his marriage as a morganatic marriage, one on which no claim to share in his rights as a member of the reigning house could ever be founded, either by his wife or any child she might bear him. He swore also, and with equal solemnity, never to annul this declaration, never to undertake anything that could in any way weaken or destroy its force. Three days later, on July 1st, 1900, the marriage took place, and the Emperor conferred on the bride the title of Princess Hohenberg.

THREE BLAZING INDISCRETIONS—

Since the marriage Franz Ferdinand has distinguished himself by three blazing indiscretions. The first was that in which he identified himself with the Catholic School Party; the second was when he insisted upon taking his companion on an official visit contrary to the advice of the Ministers of the Crown; and the third was that—

when coming to England to represent the Emperor at King Edward's Coronation, he allowed it to be known that he wished to be accompanied not only by official representatives of Austria and Hungary, as is the custom on such occasions, but also by official representatives of Bohemia and Poland. The only meaning this could have, if it had any meaning at all, was that in his eyes Bohemia and Poland were on an equality with Hungary—practically that he was a Federalist, not a Dual-Monarchist, and wished to proclaim the fact. The Poles and Czechs were wild with delight, the Magyars wild with anger; and again there was a storm.

—AND THEIR OBJECT.

Miss Sellers seems to think that these blazing indiscretions have a good deal of method in their madness. His object is believed to be to secure the support of the Vatican and the Federals to make his wife Empress of Austria :—

In a modern State, the dominant political party can, if it chooses, change the order of succession even in defiance of Imperial family conventions; and even the Vatican has the power to unmake vows made and render renunciations of no effect. The theory is based on the assumption that the Archduke is determined when Emperor to install his wife by his side as Empress, and to secure the recognition of his eldest son as Crown Prince, to the exclusion of the late Archduke Otto's son. Already in the Archducal Palace Princess Hohenberg is addressed as Royal and Imperial Highness, it seems; and more than once it has been rumoured that the Pope wished to send to her the Golden Rose.

It would certainly be most convenient if this arrangement could be carried out, because the lady will be Queen of Hungary in any case, and very great complications might arise if she were not also Empress of Austria.

THE OPENING OF THE DUMA.

Dr. Dillon, in his *chronique* of foreign affairs in the *Contemporary Review*, confines himself almost entirely to discussing the prospect of the third Duma. Dr. Dillon chops and changes, and it is difficult to say after reading his article carefully whether on the whole he thinks the Duma will work or whether it won't. In one sentence he maintains that if the third Duma fails, like its predecessors, no guarantees, however solemn, will save it from being suppressed in the interests of the nation. The outlook from one point of view, he declares, indicates that there are ample grounds for looking hopefully upon the future, and from another point of view he tells us that the influential section of the nation is possessed by the devils of sloth, envy, hatred, and destructiveness. No ordinary man or body of men can exorcise them. His own personal impression is that a new foreign loan will be authorised in the spring for a milliard francs, and that the third Duma can, and will, legislate for the country. But the Duma is the thin end of the wedge which must split up the Autocratic system, and the new *régime* will culminate in a Democratic Federation of the United States of Russia. The state of the country, he says, is indeed deplorable, a spirit of lawlessness pervades large classes of the community. The new Speaker of the Duma before his election spoke of the utter topsy-turviness which prevails everywhere. Instead of order reigning in Russia there is chaos pure and simple.

In the Caucasus the young generation has deliberately preferred plunder to work for nearly five years. Why should they exert themselves if there be no prison, no death penalty, no devil and no God? Russia is demoralised from bottom to top, and girls and boys of thirteen, and even twelve, correspond secretly with each other through the *Poste Restante*, meet secretly, and copy some of the worst examples set them by their elders. There are even worse symptoms than these of a fell disease which no Duma will heal. In Russia the current of life-giving energy on which nations draw is poisoned. No legislative assembly can provide the antidote. He gives a marvellous store of information gained by him casually in the course of his recent travels which implies that the Russian is unhappily given over to a secret society of Terrorists, invisible autocrats, whose name is legion, who violate every law, human and divine, and in three Provinces alone they levied £200,000 blackmail from business firms by the simple threat of assassination if they did not pay blood money. Russia is now entering upon a period of red terror, which only a very strong Cabinet can quell, whereas Stolypin's Cabinet is the weakest Cabinet Russia has ever had.

No wonder, if this be so, that the situation leaves much to be desired, which is putting it mildly to say the least. This *chronique* ought really to have been signed "E. B. Lanin."

THE ORIGINAL "UNCLE TOM."

Few probably have suspected that when Mrs. Stowe drew her immortal portrait of Uncle Tom she had an actual living model, and that in the burial plot of a small village in Ontario rest the bones of the man who was undoubtedly in the most important respects the prototype of the hero of the book which is still the most widely read novel in the world. The original "Uncle Tom," Mr. Newton Mactavish, writing in the *Canadian Magazine* for November, declares to have been the Rev. Josiah Henson, of Dresden, Ontario. Mr. Henson often visited Mrs. Stowe, and persons still living, besides his daughters, say that he bore upon his body marks which had every appearance of having been caused by the lash. He did not fail to make capital of whatever notoriety came to him because of his reputation as the original "Uncle Tom." He affected much piety, and preaching was his chief delight. At one time he practically owned the "coloured" church that still stands in the centre of Dresden. He was born in slavery more than a century ago. After serving forty years as a slave in Maryland he managed to escape to Canadian soil at Fort Erie. When he first set foot in Canada he threw himself prostrate in the dust, and those who witnessed the sight thought he had lost his reason in the joy of knowing that he was a free man.

He at first conducted a saw-mill at Dresden, but when the anti-slavery movement was getting under way he turned his attention to it, and several times visited England for the purpose of raising money to be used in assisting slaves across the border. On one occasion he was received by Queen Victoria, who presented him with an autograph photograph of herself. He was a fine type of the camp-meeting orator, and he excelled as a gospel-preacher. He died in 1883.

HOW MR. WELLS BEGAN TO WRITE.

Mr. Harold Spender writes a well-illustrated character sketch of Mr. H. G. Wells in the *Pall Mall Magazine*. It is a kind of autobiographical preface to Mr. Wells's new story, "The War in the Air," the first chapters of which will appear in the January number of the magazine. In this new scientific tale Mr. Wells promises to tell us how the aeroplane and the steerable balloon will revolutionise civil and international conflicts. It is a subject to which he should do full justice.

HOW THE "TIME MACHINE" WAS WRITTEN.

Mr. Spender gives some sketch of Mr. Wells's life-story. He has fought and overcome, he says, almost every obstacle—physical, social and intellectual—that can face a man. He has seen the inner life of almost every class. His first experience of life was of a small home of narrow means, with parents waging the baffling fight against debt. His schooling was cut short by the necessity of his earning his own living, first behind a counter, then as

an assistant in a small school. He then made his way to the Royal College of Science, and spent there three ill-nourished, under-exercised, vehemently studious years. Then came a crisis, reported by Mr. Spender in Mr. Wells's own words.

"Looking at myself one day in the glass"—this dull presentment is but a summary of his own vivid phrasing—"I realised that I was thin and narrow-chested, was growing up something less than a presentable man. I determined to give myself a chance, to take a year or so for air and exercise, and fled to Wales, where I became assistant in a school. I plunged into football, and sustained a grievous injury which nearly ended me at once. I came back to London, and was for a long time very ill. But it was this illness that led me to writing. I had taken up science, earned a First Class Honours in Zoology, became a London B.Sc. But my illness shut me out from following up this career in the natural, proper, professional manner, becoming a respectable schoolmaster or professor. I could not stand London and class teaching. Writing was really the only way out. So I took to it, wrote hard for the *Pall Mall Gazette*—light things—might have become quite a respectable 'occ.' journalist. Then the editor changed—such things happen—and it seemed a bore to propitiate a fresh one. We set to—my wife and I—and wrote 'The Time Machine'—wrote it in a few weeks. We sent it to Henley, who had taken very kindly to some of my earlier papers. He sent it back the first time—had no place for it. But then he was set on to start the *National Observer*, and he suddenly thought of it—telegraphed for it. We sent it. It made a hit. We started another story. We could leave London—and perhaps live! So we left—went on writing—I got well, and here we are!"

"EUROPE IN TRANSFORMATION."

THE TEUTON STAR PALING BEFORE THE SLAV.

Under the title of "Europe in Transformation," Mr. A. R. Colquhoun sets to work to convince the readers of the *North American Review* that Europe is neither effete nor played out. She displays inexhaustible vitality and perennial youthfulness. Europe, he says, is still the home of those fresh and primitive emotions known as national pride and racial sympathy. She exhibits the individualism of the nursery and schoolroom rather than the studied collectivism of adult life. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the Latin-speaking power of France dominated Europe. The next period, almost the whole of the nineteenth century, was "the gradual apotheosis of the Teuton." That is now, according to Mr. Colquhoun, beginning to yield to the Slav revival. The Balkan States are the arena of the struggle between the Teuton and the Slav. Bismarck's policy of controlling the destinies of Europe by an intricate system of alliances was not, says the writer, possible for the impetuous Kaiser, with his predilection for telegrams which blurt out diplomatic secrets. While William II. is pressing to fight with Great Britain for the supremacy of the sea, and keeps France on the rack by his enormous military preparations, the Slav revival is all the while on the flanks of his Empire steadily undermining the Teutonic domination.

At the same time, democratic Socialism is, he thinks, likely to react on national rivalries.

THE AXIS OF EUROPEAN POLICY.

THE BAGDAD RAILWAY.

The culminating point of German policy in the Near East is, says M. René Pinon in the Mid-November number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, the construction of the Bagdad railway. The French reviews have recently been devoting considerable attention to this question, and M. Pinon discusses in great detail the relations of Germany and Turkey. He analyses German methods very carefully. He points out that the most important element in German preponderance in the Near East is the cordial relations existing between the Kaiser and the Sultan. Therein lies both its greatest strength and its weakness.

GERMAN METHODS OF EXPANSION.

The German banks, he points out, are the real inspirers of German economic and colonial expansion. The maxim of the German financier is that the bank ought to precede commerce in order to facilitate business transactions and organise credit. While German banks have been multiplying in the East, Berlin and Constantinople have been linked together by telegraph, and the Germans hope to extend telegraphic communications by the Bagdad railway to Bagdad and the Persian Gulf and thence to the Dutch Indies. But Germany places even more reliance upon her maritime organisation, and, in addition to the conquest of the Mediterranean, her object is to found agencies in the Turkish ports, the Persian Gulf and the Indian Ocean. All these means, however, are but the avenues leading up to the construction of the Bagdad railway. Hitherto the great international routes have surrounded the Ottoman Empire without penetrating into its interior. The creation of a network of railways in Anatolia and the Bagdad railway concession has marked a veritable epoch in the economic history of the East. The resurrection of Asiatic Turkey is so gigantic an enterprise that it cannot be the achievement of one nation alone. M. Pinon strongly advocates an *entente* between Germany and France in the Levant. The greater the task, he says, the more dangerous the possibility of disputes, the more need there is for *ententes*. There is room in the Ottoman Empire for everybody—even for the Turks.

A DANGER POINT.

M. Francis Delaisi's article on the Bagdad railway in the first November number of *La Revue* may be usefully read in connection with the above article. He recapitulates the history of the Bagdad railway scheme, and the difficulties Germany has had to contend with down to the summer of the present year, when the 3 per cent. increase of the Turkish Customs dues was instituted to assure the Turkish guarantee for the railway. The railway, he says, is to make Bagdad five hours instead of fifty-five days distant from Constantinople, and it will enable

the Turks to convey troops rapidly to their most distant frontiers. In short, it will consolidate the Ottoman Empire. It will accelerate the present route to India, and the Suez Canal will lose much of its commercial importance. Naturally the Germans wished to retain for themselves all the glory of the scheme—and the profits; but England, France and Russia being opposed to such a monopoly, the railway for the last four years has been the axis of European policy. Times have changed since the railway was first projected. France is no longer ready to offer her capital unconditionally, and the Powers insist on the railway being an international affair. It is to be hoped the railway will not lead to a European conflagration, but until the question is settled the nations cannot dream of disarmament.

WHY THE KAISER MUST HAVE HIS BAGDAD.

Writing on the Kaiser's visit to England, the editor of the *Revue de Paris* assumes that the question of the Bagdad railway must have been one of the chief topics discussed at Windsor. For seventeen years this question has dominated the relations between London and Berlin, and the construction of the railway has always been one of the cherished objects of the Kaiser's ambition. Now that the marshalship of the world is no longer in his hands he is more than ever in need of a victory, and M. Bérard suggests that neither England nor Europe will gain by not recognising this fact. He points out a method by which he believes the conflicting interests of England and Germany might be reconciled. He would allow the Germans to build the railway as far as Bassorah, an arrangement which would not hinder English boats ascending the Tigris as far as Bagdad. As compensation for the German railway on the Euphrates, the English should ask for an extension of the privileges of the Lynch Company on the Tigris, and they would find that neither their political influence at Bagdad nor their commercial advantages would be reduced in any way. Thus the Tigris would be English and the Euphrates German: as far as Bassorah an equal division of influence would give each Power her place.

FOOD FOR STARVING INDIA.

England, the first to exploit the region, would at first have the best of the bargain. Germany would reap her profits in the future; but England, and especially India, would benefit immensely. The railway would bring our Indian Empire into close connection with this undeveloped area and its agricultural resources. The result would be that famine would cease to kill off every year its millions of Hindoos. By such an arrangement, he urges, the interests of the population, the resources and power of the Sultan and the integrity of Turkey would be safeguarded and developed, and relations of confidence and perhaps cordiality restored between England and Germany.

THE WASTED POWERS OF MAN.

By PROFESSOR WILLIAM JAMES.

Professor William James, of Harvard, writes a most suggestive article in the *American Magazine* on the Powers of Man and the keys which unlock hidden energies and stir men to achieve. Very few of us, he says, live up to our full capacity. We work till we are fatigued and then stop, but if as in running we were to press forward we should get as it were our "second wind":—

If an unusual necessity forces us to press onward, a surprising thing occurs. The fatigue gets worse up to a certain critical point, when gradually or suddenly it passes away, and we are fresher than before. We have evidently tapped a level of new energy, masked until then by the fatigue obstacle usually obeyed. There may be layer after layer of this experience. A third and a fourth "wind" may supervene. Mental activity shows the phenomenon as well as physical, and in exceptional cases we may find, beyond the very extremity of fatigue-distress, amounts of ease and power that we never dreamed ourselves to own, sources of strength habitually not taxed at all, because habitually we never push through the obstruction, never pass those early critical points.

ONLY HALF AWAKE.

We habitually only use a small part of the powers which we naturally possess, and which we might use under appropriate conditions. Compared with what we ought to be we are only half awake. We make use of only a small part of our possible mental and physical resources. Habit has largely circumscribed our powers:—

Stating the thing broadly, the human individual lives usually far within his limits; he possesses powers of various sorts which he habitually fails to use. He energises below his *maximum*, and he behaves below his *optimum*. In elementary faculty, in co-ordination, in power of inhibition and control, in every conceivable way, his life is contracted like the field of vision of an hysteric subject—but with less excuse, for the poor hysteric is diseased, while in the rest of us it is only an inveterate *habit*—the habit of inferiority to our full self—that is bad.

A WAVE OF RELIGIOUS ACTIVITY.

Professor James briefly examines the causes which unlock these newer forces in human nature. Among others, speaking of the value of Christian Science, he says:—

We are just now witnessing a very copious unlocking of energies by ideas, in the persons of those converts to "New Thought," "Christian Science," "Metaphysical Healing," or other forms of spiritual philosophy, who are so numerous among us to-day. The ideas here are healthy-minded and optimistic; and it is quite obvious that a wave of religious activity, analogous in some respects to the spread of early Christianity, Buddhism and Mohammedanism is passing over our American world. The common feature of these optimistic faiths is that they all tend to the suppression of what Mr. Horace Fletcher calls "fearthought." Fearthought he defines as the "self-suggestion of inferiority"; so that one may say that these systems all operate by the suggestion of power. And the power, small or great, comes in various shapes to the individual—power, as he will tell you, not to "mind" things that used to vex him, power to concentrate his mind, good cheer, good temper—in short, to put it mildly, a firmer, more elastic moral tone.

WANTED: A HUMAN POWER CHART.

He concludes his article with the following suggestion:—

We need a topography of the limits of human power, similar to the chart which oculists use of the field of human vision. We need also a study of the various types of human being, with reference to the different ways in which their energy-reserves may be appealed to and set loose. Biographies and individual experiences of every kind may be drawn upon for evidence here.

BELGIUM AND THE CONGO.

In the *Grande Revue* of November 10, George Lorand, a Belgian Deputy, says it is almost unconceivable that not one Belgian in a hundred has any knowledge of an official document whose impartiality is beyond suspicion, and which was published by the Congo State itself—namely, the Report of the Commission of Inquiry which King Leopold sent to the Congo as a consequence of the English protests.

ANNEXATION WITHOUT REFORMS.

To put an end to the abuses described in the report the whole system of administration must be abolished, says the writer. The palliatives suggested by the Commission are insufficient. If Belgium takes over the Congo, it ought to begin with the finances by setting aside an annual sum for the administration of its future colony. At present it is proposed that Belgium should annex the Congo, but the question of reforms is ignored, and no one seems to perceive that this may bring about a conflict between Belgium and England on the morrow of the annexation.

WILL THERE BE A CONFLICT WITH ENGLAND?

Whatever may be the fate of the amendments of the Parliamentary Commission of seventeen, one must have very robust illusions to believe that the insertion of these amendments in the Belgian Colonial Law would have the virtue of translating them into reality in Africa if the present absolutism of the sovereign of the Congo State is to be maintained after the annexation and to be exempt from all Parliamentary control in Belgium. Indeed, one might be sceptical as to the efficaciousness of such control, were it inaugurated, for the Belgian Deputies have no mandate, no interest, and no power to concern themselves with the rights of negroes. The writer is convinced that the policy adopted to procure serious reforms in the Congo State, both by the English Government and the partisans of annexation in Belgium, is absolutely wrong, and that it can result in nothing but disillusionment and a conflict between England and Belgium infinitely more serious to Belgium than that which at present exists between England and the Congo State, and which it is hoped annexation, even annexation without reforms, will put an end to.

TWO NEW GAMES.

In *C. B. Fry's Magazine* there is a fully illustrated article by Mr. Fry himself on "Diabolo and How to Play It"; while in the *Royal* are illustrations of "The Curve-Shoe," a device for doubling the speed of pedestrians, with some account of how to use it. It appears much like a perambulator wheel, and is attached to the foot and calf of the leg by three hooked buckles.

The happy possessor of this eccentric foot-wear uses the ordinary movements of walking. Instead of touching the ground with his heel he plants his trusty curve-shoe on Mother Earth and completes the step by a forward, rolling movement of the sole. When the sole goes forward a spring is tightened, and this swings the shoe on when it is raised for a second step.

There is not the least doubt, the writer thinks, that curve-shoeing will soon become a popular "smart" pastime. It looks as if, to acquire the art, many tumbles would be inevitable.

MODERN DIABOLO.

A good diabolo, Mr. Fry insists, is the first essential for playing the game well. Diabolo, the game, we are told, by-the-bye, should have a capital; but diabolo, meaning the ball for playing Diabolo, should only have a small "d." Celluloid is the best material for making diabolos, and that everyone may know that he has bought the best kind Mr. Fry gives several illustrations of genuine diabolos, taken from various standpoints. Weight, material, and every detail have cost much thought and experimenting. A proper stick should measure $18\frac{3}{4}$ inches; the best are of bamboo or rice-wood; and the cords should be of silk and cotton, or silk only. Mr. Fry thinks the cord ought to be 10 inches longer than the height of the player.

RULES OF THE GAME.

"A volume," he says, "might be written on the physiology of the physical exercises suitable for attaining skill in Diabolo." He then proceeds to suggest the progressive exercises which beginners ought to practise in order to become skilled diabolists in the shortest possible time. As for these hints, which are fully illustrated to make them easier to follow, they hardly bear condensation, but I quote Mr. Fry's Rules for "Real Diabolo" as distinguished from Diabolo Tennis, or any other variety:—

The two cone-shaped divisions are called "camps," and each camp is divided into two "courts." More accurately, the diabolo ground is the shape of the diabolo itself projected in plan. It is composed of two trapeziums with their smaller bases opposite to each other, and separated from one another by a rectangular figure.

The players are divided into two teams of one, two or three players. Three, perhaps, makes the best game.

In the three-game two players are called the "backs," and occupy the back court, one player is called the forward, and occupies the front court. In the two-game there is one back and one forward.

A forward is confined to his front court, a back to his back court.

Players of the same team may step on the lines which bound the courts to which they are confined, but must not over-step them.

The match is played for 10, 20, 30, 40, 50 or 60 points. A point is scored for each fault, for each failure to catch and return the diabolo, and each breach of a rule of the game.

The points are counted by an umpire, who is sole judge of the facts of the game, and sole interpreter of the rules.

SOCIAL WORK AND THE CHURCH.

The *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science* for November are concerned almost entirely with the social work of the Church. There are thirteen papers, covering 128 pages. Together they form a valuable conspectus of religion in its social developments. Charles Stelzle describes the Presbyterian Department of Church and Labour, W. J. Kerby the social work of the Catholic Church in America. The Christian Settlement is differentiated from other Settlements by Thomas S. Evans. Miss Simkhovitch finds the religion underlying the Settlement life in its temper and tone and aim. J. W. Cochran speaks very plainly indeed about the alienation of the working classes by the timid and time-serving policy of the Church. Settlement methods in foreign missions are described by E. W. Capen. The social work of a suburban church and of a church in a factory town are also described; likewise the social work and influence of the negro church. C. C. Carstens indulges in severe criticism of the Salvation Army, yet not in an unfriendly spirit. W. H. Allen insists on the need of demanding efficiency in religious work. Mr. Edward Judson prefaces the whole with a very bold and thoughtful paper on the Church in its social aspect.

Living on a Little.

Of all the useful articles in the December number of *Good Housekeeping* none will prove more interesting than that by Miss Benton upon how to live well on a little. "I have invented a new proverb," she says; "it is: when in culinary doubt, consult the French." For instance, the general idea is that two courses are necessary, but that three are extravagant. Really you should never have a dinner of two courses, if you wish to be economical, because the French have found out that three are cheaper. In plainer words, if you begin dinner with a good strong nourishing soup, your family will eat far less meat and dessert, and as you must always economise on these things you will see at once that such a soup will help you out, for soup is very cheap. And yet how seldom it is that this is realised by the housewife struggling to make both ends meet and to keep a good table!

A LANGUAGE LEARNED IN THREE MONTHS.

In the *Grand*, Mr. W. R. Boelter, a German who learned to read, speak, and write English correctly and fluently in the space of three months, explains his method. As we learn a language by habit and not by rules, he determined to leave grammar severely alone. He came to England. He resolved to avail himself of the valuable fact that 95 per cent. of English words are closely related to modern German words through their Saxon origin. He would take those words most nearly alike in both languages, go on to the less easy to recognise, keeping in mind the laws that had operated in changing a word from German, Latin, or Greek to English. He remembered how often the German "k" becomes in English "c"; how the "v" and "t" in Vaterland changed to "f" and "th." His knowledge of German, Latin, and Greek stood him in good stead. He began with easily recognisable paragraphs, such as the Lord's Prayer, and then went on to the daily and weekly papers, tabulating in his word-treasury as he went along under three heads—Certain, Doubtful, and Unknown. Having come to London he cut himself adrift from all his countrymen, and plunged deep into the turmoil of the English language, armed only with a pocket Bible, an old copy of *Tit-Bits*, an occasional daily paper, and a notebook which grew into a fair-sized dictionary, containing, finally, all the words that he believes he has ever since used. He gathered up his words at the rate of some three hundred a day during the first ten days. Having assimilated these three thousand words, he began to write and to speak. At the end of three months he was engaged as canvasser in a Parliamentary election. Mr. Boelter has, I understand, developed this system into a regularly arranged method of learning German. The great majority of English people require to read rather than to speak German. The printed word is within the reach of all, while the opportunity of speaking a foreign language comes only to the minority. His method, he contends, if generally adopted, would immensely facilitate the learning of a foreign language.

THE LATE MONCURE CONWAY ON PRAYER.

In the *North American Review* one of three papers on the nature of prayer is contributed by the late Moncure D. Conway. He says:—

There is little doubt that the philosophical and scientific discussions about the First Cause, the Unknowable and Cosmic Forces, have gradually formalised the exercises of religion even for the multitude, and that many of them have reached, albeit unconsciously, the phase of Voltaire's theism. Walking with a friend in Paris, and meeting a religious procession, Voltaire removed his hat. His friend said, "Are you then reconciled with God?" He replied: "We salute, but do not speak!"

The severe logic of modern theology, equally with that of science, carries the idea of deity into a region of ideas where salutation may be admissible, but not prayer. Is it

logical to make any suggestion to Omniscience, or to propose any modification of action to Omnipotent Wisdom?

There is now a sort of agreement among prayerful Christians that they should not pray for material things, but only for spiritual and moral graces. Of course, in moments of anguish and fear, in the presence of illness and peril, and in trials that move the heart and the affections, prayer for the beloved has a character of its own, and is not consciously included in the general pious sentiment against prayer for material things. But this sentiment is the product of the advancement of science.

This attitude is in marked contrast to that of Cicero and Horace, who maintained that men should pray only for things external, which are not under their control but under the control of God, but not for internal qualities, these being within their own power.

PRAYER NOW AN INHERITED FORM.

The Cosmos imagined by science transforms prayer into an inherited form of expression for certain feelings, but men no longer pray for what really concerns them—the best gifts and blessings of the world. The growing use of Litanies possessing literary and antiquarian and some poetic value shows the growing difficulty of collective extemporaneous prayer:—

The fact that people no longer venture to pray for what their hearts do secretly most desire—what their whole energies are seeking every day—but devote their prayers to vague and pallid sentiments, is a confession that this old form no longer represents the real forces which made that unceasing prayer which was in some sense fulfilled.

"THAT FACE WHICH LIGHTENS THE DARK VALE."

The close of his paper derives pathetic significance from the death which has just sealed his life:—

Ah, what a miracle is the human face! All that is mystical or poetic in the universe draws near to us only in that face. For multitudes, their life-journey is nearly all through a dark vale, and when the weary wayfarer hears in his dream a voice of early faith saying, "Seek thou My face," his heart replies, "Thy face, Lord, will I seek!" There can be no love nor prayer where there is no face. Never did heartfelt prayer ascend to the Unknowable. We ascribe faces to abstractions—Charity, Justice, Truth, Mercy—longing to give objective reality to qualities and sentiments we revere. But the source of prayer is deeper than reverence; it is love; and in the personified Beloved is imaged every face—of child, parent, lover, friend—that ever smiled upon that kneeling spirit, to be shaped at last in that face which lightens the Dark Vale with devotion and tenderness.

THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN AMERICA.

The writer of the *Chronique* in the *Fortnightly Review* maintains that the whole origin of the crisis in America is due to the shortage of the American crops:—

The returns of the Department of Agriculture show that the American crops for this year, though fair, measured by any but the most recent standards, are hundreds of millions of bushels less than the yield of last year or of the year before. But industry and transport were equipping themselves for a maximum of activity. They are suddenly confronted by a checked demand. That is what made the present crisis and the coming reaction inevitable. Whole army corps of European labour will be disbanded because only six bushels of corn have been harvested this year in the United States, where seven were reaped before.

IS IT SAFE TO KISS MOUSTACHES ?

In the Editor's diary of the *North American Review* "moustaches in the light of science" are shown to be invested with new dangers to the fair sex. The Editor refers to the scientific experiments of the highest order that have been followed by conclusive results. He says:—

Of these the most important have been made by a noted French professor, whose studies of all questions relating to the now thoroughly established "germ theory" have won for him great fame. He enlisted the services of two men, one shaven, one bearded, and walked with them through several streets of Paris, the Louvre, several large stores, finally fetching them in a crowded tram-car to his laboratory. There, waiting with subdued expectancy, was a young woman, who—probably the first experience of the kind in the history of her sex—had been hired to be kissed. When the professor had made certain, by the use of antiseptic preparations, that no germs lingered upon the lips of the maiden, the shaven young man applied his lips to hers in the customary manner. The professor then passed a sterilised brush over the young lady's lips, dipped it into a test-tube containing a sterile solution of agar-agar, and quickly sealed the top. The girl's lips, and face even, having been thoroughly sterilised a second time, the bearded man followed the example of his shaven companion and the sterilised brush and the test-tube were again called into play in the same manner. During each of the operations the young woman held her breath in order that no accidental germ might be drawn upon her lips from the atmosphere.

After four days, the tubes were opened. The first, taken from the shaven man, was speckled with dots, each of which was a colony of yeast germs, such as cause mould but are practically harmless. The second, from the moustached man, literally swarmed with malignant microbes. The long, thin tubercle bacillus was the first found, followed by diphtheria and putrefactive germs, minute bits of food, a hair from a spider's leg, and goodness know what all—so great a variety in any case that nobody had the hardihood to reveal the results of the experiment to the young lady. The conclusion was irresistible.

One paragraph in the conclusion reads thus:—

If any woman could get a look, through a microscope, at the moustache and beard of a man, she would never let him kiss her unless he shaved himself or enveloped his whiskers in aseptic gauze.

THE NEW CHINA IN THE MAKING.

In the *Pacific Era*, a new American periodical devoted to the study of the national and international questions affecting the future of the countries bordering the Pacific Ocean, Mr. Arthur H. Smith writes from personal knowledge on the reform movement in China. Although a believer in the future reformation of China, he is convinced that it will be a longer and far harder task than many are willing to admit. China's greatest lack is character and conscience, and above all men. How is it, he asks, that with the largest population in the world real men are so hard to find?

THE EMANCIPATION OF CHINESE WOMEN.

On the surface at least there is much evidence of the attempted "transformation" of China, more especially in the great centres of life and activity:—

China bristles with new schools and "colleges." The scholars are clad in semi-foreign costume, and are drilled in athletics, in which many of them take great interest and pride, as well as in a military drill, which is accepted, contrary to all Chinese traditions and ideals, as a necessary means to make the country strong, an object which the new patriotism holds forth to scholastic view with a steady persistence. In ports like Shanghai, Canton, Foochow, or Tientsin, this new student class is a picturesque feature in every landscape. The total number rises into many tens of thousands and their influence is strong and persuasive. Then there is the new education for young women, directly imitated from the schools which altruistic foreigners in China have been cultivating for something more than two generations. Without entering upon this topic in detail, it is safe to say that it constitutes one of the foremost signs and evidences of real progress in China, and is full of hope. China has always been a democratic country, and its women have greatly influenced its greatest men. Now that the ideal of education for women has been formally accepted, it is evident that a new and powerful force has been liberated with unlimited possibilities for good.

THE ADVENT OF THE DYNAMITE BOMB.

In educational matters China has begun at the wrong end. Colleges and "middle schools" have been established, but the primary schools, upon which the whole educational scheme depends, have been left to be developed last. The natural result is that they have not been developed at all. The growing influence of the Press is a phenomenon of the importance of which is not easily exaggerated. Another disturbing influence are the foreign-trained students:—

Many of the students who have been abroad—especially those who have studied in Japan—have come back practically anarchists. The baleful expression "Ko-ming tang," or "Opposed to authority Clique," is everywhere heard, and a note of terror to officials and to the Court. The dynamite bomb is one of the sinister adjuncts of Western civilisation in China, used for the first time against the Imperial Commission to study Constitutional Government just as they were leaving Peking in the autumn of 1905, and now again in the public murder (although as a fact a revolver was finally employed) of the ultra conservative Governor of Anhui, En Ming.

THE LATEST HOBBY.

Mr. Smith is not very hopeful as to the sincerity or success of the movements for constitutional reform and the abolition of opium smoking. He says:—

"Constitutional Government" is the present hobby, but nobody knows (or cares) what it is, and in so far as it means cutting off illicit income and the suppression of bribes and blackmail, no one is at present competent to work it even were it wanted. The movement for the suppression of opium smoking is a perfectly real and genuine one, and has been put into operation at great centres like Peking, Tientsin, Shanghai, Foochow and Canton, with stringency and success. But the period allotted for the reform (ten years) is three times too long. The planting of the poppy is for the most part absolutely uninterdicted. The sale of opium is not tabooed, but only the smoking, and that only in certain places. In the interior cities even these easy regulations are only heard of distantly and without effect. In practice the "joints" go on as before, or they have to pay a "license" which is a forced levy, and are thus protected from further trouble.

IS POVERTY A NECESSARY EVIL?

A CRUSADE FOR ITS ABOLITION.

"The Poor ye have always with you," but it does not necessarily follow that the squalid, hopeless poverty which eats like a cancer into mankind is an unavoidable concomitant of human existence. Henry George founded an Anti-Poverty Society, which, however, suffers from the same complaint which it seeks to remove from the world. Two of Henry George's disciples—one in America, the other in London—have decided that the time has come to make a renewed attempt to banish poverty from the world. Mr. Fels has succeeded in securing the City Temple for a Conference to consider the question with a view to definite action. Major Johnson of Cleveland, Ohio, has already summoned his Conference. It was held last month in Cleveland, for the purpose of investigating poverty and creating an organisation to hear testimony from social students, workers and experts, to provide for further investigations and if possible to formulate a report on the causes and the possible remedies of poverty.

The following extracts from Major Tom Johnson's circular summoning the Conference will explain the ideas which animate the promoters of this new Crusade against Poverty:—

Almost for the first time the question is being asked: Is poverty really necessary? Is it irremediable? Is it decreed by Providence or by laws of nature? Is society, with its accumulated intelligence which science has placed in its hands, helpless before the increase of want and suffering which is everywhere appearing all about us? Has science no word to offer, no cure to suggest?

It is from such voluntary associations as this that an answer to this great question must come, for all other agencies are silent upon it.

The Universities have courses of instruction in political economy and finance, in sociology, taxation, banking, and kindred subjects. But none of them, so far as I know, have investigated poverty.

The Federal Government expends millions every year on the promotion of trade and commercial relations; it appropriates hundreds of millions for war and the preparation for war, on internal improvements and colonial administration. Yet not a dollar has been appropriated for the study of that which is becoming a far greater menace to our civilisation than the combined armaments of Europe.

Philanthropic societies exist, and thousands of persons are engaged in the study of charitable relief. Millions are annually given for hospitals, asylums, and other institutions. Everything possible has been done to bandage the wounds of society, but nothing to find a cure for the disease itself.

I do not believe that poverty is any more necessary than the epidemic of disease for which science has found a cure. The wealth of the world has increased by leaps and bounds. Every agency of nature is harnessed to man's bidding. Untouched resources abound all over the Continent. New powers and new agencies daily increase man's dominion over nature.

Despite these facts, poverty has become a chronic condition of a considerable and probably increasing portion of our people. The slum and the tenement have appeared in all of our large cities. Child and woman labour is increasing with frightful rapidity. Vice and crime have made their appearance along with want and destitution. All these conditions relate back and spring from poverty, which is the primary cause.

The cost of living is rapidly increasing, while wages are either stationary or have failed to correspondingly advance. In our cities the home owner is becoming a tenant. Compulsory education is almost a mockery to the poor by virtue of their poverty. If these conditions continue for another ten years, the physical stamina of our people will be undermined. Men and women cannot work; they cannot rear children; they cannot send them to school if these conditions are not checked. Poverty, therefore, is the most momentous question before this or any other people.

This formidable indictment of American civilisation proceeds from one of the ablest if not the very ablest Mayor in America, the richest country in the whole world. How much more forcibly must it apply to the poorer countries of the Old World!

We shall watch the development of this movement with the keenest interest. The Conference in the City Temple will probably be followed by others in the centres of population. We commend the movement to the sympathy and support of all our readers, and more especially to those who are enrolled as Associates of the "Review of Reviews."

THE GENESIS OF THE MODERN DOLL.

The German toy industry is the subject of a very instructive sketch by Edward T. Heyn in the *American Review of Reviews*. He says that in 1906 about four million and a-half pounds sterling worth of toys were produced in the German Empire. Only 25 per cent. of these toys are consumed at home. The toys are nearly all made in the homes of the workmen. A picture is given of a family of four generations making toys in their home. "The grandmother has been sitting in this one room engaged in this same work ever since she was a girl of six." A father, mother, and six children working eleven hours a day earn from 9s. 6d. to 14s. a week:—

The doll-manufacturing industry did not begin to assume conspicuous proportions until 1850. Before that time only wood and leather were used in this trade. At the time of the first London World's Fair a Sonneberg doll manufacturer brought home and improved a Chinese doll, made of heavy coloured paper, and with movable head and limbs. Next came hairless wax heads. To begin with, the wax and vermish were put on the prepared head with a brush in a more or less crude or uneven manner, whereby the face was left expressionless. A thimble, so the story goes, one day fell into a dish of fluid wax. When its owner drew it forth it was found to be beautifully covered with a uniform coating of wax. The manufacturer caught the idea, and established a factory for wax papier-maché dolls prepared by the dipping process. By giving the papier-maché a flesh tint, and through the use of wheat powder, he attained a very good imitation of the human skin. Painting completed the process of facial expression. Next came the setting of artificial eyes, which are principally made in the little town of Laucha. These eyes soon were made movable, and the result was a sleeping doll. But the hairless head had to be improved. Human hair was originally used, but the discovery of mohair wigs opened up large possibilities in this line, as the fine, glossy hair of the Angora goat was found to be unsuitable for this purpose. When mohair grew more expensive wool was added. In rapid succession there followed further inventions and discoveries until the modern, life-like, jointed speaking doll was the result.

EGGS—EATING, ELECTION, AND OTHER SORTS.

The most generally interesting article in the *World's Work* is certainly that by "Home Counties" on a matter touching all classes of the community—eggs. "The Egg Mystery" he entitles it.

WHERE EATING EGGS COME FROM.

Of the 4,400,000,000 eggs we consume a year—the estimate of a highly competent authority—the very best come from England; the next best from the north of France; the next best probably from Denmark. The 2,270,000,000 obtained abroad are only worth about six and a-half million pounds; our own produce, being mostly better, is worth eleven or twelve million. Germany and Belgium, though not producing enough eggs for their own consumption, send us a great many—which are really Russian, Italian, Hungarian, or Styrian eggs. Russia, in fact, though this is surely not generally known (and Russia includes Siberia), is our chief provider of foreign eggs. Of home-provided eggs, Ireland probably supplies about one-third. Commenting on that often-heard remark of the average M.P. or county dignitary, "Why don't we provide our own eggs?" "Home Counties" says, "simply because it would not pay." There must be eggs of the cheaper qualities, and these it pays best to import. Moroccan and Egyptian eggs are sold in London so low (4s. 6d. wholesale per 120 in summer) that it is clear the producers must be content with a margin of profit impossible in this country. Our poultry-keepers have no grievance at all against the foreign egg-producer, whose imports, moreover, are steadily falling; the most profitable part of the trade is always in their hands, and obviously their geographical advantage could hardly, unless to a certain extent with a Channel Tunnel, be taken away from them. There is an inexhaustible demand for "breakfast eggs":—

There are several firms in London which need 40,000 or so of the best eggs every week. The National Poultry Organisation Society has orders from its customers for 40,000 or 60,000 more than it can supply weekly, and could, no doubt, dispose of ten times that number. The trade cannot get from our home poultry-keepers more than a third of the eggs it is ready to buy.

English eggs, like so many other things, are steadily getting dearer; and if only more of them were brown or tinted, would be dearer still.

WHERE CHEAP FOREIGN EGGS GO.

To the poorer classes, of course, but also in great quantities to certain trades—notably bookbinders and glove-makers. Immense numbers of cheap, though not the cheapest, foreign eggs are used by the West End confectioners. Some, however, use the best English eggs, and one insists on Spanish eggs, on account of the yellowness of the yolks. Sweden and Holland are doing their best to develop a trade in eggs of a good class. Denmark, all things considered, is the best marketer of eggs, her produce arriving nearly as fresh as the French, but

through lack of colour they lose in value 1s. 5d. per 120, as compared with Calais eggs. For a new all-brown Danish new-laid brand of eggs, similar in weight and freshness to white ones, the shippers are getting 6d. per 120 more.

BROWN EGGS.

The foolish public will persist in preferring brown eggs. Why? Brown eggs are certainly no better than white ones; if you boil a white egg in water with coffee grounds, and serve it up as a brown egg, it does just as well as a real brown egg. Brown eggs taste no better, because the taste depends on the feeding of the hen that laid the egg. No, the public persists in thinking a brown egg "looks nicer" than a white one, and it may, indeed, possibly be a little fresher than a white egg, for its thicker shell enables it to keep better. Moreover, no brown eggs come from Russia—that country of cheap eggs—and brown eggs have always commanded a good price, and seem always likely to do so; and that is another reason why the public thinks them good. Home producers, says the writer, should aim only at selling the best table eggs and the best "cookers," leaving the foreigner his cheap egg trade. Every year, thanks to the efforts of the National Poultry Organisation Society, more and more poultry-keepers grade their eggs.

A FEW HINTS FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

Housewives certainly ought to read this article. Collecting depôts test the freshness of eggs by "candling"—holding up before a light the egg to be tested. The housewife may "candle" eggs by cutting a hole the size of an egg in a piece of cardboard, and holding the cardboard before the lamp in her left hand and the egg in her right:—

An egg, when no more than three days old and properly kept, is transparent. As it gets older the yolk gets to one side—because the egg is lying in one position—and slowly darkens.

In a "new-laid" egg the air-space will not be bigger than a shirt button or a threepenny-piece. (In an egg fresh from the nest there would be no air-space at all.) A week-old egg possesses ordinarily a space about the size of a halfpenny. When the air-space is nearly the size of a penny the egg may be anything from a fortnight to a month old.

"Milky" eggs can hardly be had in London, where the very freshest eggs would be generally four days to a week on their way from the nest to the egg cup. In a shop eggs may always be tested by being gently shaken; if no movement whatever is detected, the egg is new-laid—that is, not more than a week or ten days old. A new-laid egg, moreover, has a bloom which no stale or preserved egg possesses. Eggs should also be kept cool and in the dark, and not near strong-smelling food. There is something to be said for buying eggs from dairies, which generally keep them cool and often covered up. The article contains a great deal of other information, both interesting to the reader and practical for the housewife.

GOOD STORIES FROM THE MAGAZINES.

Field-Marshal Sir Evelyn Wood contributes to the Christmas number of *Cassell's Magazine* some stories and memories of his life and experience. From these I make a few extracts. In one of his visits to Ireland, Sir Evelyn Wood found himself at a country hotel in Donegal:—

There were few visitors, and our arrival induced the following conversation between two middle-aged ladies in the drawing-room, carried on before Major Selater; I was up-stairs, writing letters.

"Sir Evelyn Wood has come, dear," said the younger lady.

"Well, what of that?"

"Oh, nothing; but I thought you would like to know."

"Why? I never heard of him."

"Well, there is no harm in my telling you."

"None at all; but his coming does not interest me, as I never heard of the man." After a silence she continued: "You, dear, seem to know all about him. Pray, who is he? What has he ever done?"

The younger lady hesitated, and then said: "Oh, I thought everyone knew. He is the celebrated admiral who bombarded Sevastopol."

THE RETORT DISCOURTEOUS.

A general who had never been on service, inspecting a battalion in the South-Eastern District, after looking steadily at an old soldier whose sodden face told its own sad story, asked: "How many years have you put in?"

"Nearly eighteen, sir."

"Well, you are the first soldier of that term of years I have even seen without a good conduct badge."

"May I speak, sir?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"You are the first general I have ever seen without a medal."

THE QUEEN AND THE CHILDREN.

The *Quiver* Christmas number contains some stories of Queen Alexandra, from which I make a few extracts:—

The Queen never loses her interest in those for whom she has acted as godmother. In particular, she has been most kind to the children of Lord Curzon, who lost their beautiful mother more than a year ago. The Queen, hearing that little Alexandra Curzon—who was named after her Majesty—was fond of gardening, sent a box of violet roots to her. The child decided to plant them so that when they came up they should spell "Alexandra." "I should like to help you plant them," said the Queen. "Well, you can put in the full-stop," replied the child.

A KINDLY ACT.

It may often be read in the *Court Circular* that the Queen has visited some picture exhibition. This is not merely because the Queen is fond of pictures, but because she knows how valuable her visit may be to the artist. Hence it may often be noticed that she has visited the works of a "coming" man rather than those of one already "arrived." Sometimes only a few hours' notice is given of the Queen's intention to visit the exhibition. "I was once," says the writer (Mr. David Williamson),

at a little "private view" in the West End, when the Queen arrived. She walked round the gallery with the artist, examining the pictures very closely. How much that visit of the Queen meant to the artist may be gathered

from the fact that Society followed her Majesty's lead, and bought every one of his pictures! He was in very delicate health at the time, and that was one of the reasons why the Queen took the trouble to visit his exhibition. It was a characteristic act of kindness.

CHARACTER IN HANDS.

Recently I reviewed an article on "Character in Eyes"; and in the *English Illustrated* Christmas number I find an article by Mlle. Mancy on "Character in Hands," in which more might have been made of the different physical characteristics of hands. It is, however, the hand from the palmist's point of view which is here considered. Illustrations are given of the normal hand, a murderer's hand, and a suicide's; of Sir Frederick Leighton's hand, Mark Twain's, Lord Charles Beresford's, Sir Edwin Arnold's, Mr. William Whiteley's, and others. Cheiro is quoted as saying that if parents studied their children's hands they might avoid many mistakes in educating them. A baby's hands, of course, are marked at birth. By wise education murderous or suicidal tendencies, for instance, in a hand might be diverted. Contrasting Sir Frederick Leighton's and Lord Charles Beresford's hands, the writer says:—

A whole lifetime of "hauling-in sails" would never have made Sir Frederick Leighton's hand the shape of Lord Charles Beresford's; moreover such a life would have been just as impossible to Sir Frederick, with his artistic tastes and ability, as a sedentary life would have been to Lord Charles, with his love of an active, outdoor life, and power to command.

Mr. Whiteley's hand showed no imagination, only business ability. Sir Edwin Arnold's, for instance, had three or four times as many lines as Mr. Whiteley's, yet was not a typical poet's hand:—

Mr. Whiteley's hand having so few, hardly any but the main lines of life, head, heart, fate, and sun, denotes a calm, self-possessed, matter-of-fact, determined nature. The straight clear head-line of medium length on such a hand indicates not only a good head for figures, but shows that all the energies are concentrated on commerce.

Mr. Chamberlain's hand has a certain peculiarity in it found also in Mr. Gladstone's hand, and Mr. Austen Chamberlain's hand strongly resembles his father's.

POETRY IN THE MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine publishes a short poem by George Meredith in praise of the Wild Rose. I quote the first verse:—

High climbs June's wild rose,
Her bush all blooms in a swarm;
And swift from the bud she blows
Frank to receive and give:
In a day when the wooer is warm;
Her bosom is open to bee and sun;
Pride she has none,
Nor shame she knows:
Happy to live.

MY CHRISTMAS MESSAGE IN HOLLOWAY GAOL.

The reprinting in last month's "Review" of the message given to me in Holloway Gaol, "Be a Christ!" (says Mr. Stead) "has brought me many communications from many lands. One reminds me that a similar phrase was an inspiration to the founder of the Brahmo Somaj, Rammobun Roy. Another, Mr. G. A. Johnston Ross, recalls the same thought was expressed by Martin Luther. Mr. Ross writes:—

I have been reading a translation, published in 1579, of Luther's "Freedom of a Christian Man," and I find in it the following, which I think may interest you:—

"... Wherefore, as oure heavenly father did succoure us in Christ Jesu freely, even so oughte we helpe oure neighbour freely by oure bodye, and by oure workes, and every of us must be made a certaine Christe eche to other, that wee maye be made the debtors of Christe, and that Christe may be one and the same in all, that is to saye, that we may be true Christians."

A Russian Theosophist at the Hague thanked me for the teaching contained in my letter. Germans, Frenchmen, and Americans north and south have written me sympathetically on the subject. An eminent journalistic colleague, M. Cesar Zumeta, who edits *La Semana*, a Spanish weekly paper in New York, commented on the message in an article from which I take the following extracts:—

Many readers will, doubtless, smile—at least inwardly—on reading this brief message of Mr. Stead, but if they look closely into the matter they will find that in this world we must either be a Christ or be a Pharisee.

It is the duty of the former to proclaim truth fearlessly; to defend right at all times and in all circumstances; to guide men through union to liberty, which is the supreme force; to light, through science; to honour, through duty, in one word, to be Christs.

The latter must feign truth, and vote with Satan; they must bend the knee before success; they must guide men to servitude through ignorance and violence; they must wash their hands in iniquity; they must turn the temple of God into a public market; they must become themselves either masters or slaves; they must be crucifiers.

Those who would be Christs seek the constitution of a society on the basis of fraternity and love, knowing that it is love alone which can redeem; the others seek the strengthening of the tradition of hate, under whose hypocritical system of lies, conquest, and injustice we still live at present.

Outside the communion of those who love in the service of all those who suffer, there is only room for this monstrous civilisation, which is based not on Right but on Might, not on Justice but on War.

Be a Christ means that whilst the great Powers consider themselves incapable of not lying, of not robbing, and of not killing, it is necessary to say to them that they have no right to try to teach the moral law, at the mouth of the cannon, to the savages of Africa, nor political science to Asia, or to South or to Central America; but rather that the Chinese, the Hindoos, the Abyssinians, or the Latin Americans should send missionaries to the great Powers to explain to them the Decalogue, outside of whose precise fulfilment there is no civilisation worthy of respect.

And as Christ is all light, and those who imitate Him would be all light, the domestic and foreign Cæsars would disappear before the Christs, because it is truth and not force that shall triumph over the lies that have been consecrated through centuries by ignorance and by force. Be a Christ!

The Pygmies' Religious Beliefs.

In the *Journal of the African Society* there are some notes on a journey through the Great Ituri Forest, undertaken by Major Powell-Cotton, among the Pygmies. At climbing, says the writer, he has never seen the Pygmy's equal. He always gets up somehow. If there are convenient vines, he uses them, his big toes serving as thumbs; if there are no vines, and the tree be thin, he grasps it with his hands, and walks up; if the tree be thick, he grips it with his legs and nimbly works his way to the top. It has often been stated that the Pygmies have no belief in a Supreme Being, but Major Powell-Cotton's observations throw much doubt on the truth of this. He once saw his head tracker

invoking the aid of a Higher Power during a terrific thunderstorm in the forest. First of all, he implored that the storm should be dispersed, but as it only grew in volume, he changed his entreaty, to beg protection from its violence. On another occasion, my gunbearer, whom I had sent to prospect a new bit of country for game, told me when he came back that he had come across a whole group of Pygmies seated in a wide semi-circle, the men wearing their okapi belts and the women their beads and all their finery. They were busily eating round a table in the centre. Each Pygmy carefully placed a little packet of his particular provision on the table, which was soon laden with a supply of bananas, honey, and sweet potatoes. The Pygmy tracker's explanation was that they were changing camp, and this ceremonial feast was an invocation to the Supreme Spirit to give them good luck on their new hunting ground.

Okapi must be fairly common in those regions, since nearly every man for the dance puts on a broad okapi-skin belt; but the animal is extremely difficult to catch sight of, being excessively timid and haunting the thick forest undergrowth. One was secured, however, by the traveller's hunter—not by himself. Six new mammals were found during the expedition.

SCHOOLROOM HUMOUR.

The treasures of schoolroom humour appear to be inexhaustible. In the *Pall Mall Magazine* Mr. Henry J. Barker opens up a new seam, and gives us some entertaining specimens of humorous replies to serious questions. I quote two of his stories:—

Sometimes it is the teacher himself, rather than the scholar, who commits himself in some surprising or unintentional manner. A certain master, during a natural history lesson, came to the subject of the hippopotamus. During his remarks he noticed that some of the pupils were talkative and inattentive, so he stopped short and said, "Boys, if you want to realise what a very ugly and hideous creature this animal is, you must pay more attention, and keep your eyes fixed on me!"

A lady cookery teacher was giving her girls a demonstration lesson, as it is called, on different kinds of meat pies and how to make them. Presently she said: "You see, girls, here I have a pound of steak for making a pie. If I cut it into four equal parts what will those parts be?"

"Quarters," answered a girl.

"And if I cut the pieces equally again?"

"Eighths," answered the next girl.

"And if I cut them again?"

"Sixteenths," answered the next.

"And if I cut them once more?"

"Mincedmeat, ma'am!" answered the end girl.

TYRANNY OF THE SPECIALIST.

Mr. Benson's contribution to the *Cornhill* is this month devoted to the subject of Specialism. Owing to the tyranny of the specialist, the word amateur, which used to mean a lover of fine things, is beginning to mean merely an inefficient performer.

AMATEURS IN LITERATURE.

It is with amateurs in literature that Mr. Benson chiefly concerns himself, "because, in England at all events, literature plays the largest part in general culture."

It may be said that we owe some of the best literature we have to amateurs. To contrast a few names, taken at random, Shakespeare, Dryden, Pope, Dr. Johnson, De Quincey, Tennyson, and Carlyle were professionals, it is true; but, on the other hand, Milton, Gray, Boswell, Walter Scott, Charles Lamb, Shelley, Browning, and Ruskin were amateurs. It is not a question of how much a man writes or publishes, it is a question of the spirit in which a man writes. Walter Scott became a professional in the last years of his life, and for the noblest of reasons; but he also became a bad writer.

Now into this free wild world of art and literature and music comes the specialist and pegs out his claim, fencing out the amateur, who is essentially a rambler, from a hundred eligible situations.

SPECIALISTS IN LIFE.

He must not intrude upon history; to trifle with it "is to commit a sin compounded of the sin of Ananias and Simon Magus." No wonder the amateur henceforth hardly dares even to read history! In art, too, the amateur, "who, poor fool, is on the look-out for what is beautiful," is told he must not meddle; he must do the thing seriously or not at all. In literature, he must not devote himself to reading and loving great books; he must disentangle influences, discern historical importances, etc. Surely Mr. Benson has in mind the Brandes school of criticism. He admits the rightness, to a certain extent, of all this; but thinks, probably correctly, that it is the cause of many second and third-rate books being reprinted, not because they have any direct value, but because "they have a scientific importance from the point of view of development."

Says Mr. Benson:—

Many of us, if we are specialists in nothing else, are specialists in life; we have arrived at a point of view; some particular aspect of things has come home to us with a special force; and what really enriches the hope and faith of the world is the experience of candid and sincere persons. The specialist has often had no time or opportunity to observe life; all he has observed is the thought of other secluded persons, persons whose view has been both narrow and conventional, because they have not had the opportunity of correcting their traditional pre-conceptions by life itself.

I call, with all the earnestness that I can muster, upon all intelligent, observant, speculative people, who have felt the problems of life weigh heavily upon them, not to be dismayed by the disapproval of technical students, but to come forward and tell us what conclusions they have formed.

I long to know a thousand things about fellow-men—how they bear pain, how they confront the prospect of death, the hopes by which they live, the fears that overshadow them, the stuff of their lives, the influence of their emotions. It has long been thought, and it is still thought by many narrow precisians, indelicate and egotistical to do this. And the result is that we can find in books all the things that do not matter, while the thoughts that are of deep and vital interest are withheld.

One of the reasons, Mr. Benson thinks, why published sermons have such vast sales is that, however clumsily and conventionally, it is with life that they try to deal.

SHALL THE STATE TAKE OVER THE RAILWAYS?

Mr. P. W. W. Wilson, writing in the *Albany* on the railway settlement, calls special attention to the lack of economic knowledge shown in the management of our railways. He says that the boards in no way represent the virile industrial forces on which the wealth of the nation depends. If the proceedings in the Board Rooms were reported *verbatim* we should require no further explanation why dividends are as unsatisfactory as wages. The railway companies were bled by the landed classes, and yet the shareholders elect representatives of the very class that bled them to direct their affairs. He adds: "It is really preposterous that the companies should spend a quarter of a million a year at Westminster in the task of fighting one another's Bills." Comparing the railway service with the Post Office, we find at least 50 per cent. of over-payment at the top, and 33 per cent. of under-payment among the rank and file in the case of railways. Mr. Wilson thinks that nationalisation of railways is no longer an academic topic of debate, but a practical way out of our present difficulties. The important point is on what valuation shall the State purchase? The companies have claimed more than 1600 millions. Broadly speaking, railways declare a net profit of 45 millions a year. Thirty-five years' purchase is, he thinks, clearly outside the range of argument. He concludes that it is reasonable to set twenty-seven years' purchase as the outside of what the State ought to pay for British railways. He then gives the following calculation:—

Price of railways—27 x 45 millions =	34 millions.
Interest on this sum at 2½ p.c. =	1215 millions.
Present net revenue =	45 millions.
Margin =	11 millions.
Plus savings by consolidation =	5 millions.
Total margin =	16 millions.

This margin of 16 millions would have to provide for—

- (1) Expenses at present charged by companies to capital.
- (2) Improvements in conditions of employment, rates, etc., so far as these involve net revenue.
- (3) Sinking fund, which, at only ½ p.c., would involve six millions.

This yields no insurance fund, unless, Mr. Wilson adds, the savings by consolidation will run to more than five millions.

HOW NORWAY DEALS WITH ITS TRAMPS AND LOAFERS.

Norway has recently adopted drastic methods of dealing with idlers, beggars, tramps and drunkards. *The Poor Law Journal* gives a summary of the provisions of the new Act which came into force in August last. It enables the authorities to deal in a very stringent manner with able-bodied loafers, beggars, tramps, aliens and drunkards who shirk their financial duty to their dependants:—

An able-bodied man who will not work can now be warned by the police against his manner of life, and told where he is to apply for employment. Thus direct official action is taken against idling and idlers. He is to be prevented coming on the community for support, or so acting that his family becomes a charge on the Poor Law—the interpretation clause to include even a man's divorced wife and his illegitimate children. This, of course, involves the providing of work, a task beset with difficulties, but probably easier in that country than this, as they have immense tracts of available land which could be brought into cultivation, and this, it is affirmed, would conduce to the prosperity of the country. At all events, attention is being turned in that direction, though for the immediate present they are depending for their supply of work on the needs and applications of the citizens.

A PENAL WORKHOUSE FOR LOAFERS—

Any shirking of the work provided is punished severely:—

Suppose a person refuses to do the work assigned, or leaves it without reason, or is dismissed through bad conduct, and within a year either he or his dependents come on the Poor Law for relief in consequence of the return to lazy habits, then the authorities can send him to the workhouse for eighteen months or for three years if it is a second offence. The workhouse is an institution between a prison and an English workhouse, and the chief points are that liberty is forfeited, begging is impossible, and they must face either work, hunger, or punishment. The work is varied, and largely for the State.

—AND FOR TRAMPS.

Tramps are not in the future to be tolerated, and when found will be promptly placed in detention:—

A person found roaming about, and endangering the safety of others, is liable to detention in the same establishment for three, and up to six, years. The course is clear and effective. The individuals are first watched by the police, and then warned that they must get a fixed residence within a given time, and if they do not they are taken in charge.

STRINGENT PENALTIES FOR BEGGING AND DRUNKENNESS.

Street beggars and habitual drunkards are given short shrift under the new Act:—

Street begging is to be suppressed, whether done casually, or as a custom, and offenders are liable to imprisonment from two to ten days. The same law applies to those who send others to beg, such as children doing so because required by their parents, or one person acting for another or others.

A person wfully drunk in a public thoroughfare is liable to a heavy penalty. Three such offences in three years means the possibility of being sent to prison without the option of a fine. If a person through drunken laziness

neglects to maintain his wife and dependents, so that they become a common charge, he also can be sent to prison without the option of a fine.

The deserving poor, however, are treated with consideration, the object of the Act being to rid the country of the lazy and the worthless. If a person through calamity or other causes requires assistance in the upkeep of his home, it is arranged that one-third of the necessary amount shall be provided by the State, and two-thirds by the local community to which he belongs. Should he have no settled place of abode, then all the necessary charges have to be met by the State.

THE MOST POPULAR HYMNS.

The *Treasury* for December publishes as the result of a competition a list of the Best Fifty Hymns, with their Tunes, selected by some 1200 of the readers of the magazine. As the *Treasury* is a Church magazine, nearly all the hymns mentioned by the competitors are to be found in "Hymns Ancient and Modern." "Abide with Me" heads the list with 709 votes, 139 votes over its nearest rival, "Lead, Kindly Light," which received 570 votes. The next in the list are "O God, our help," with 566 votes, "Holy, Holy, Holy," with 549 votes, "The Church's one foundation," with 542 votes, and "Rock of Ages" with 525 votes.

After these come, to complete the list of the first twenty, "And now, O Father," "Hark! the herald angels sing," "Jesu, lover of my soul," "Come, Holy Ghost," "Sun of my soul," "When I survey," "All people that on earth do dwell," "For all the saints," "Jesus Christ is risen to-day," "Onward, Christian soldiers," "O come all ye faithful," "Eternal Father! strong to save," "On the Resurrection morning," and "Glory to Thee, my God, this night." The fiftieth hymn in the list is "The strife is o'er," which polled ninety-nine votes.

It must be borne in mind that the request was for the best hymns with their tunes. Nevertheless it is a curious list, and it differs very considerably from the prize list, that is to say the hymns which received the largest number of votes, in the famous "Best Hundred Hymns" competition instituted by the editors of the *Sunday at Home* just twenty years ago. In that competition nearly 3500 persons responded to the invitation, and the majority of votes (3215) fell to "Rock of Ages." Second in the list was "Abide with Me"; "Lead, Kindly Light" took the fifteenth place; "O God, our help" was No. 19, "Holy, Holy, Holy" No. 23, and "The Church's one foundation" No. 57, while Cowper's "Sometimes a light surprises," with 866 votes, was No. 100.

INDIAN SENTIMENT.

The *Hindustan Review* for October and November was published before the return of the deported, and the consequent subsidence of the agitation. But already there are signs of reaction. Mr. N. C. S. Gupta, in his "Progress Backwards," undoubtedly sounds a militant note in declaring that every retrogression and apparent defeat of the Nationalist movement really marked an advance, yet closes by saying, "A generous policy of sympathy and conciliation is bound to lead to much happier results." Raja P. Singh soundly trounces the extremists, and declares that his ideal of Swadeshi is self-government within the limits of the Indian Empire. Mr. V. S. Mudholkar also laments the attacks made on recognised leaders by reckless extremists. He glorifies Elphinstone, Malcolm, and others as Empire-makers, in contrast with the Empire-losers. Lord Elgin and Lord Curzon. Nevertheless he urges that the worthy leaders of the Indian people should send a deputation to Mr. Morley, who may yet be induced to take a correct and impartial view of the situation. The editor urges also that the Indian National Congress should appoint a deputation from the several provinces to proceed to England about the month of March to address public meetings and interview members of the Government. He, too, considers "public speakers like those who have been prominent on recent Calcutta platforms are a public calamity."

The Anglo-Russian agreement, with its disposal of the scare of invasion from the north-west, leads the editor to ask the Government to cut down the Army charges by a fourth at least.

Mr. R. G. Pradhan, in the *Indian Review*, reports the result of his travels and inquiries into public opinion concerning India. He says that in Japan prominent statesmen and journalists are very cautious. Most of them praise the English, and advise the Indians not to lose faith in the British sense of justice. Count Okuma "advised us to be self-conscious, to reform ourselves, and added, 'When you once become the equals of your rulers, it depends entirely upon you whether you rule yourselves or continue to be ruled by foreigners.'" The common people had no such transcendental faith in British justice, and some always said, "Unless you fight for your liberties you will never get them." He bears witness to the kindness and courtesy shown to the Indian tourist by the English in their native land, who make the latter's stay a sweet memory ever to be cherished. Yet he resents the common English idea that India is merely the brightest jewel in the British crown, and that England is engaged in a mission of civilising the Indians. The working men are more sympathetic, but have too much on hand to devote themselves largely to India. Awakened interest in India is due not to philanthropy or humanity, but

is the outcome of a vigorous policy recently adopted. "The only effective way of compelling the attention of our rulers is," he says, "to carry on agitations in a valiant and courageous spirit." The ideal of perfect national independence cannot gain the sympathy of any political party in England, though the ideal of self-government on Colonial lines may receive greater support. "Asiaticus" deplores the wave of colour prejudice which is sweeping round the world.

A common national script for India is advocated in the *Indian Review* by Mr. Jotindra Nath Bannerjee. A Society bearing the appalling name of "Eklipivistara parishad" has been formed in Bengal to bring about the adoption of the Devanagiri character as common script by the whole of India. He recommends that all the dialects should use this type, and so gain a literary knowledge of each other's language in the hope that gradually it will be possible to weave a common language out of the provincial ones. The English language he thinks cannot be the common language of India, nor does he think that the Roman script which has been recommended by the missionaries should be universally adopted.

In the *Modern Review* the Editor declares that the attempt to pass a Bill to prevent seditious meetings of more than twenty persons in public or in private places is a mad enterprise. Patriotism has never yet been suppressed in any country. It will not be suppressed in India. If Government wishes to remove discontent from the minds of the masses, he can suggest three sure means—namely, cheap food, increasing immunity from plague, malaria, and other epidemics, and freedom from police blackmailing and oppression.

Cost of Entertaining Royalty.

A writer in the *Woman at Home* gives some interesting particulars regarding the cost of entertaining the King. He says:—

A word may not be out of place concerning the extraordinary expenses to which the modern host of Royalty is often put when about to entertain a royal visitor, and that in spite of the fact that the various members of our Royal Family are exceptionally careful not to give unnecessary trouble. Curiously enough, the cost of entertaining the Sovereign was considerably less in the days when Queen Victoria was a young woman than it is now. The great nobility, whom alone she honoured in this fashion, made very little difference in their ordinary way of life during the days the Queen and her Consort sojourned under their roof. Most of the stately homes of England possess an historic suite of rooms, never used save by royal visitors. When Queen Victoria was expected these rooms enjoyed an extra cleaning, but the repapering and refurnishing which is now almost an invariable corollary of a royal visit was never thought of, and the comparatively few personal servants who accompanied their royal master and mistress were expected to conform in every way to the, often very strict, rules of the ordinary household of which they found themselves temporary members.

ART IN THE MAGAZINES.

THE CHILDHOOD OF CHRIST.

As a Christmas subject, Mr. Alfred C. Fryer, who writes in the *Treasury* for December, has chosen "The Childhood of Christ as Represented in Art," thus having more scope than if he had restricted himself to the usual subject of the Nativity. The Old Masters, he writes, were never weary of showing forth the tender mother-love of the Virgin. Fra Angelico sets before us the perfect loveliness of glorified motherhood, as in the picture of the "Madonna of the Star" in the monastery of San Marco at Florence. "The Massacre of the Innocents" was never reproduced in art till after the middle of the fifteenth century. Mr. Holman Hunt in his "Triumph of the Innocents" supposes the flight to have taken place in the second April of the life of the Holy Child. Ruskin, who called the work the greatest religious picture of our time, said that not even Donatello or the Della Robbias at their best could more than rival the freedom and felicity of notion, or the subtlety of harmonious line, in the happy wreath of angel children. The writer also refers to three pictures of the Boy Christ which have endeared themselves to the Christian world—Reni's "Christ and St. John," Cesare da Sesto's "Boy Christ," and Luini's "Boy Christ."

JOAN OF ARC IN ART.

In the *Windsor Magazine* for December there is an interesting article by Mr. Arnold Hamley on Joan of Arc in Portrait and Picture. The writer thinks that if Italy, instead of France, had been the scene of Joan of Arc's exploits, her great Italian art contemporaries would have left wonderful versions of her in paint. The one presumably authentic portrait of Joan, namely, a statue of St. Maurice, shows such spirituality, such beauty, and such simplicity, and, on the part of the artist, such great accomplishment, that we are led to hope it may be a true presentment of the heroine. Tradition asserts that when she entered Orleans with the relieving force, a sculptor, then employed on a statue of St. Maurice for the church of that name, took Joan as his model. The church was destroyed in 1850, but the head of the statue is now in the Musée du Trocadero at Paris. In modern times a whole host of painters too numerous to mention have in their canvases suggested one or other of her characteristics, but, says Mr. Hamley, there is yet to be painted that perfect presentment that will completely fulfil our ideal of a character which, according to Mark Twain, is flawless, ideally perfect. The last scene of all, the martyrdom, has been graphically painted by Jean Paul Laurens, E. Lenepveu, and William Etty.

A SEAMAN-ARTIST.

The *Art Journal* has issued the thirty-second number of its interesting series of monographs on the work of modern artists—British artists it might also be said, for there are only two or three foreign

artists in the list. The new monograph, which is written by Admiral Sir Cyprian Bridge, deals with the work of Mr. W. L. Wyllie, whose personal knowledge of vessels and watermen has been acquired at first hand, for the artist has braved the perils of the sea, on and under the surface, while one of his pictures was evolved from a balloon view. Whether the scene is laid at Spithead or on the lower Thames, it is sea life as it really is that is brought before us, and his pictures bring home to us many of the essential conditions of our national life and national prosperity. When a torpedo-boat is painted for us we can understand the part that such a craft has to play in war. The swift approach, the sudden onslaught, the whole method of attack by surprise, are revealed to us. Sir Cyprian adds that Mr. Wyllie has proved by his paintings that all the beauty and poetry of shipping did not die out on the advent of steam and iron.

CERAMIC PORTRAITURE.

Mr. R. T. H. Halsey, writing in the December *Scribner*, discusses Josiah Wedgwood as an American sympathiser and portrait-maker. Passing over his extraordinary interest in American politics and his sympathy with the American struggle for constitutional liberty, mention may here be made of Wedgwood's portrait medallions of hundreds of personages of his time. The potter achieved his great fame as the inventor and producer of jasper ware, and the exquisite texture, colour, and modelling of his ceramic portraits are not only beautiful, but are so subtle as almost to defy reproduction. The earliest portrait to achieve great commercial success was one of Benjamin Franklin, already referred to in a previous note on the Wedgwoods' portraits of Wesley. For years Mrs. Wedgwood alone had the keys to Wedgwood's secret formulas, and in her husband's absence mixed the clays for the jasper ware and doled them out to the workmen. Her approval had to be gained before any innovation was pronounced a success. When Wedgwood died, the works were carried on by his partners. The same formulas were used and the same workmen remained. Within a short time, however, the quality of the output gradually deteriorated; the master's presence was lacking, the master mind had gone.

MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS IN ART.

Writing in the *Bookman* for October on Mary Queen of Scots in Art, Mr. Andrew Lang says the false portraits of the Queen are countless. In his opinion, we have to form our idea of the girlish Mary from the crayon drawings, of the young wedded Mary from the Leven portrait, of the captive Queen from the Morton portrait, and of the doomed Mary from Lady Milford's miniature. From her fourteenth year upwards, her beauty, her delicate pale tint, her eyes, her exquisite neck and hands, and her fascination were the theme of courtly poets. Her beauty did not depend on perfection

of feature alone, but in her tall, slim, graceful figure, her exquisite tint, her fair hands, and her variety of winning expression. She was the very genius of fascination, yet she seemed to bring calmity wherever she came. In her portraits her beauty is not conspicuous, and everyone is disappointed in the likenesses. It may be that no portrait in oil is from the life; some, perhaps, were painted from sketches in crayons, while many of the miniatures may be copies from copies of copies.

WHAT SOCIALISM IS NOT.

MR. WELLS'S REPLY TO CRITICS.

Mr. H. G. Wells, in the *Grand Magazine*, deals with the common objections to Socialism. I summarise the answers to certain of the objections most frequently urged.

1. Socialism is contrary to Christianity.

Answer. "I would urge that this is the absolute inversion of the truth. Christianity involves, I am convinced, a practical Socialism if it is honestly carried out."

2. Socialism would open the way to vast public corruption.

Answer. "In America, where administration is the very reverse of Socialistic, it is also the very reverse of pure. Where everything is in public hands, where can the bribery creep in, and who is going to find the money for the bribes, and why? Lord Avebury's 'bogey' is that the corruption will come because of organised voting of the employees in this or that branch of the public service, seeking some personal advantage. This is highly probable; some bodies of men can do it already; there would be, I infer, safety in everybody being able to do so. The State employees under Socialism will be employing one another and paying one another; and a very definite limit will be put on the possible evil influence of class and service interests in politics."

3. Socialism would destroy Freedom.

Answer. Mr. Wells points out how little real freedom many have now. "A form of Socialism might conceivably exist without much freedom, with hardly more freedom than that of a British worker to-day. A State Socialism tyrannised over by officials, who might be almost as bad at times as uncontrolled small employers, is so far possible that, in Germany, it is practically half-existent now. A bureaucratic Socialism might conceivably be a state of affairs scarcely less detestable than our own. I will not deny there is a clear necessity of certain addenda to the wider formulæ of Socialism if we are to be safeguarded effectually from the official. We need free speech, free discussion, free publication, as essentials for a wholesome Socialist State.

"Socialism, as I have stated it thus far, and as it is commonly stated, would give economic liberty to men and women alike; it would save them from the cruel urgency of need, and so far it would enormously enlarge freedom, but it does not guarantee them political or intellectual liberty. That I frankly admit and accept as one of the incompletenesses of contemporary Socialism."

4. Socialism would reduce Life to one Monotonous Dead Level.

Answer. "This in a world in which the majority of people live in cheap cottages, villa residences and tenement houses, read halfpenny newspapers, and wear ready-made clothes!"

5. Socialism would destroy Art, Invention, and Literature.

Answer. "In certain sumptuous directions there would be less art than now—less artistic furniture, perhaps, fewer costly women's clothes, less gorgeous bindings for books, etc. But, if the coming of Socialism destroys art, it will also create arts; the architecture of private palaces will give place to an architecture of beautiful common homes, cottages, and colleges, and to a splendid development of public buildings; the Sargents of Socialism will paint famous people instead of millionaires' wives; poetry and popular romantic literature will revive. For my own part I have no doubt where the balance of advantage lies."

6. Socialism is against Human Nature.

Answer. "It is absolutely true, and so are many other institutions against human nature—capitalism, competition monogamy, polygamy, etc."

THE GERMAN EMPEROR'S VISIT, AND AFTERWARDS.

VARIOUS ESTIMATES BY ENGLISH OBSERVERS.

In the *Fortnightly Review* "Calchas" writes an interesting article concerning "The German Emperor and the Future." It would have been more properly entitled "The German Emperor and the Past," for most of it is taken up with a rapid and interesting sketch of the Kaiser's reign. "Calchas" is full of admiration for what he calls the sweet-bloodedness of the English people. He says:—

In the English people as a whole the weakest of national memories goes together with the calmest blood. The German Emperor and British democracy are once more reconciled to each other. That is in itself a political event, and no light one, nor is it a cause for anything but satisfaction. The English people, like most other democracies, worship, above all things in politics, strength. Whether it leads them or threatens them, they feel its fascination. They admire a great nation as they admire a great man. Just as they are irresistibly drawn by the German Emperor's personality, they are full of friendly and cordial feeling towards his subjects. They have not one touch of *schadenfreude*. That is too small a passion for them to entertain. At the same time, we have no illusions. There is an extraordinary improvement in the state of political feeling. There is no change in the state of political facts.

WHAT GERMANY NEEDS.

The writer of the *Chronique*, after discussing and belittling the significance of the Harden scandals, says that

pornographic literature is becoming a greater evil in Germany does not need most the political *bloc* at present the town-dwelling population are now far larger, and they can all read. In all this there is an immense peril for the future of Germany—a moral danger infinitely more serious than the political progress of the Socialists. Germany does not need most the political *bloc* at present existing. She needs a moral *bloc* including the Catholic Centre which shall do battle for the old national and spiritual idealism which was the great soul of her great age; and she will be saved by that new awakening or she will not be saved at all. But there can be little doubt that the revulsion is already beginning. There is no doubt that the foundations and structure of the nation are still in the main sound.

CACTI.

An interesting little paper in the *World's Work* deals with cacti and cactus collecting, a hobby which seems to prove wonderfully fascinating to those who take it up. An illustration shows a rare cactus as tall as a man, and another smaller than a thimble. While cacti were being neglected in England, the German was carefully cultivating them. Now there seems what might be called "a boom" in cacti. The best time to visit a large cactus dealer's is probably in May, when the greatest number of species is in bloom. Big dealers in cacti always have collectors working for them in likely districts. Cacti, moreover, are not particularly "difficult" plants, and much more transportable than orchids. Raising new cacti from seed is certainly not to be recommended to the type of gardener who pulls up his bulbs to see whether they are growing. The germination of the seeds (obtained by cross-fertilisation) takes a time impossible to know beforehand, and is indicated by the appearance of tiny lumps of fleshy green. Never less than ten years elapse before these lumps can become flowering plants, and it might be forty or even fifty years, and, again, the result might be only disappointment. The new variety after all may have little real value. Of course, the stock of existing cacti can easily be added to by cuttings taken from old plants.

Cacti are not a particularly "useful" family of plants. The *Opuntia* (prickly pear) is used for hedges in certain places; its fruit is not particularly nice, but is probably nicer than any other cactus fruit. Another species of cactus is infested with the cochineal insect; and if only thornless cacti could be produced of pleasant flavour, they would be excellent fodder for cattle. An American plant specialist, indeed, claims to have done this, and he also claims that his cactus will flourish anywhere from the tropics to the Arctic circle; but I notice Mr. S. Leonard Bastin, the writer of this article, makes no comment on these claims.

FAVOURITE PIECES OF EMINENT PERFORMERS.

The *Strand* symposium for December is one by Eminent Performers, in which each names the piece he or she most enjoys playing.

THE CHOICE OF MR. PADEREWSKI.

Mr. Paderewski says that two very favourite pieces of his are Chopin's Ballade in A Flat and the Fantasia in F Minor. The Fantasia is rather a sad piece to choose, but the great pianist says that it carries one from joy to despair and from despair to joy again, till the heart is stirred to its depths by the subtle romance with which the work is impregnated.

CHOPIN'S FUNERAL MARCH.

Other pianists have also selected works by Chopin, and Herr Emil Sauer, Mr. Leopold Godowsky and

Mr. Mark Hambourg have all cited the B Flat Minor Sonata with the Funeral March. On one occasion when Herr Sauer was playing the Funeral March at a concert in Scotland, the death of his little boy, which had occurred a short time before, suddenly flashed into his mind. Immediately the piece had a new meaning for him; and he forgot the audience and his whole soul went out to converse through the music with his little child. The performance was followed by a storm of applause such as had never been accorded to him before. Even rough workmen in the gallery had to wipe away tears from their cheeks.

OTHER SELECTIONS.

Mr. Percy Grainger most enjoys playing Busoni's arrangement of Bach's Organ Prelude and Fugue in D Major, Herr Richard Buhlig names Brahms' B Flat Concerto, and Mr. Mark Hambourg gives Schumann's Fantasia, Op. 17, as a second favourite. M. de Pachmann, who says he plays all music equally well, thinks the question a monstrous proposition. Purposely he will not name Chopin, but he is willing to love best the "Magnifique, colossal arrangements" by Godowsky.

To turn to the violinists, Miss Marie Hall chooses Paganini's Concerto in D, partly because it is associated with some of the earliest recollections of her childhood; Mr. Fritz Kreisler selects the Concertos of Beethoven and Brahms, Mr. Jan Hambourg the Chaconne of Bach, and Mischa Elman refers to a passage in the Brahms Concerto, the principal theme of the first movement.

Toys de Luxe.

There are some amusing details given in a paper on Toyland in the *Royal Magazine* about the costliness of certain favoured children's toys. It is, it seems, quite easy to spend £100 on a toy, and not impossible to double this sum. Queen of all "toys de luxe" is the Paris doll. She rarely costs less than eight or ten guineas—that is, if she at all is an aristocratic doll, and may cost very much more. You cannot, of course, expect her to be content with only one set of clothes:—

The most particular bride could not desire a better or more elaborate trousseau than is frequently supplied with these dolls. Without going into details, it may be said that such outfits are perfect in every particular, and include sets of furs for cold weather. Sometimes instructions are given that each article of clothing is to be embroidered with the initials or monogram of the doll's owner.

Twenty-five pounds will buy her a fitting house, which should, of course, have pictures and mirrors on the walls, a billiard-room, a garage, and a bath-room, to say nothing of such prosaic details as waste-pipes down the side!

THE "LOOTING" OF KOREA.

AN INDICTMENT OF JAPANESE METHODS.

Mr. Horner B. Hulbert roundly declares in *Appleton's Magazine* that Japan's whole dealing with Korea has been "a tissue of falsehoods." He says:

The whole course of Japan in Korea has been the sublimation of cupidity. Some say the building of a railroad compensates for much, but the land on which it was built was stolen from the people, while the Japanese hid behind the Korean Government and said that it was to blame for the theft. Go to Korea and see what has been done toward better government, see the blackguards that the Japanese choose from among the Koreans to form the *personnel* of the government, see the lesson of greed and lechery and deceit which the Japanese are teaching the Koreans, see what has become of the mines, the fisheries, the forests, the harbours, the salt works, and you will find out what Japan is capable of in the way of selfishness, and you will find out the moral quality of a government which places no checks upon the rapacity of its people.

JAPANESE "JUSTICE."

Korea is, he says, a sufficient object lesson to show what Japan actually is beneath the new garments of civilisation she has put on:—

The lowest Japanese coolie in Korea would laugh to scorn any Korean judge who should try to impose an hour's restraint upon him. The Japanese authorities would not dream of allowing the evidence of a Korean to weigh in the balance against a citizen of Japan. This, too, I have tested more than once. In one case where a Japanese broker refused to honour his own note of ~~hand~~ the Japanese authorities accepted his statement that he had paid the money without taking the note, and the Korean thus robbed secured justice only by the intervention of a foreigner, and even then the Japanese official angrily demanded of the Korean why he dared to drag in a foreigner. A Japanese tenant in the house of a Korean refused to pay rent or to move out. The Korean tried desperately to get access to the Japanese authorities, but was refused admittance each time. At last he appealed to a foreigner and the Japanese were shamed into putting the fellow out of the house. If it had not been for foreign interference that business property, worth 10,000 dols., would have been lost. But perhaps more contemptible even than this is the way the Japanese have used corrupt Korean officials to get hold of Koreans' property. The Japanese wanted a certain property in Seoul, but they did not want to seize it openly, so they got one of these corrupt officials to take it. He was on the point of seizing it when I interfered and bought the property.

The Japanese Government is afraid of its own people, Mr. Hulbert declares. If Japan were to treat the Korean justly, it would mean, he says, a bloody revolution on the part of the Japanese people themselves.

Congress and the House of Commons Compared.

In the *Cornhill Magazine* Mr. H. W. Lucy, comparing the opening of Congress with the many openings of Parliament which he has witnessed, says what struck him chiefly about the former was "its note of simple, severe business intention." To a thirty-years' House of Commons frequenter, who has known three great Speakers, there was some-

thing "furtively pleasing" in hearing the Speaker of the fifty-eighth United States Congress alluded to in conversation as "Uncle Joe." Mr. Speaker Gully, as Mr. Lucy remarks, is unthinkable as "Uncle Bill"; nor could Mr. Lowther ever be "Uncle Jim." Mr. Lucy also comments on the average age of Congressmen being much lower than that of M.P.'s, even now that the latter has been lowered by the influx of new Members on the 1905 General Election. In the British House of Commons—

the majority is composed of men who have spent their best years in other fields of labour. Having made their mark and their fortune, they feel they can afford to add to their affluence the stamp of M.P., which, socially and otherwise, is of substantial value. Congressmen mustered at Washington gave a foreign observer the impression that they were fully engaged in business outside the Capitol, and had "taken on" Congress as a sort of relaxation from the daily round of private affairs.

A PLEA FOR THE NEGLECTED RICH.

In the *American Educational Review* Nicholas Murray Butler writes on the education of the neglected rich. The child of parents possessed of moderate means has the invaluable discipline and invaluable associations of the public schools. But the child of the rich has ordinarily no such chance. He has no fixed abiding place, but is dragged about from place to place according to the whims of his parents. School is sacrificed to important engagements of the smart set. School life, short enough at best, is constantly interrupted. When at school he mixes with others of the same class, and is made to feel that he is a member of a caste apart. The school is run to meet the whims of parents. Education by a private tutor builds up, in addition to the false class consciousness, a dismal sort of self-consciousness. Snobbishness grows in the rich man's boarding-school. In his college life he, as a rule, associates only with others of his own kind. His distinction, if anything, is social or athletic, almost never scholarly. By such boys a college is never thought of as an educational institution. It is a social opportunity, an agreeable country club, where one takes his valet, his polo ponies, his bulldog, his motor-cars. It is rare and refreshing to read such sentences as the following:—

The rich boy who receives a good education and is trained to be a self-respecting, responsible member of the body-politic, might in time share on equal terms the chance of the poor boy to become a man of genuine influence and importance on his own account. Just now, by the neglect, or worse, of his parents, the very rich boy is apt to be relegated to the limbo of curiosities and, too often, of decadents. We have managed here in America to make fairly adequate and suitable provision for the education of the children of the poor. But the rich we have always with us, and their children's education is too often shamefully neglected.

OUR FIVE-FOLD IDEAL.

FROM THE INDIAN POINT OF VIEW.

Mr. Ramanda Chatterjee, Editor of the *Modern Review*, Allahabad, India, has done Mr. Stead the honour to subject the Five-fold Ideal of "The Review of Reviews" to a close examination and criticism from the Indian point of view. He says that our statement is of the West, Western, so he propounds another which is of the East, Eastern. For the sake of comparison we print them side by side:—

WESTERN.

1. International brotherhood on the basis of justice and national freedom, manifesting itself in universal *cumtente cordiale*, Anglo-American re-union, inter-colonial intimacy, and helpful sympathy with subject races; and international arbitration.

2. The Re-union of all Religions on the twofold basis of the Union of all who Love in the Service of all who Suffer, and the scientific investigation of the law of God as revealed in the material and spiritual world.

3. The recognition of the Humanity and Citizenship of Woman, embodied in the saying, Whatsoever ye would that woman would do unto you, do ye even so unto her.

4. The Improvement of the Condition of the People, having as our guiding principle, "Put yourself in their place, and think how you would like it."

5. The quickening and inspiration of Life, by the promotion of reading, physical training, open-air games, and the study and practice of music and the drama.

EASTERN.

1. Nationalism for all nations as a means to internationalism.

2. The self-organisation of all faiths for the conscious pursuit of the secular good of man, and the assertion of the intellectual and spiritual freedom of all.

3. The effective recognition of the humanity which is in all that lives, and can love, suffer, and enjoy. This includes the right of the dumb animal to protection, and that of both man and woman to the highest development, whatever it may be, to be manifested in the highest ways of which they may be capable.

4. The elimination from society of all privilege, as such, and the opening of equal opportunity, on equal terms, to all.

5. For us as Orientals, the re-nationalising of our life, taking the words in the widest sense that can be given to them.

In explaining the Eastern point of view, Mr. Chatterjee says that every member of his race who has political consciousness is devoted to nationalism. But how that nationalism is to be achieved, or what precisely it shall mean, they look confidently to the divine leading to show them. Mr. Chatterjee is obsessed by the memory of the partition of Bengal, and he is alarmed lest the British people will divide India herself into two Viceroyalties and arrange for the ultimate annexation of Independent Siam. Two Indias and two Viceroys is to be the answer to our assertion of the unity of India. Surely this is midsummer madness. If this may be what the East thinks of the West, it is certainly not a notion that the West has ever entertained about the East. Mr. Chatterjee's remarks on the religious ideal are more to the purpose:—

With regard to the second of the ideals which you propound, we believe with you that the organising of religion

into a vast aggression upon the sphere of human sorrow and need, without detracting from its ancient power to include seers and saints—the apostles of science and the apostles of love—may be accepted as a statement of the main purpose of our striving. We believe that this is the programme for all faiths, as much as for our own. The Mohammedan is as capable of consolidating his church for the good of its own children and the world outside, as the Hindu, and the Hindu as the Christian. This is a duty and a call which to our mind concerns the old orthodox party in each faith as closely as its young sects of reformers. And it is a form of self-organisation which in all cases equally is detached from any idea of propagating the faith as such. The best propaganda that can be employed by any creed lies in the volume of effort which it can dedicate to humanity. In India at any rate we have never had a period in which the growth of science was regarded askance as possibly dangerous to truth. It is our prayer as a people that we may never lose this glory of regarding all knowledge as beatitude.

It is even more interesting to read that the Indian Nationalists, as represented by Mr. Chatterjee, are at one with "The Review of Reviews" in its ideal as regards women; that is a point on which we should have feared that the East was not ready to accept the ideals of the West. Mr. Chatterjee says:—

The deepening and modernising of the education of woman, not because she is woman, but, because she is a human being—with all the needs and rights and dignity and powers of a human being—we believe to be one of the great problems of our time. This education will make woman more deeply and variously serviceable to society as a whole. Yet we do not hold that such service constitutes the reason for her claim to it. A human being, as we believe, is primarily soul and mind, and only secondarily body, and the first and chief of human rights is the right to be the highest of which we are capable. As regards citizenship, we believe, for the matter of that, that only in the apprehension of the civic ideal by woman can man himself come to realise the true meaning of citizenship.

"This is very good; but," says Mr. Stead, "I have one or two remarks to make. First, writing as a Western, I presumed that nationalism had already existed, and was much too healthy and vigorous a plant to stand in need of any particular attention. In India it may be different, but I am afraid that the development of nationalism in India might very soon lead to the development of divergent nationalities in the bosom of India. Some few thinkers like our esteemed writer may arrive at a new ideal of Indian nationality that may include all the races that inhabit Hindustan in its wide scope; this is in itself a kind of internationalism, and any attempt to force the growth of nationalism, which after all has been imposed upon it very largely from without, will split up the unity of India far worse. If the British garrison were withdrawn from India, how long would the unity of Indian nationalists exist even on paper? It may not be so, I speak with all deference, but that is how it appears to the eyes of a Western.

"On the second, third, and fourth of the propositions reconstructed to suit Eastern conditions I take no objection. As for the fifth, it seems to me

the 're-nationalising of our life' is a phrase which lacks precision. It is capable of as many interpretations as there are interpreters. As Mr. Chatterjee explains it, it is practically identical with the more precise and limited statement of the Western ideal. These, however, are but points of detail. It is extremely satisfying to me to find such agreement between Western and Eastern ideals of life and conduct as Mr. Chatterjee's article expresses."

THE WEALTH TOURISTS BRING.

In the *American Review of Reviews* Mr. Charles F. Speare, writing on the toll of the tourist, says that the annual income of France from tourists is something like 100 millions sterling, while its bankers have even put it at 120 millions sterling. This is more than £3 per head of the population, while the *per capita* export of domestic products is only £5. The tourist toll to Italy is now reckoned at 20 millions sterling a year. Tourists not only bring money with them; they bring a higher standard of social amenity. "London, the city of the poorest hotel accommodation a decade ago, has been forced by the foreign invasion to erect a dozen or more splendid hostels." £1,200,000 is said to be annually spent in Egypt by tourists.

HOW MOTORS ENRICH FRANCE.

Once the Englishman was the great traveller; now Americans are almost as readily found as Englishmen. The Gladstone and kit bag seem to be the trade mark of the English tourist; the dress suit case is the national trade mark of the American. The tide of tourists that sets in from America only dries up now for three months in the year.

Automobilism has increased the flood of tourists in France. "The perfect roads of the Republic are very nearly paying for themselves in the great fund of gold that motorists annually leave in the country." At one time this summer 8000 automobile parties were touring the Continent, their running expenses amounting to five millions sterling.

THE SWISS HARVEST.

In Switzerland, hotel receipts alone have doubled since 1880, amounting now to eight millions sterling a year. The hotels have risen from 1080 to 2000 during the last twenty-five years. In Lucerne last year, between May and November, 186,227 visitors and tourists were registered, and the gross revenue derived from them was £2,240,000, or £69 per head for the Lucernese. The 400,000 visitors to Swiss resorts in general are estimated to have spent in 1906 6,200,000, or £2 for every inhabitant of Switzerland. Of Swiss tourists, 30 per cent. are German, 20 per cent. are Swiss, 14 per cent. are English. France comes fourth. Twenty thousand tourists visit Norway each season, and spend £600,000 there.

WHAT AMERICANS SPEND IN EUROPE.

From careful investigation the writer estimates the

yearly American tourist toll to work out at from 25 millions sterling to 30 millions sterling. The number of American travellers to Europe this year ran from 125,000 to 150,000. Five millions are spent in a season by Americans in England. Americans spend probably three times as much in Paris and in France as in London and the British Isles; nearly as much in Germany as in England; as much in Italy as in England and Germany put together. Three millions sterling more are spent by American pleasure-seekers in Canadian resorts, in Bermuda, Jamaica, and the West Indies.

THE MODERN MONOTONY OF DRESS.

"The Man and the Garment" is the title of rather a piquant article in the *Albany* by a writer signing himself "C.R.J." He laments that we of the Edwardian era cannot boast of the creation of many new types, beyond the chauffeur. Even the picturesque possibilities of which the uniform is full are almost entirely neglected:—

The postman, the policeman, the bank official, even the Salvationist, how timidly and ineffectively the dresses of those people are differentiated from the dresses of their fellows! Think of the King's Herald who was; the Swiss Guard, the beefeater and the nun. Compare the Bluecoat boy with the Boys' Brigade boy. Think too of the professions which might with advantage be emblematically clad—the scavenger, the ash-pit man, the water-cart man, the lamplighter.

But "costume reveals, uniform conceals the type." The writer goes on to wail:—

Never, certainly, was there a less frankly typical age than ours. We conform more and more to a certain mysterious code of fashion in dress and bodily conduct which originated Heaven knows where, unless it be constantly generated between the positive and negative poles of the musical comedy stage, and the English public school, between mimicry and the fear of being mimicked. We care less and less to advertise our characters, stations and callings to the world by our garments.

The decree has gone forth that sartorial definition is in bad taste, and humanity now prefers to walk aboard in *muft*. The blue-stocking goes smartly gowned, and only the duchess permits herself to be a frump. Class strives to be indistinguishable from class, rank from rank, profession from profession.

And it is not possible to calculate how much interest and gaiety are lost to the life of the streets by the disappearance of men wearing the badges of their trades. Bakers' caps and butchers' aprons are among the few survivals of the comely habits of the ancient guilds, and even these are now seldom to be seen stirring in the open thoroughfare. Sally goes tricked out like miladi. The fop and the scholar, the Quaker and the "heavy swell," the Prime Minister and the bank clerk are reduced to such subtleties of sartorial expression that it requires a trained eye and a wide experience of men to tell one from another.

Where too is the typical painter with his velveteen jacket? Where the poet with his unkempt locks and flamboyant tie? The journalist with his muffler?

The writer consoles himself that the professional musician at least maintains his distinctive type of dress.

HOW DOUBLES DOUBLE.

LEVITATION OR DUPLICATION?

One of the questions that is most discussed by all who pay any attention to occult questions is that of the double: how does a double double? That is to say, when the facsimile of yourself is discovered functioning at a distance from the place in which your body is stationed, how is it done? Do you manufacture a new body for the occasion which can be instantaneously dissolved into air, or is it a case of levitation, in which your physical body is transported instantaneously, dematerialised as it were, and built up again with equal rapidity? Evidence on both sides is to be found in the occult magazines for the current month.

THE CASE FOR DUPLICATION.

In the *Theosophist* Mrs. Besant reprints a lecture of General Olcott's, in which he gives his views for duplication. Speaking of Oriental magicians, he says:—

They can extricate their spiritual bodies from their encasement of flesh, and go in them wheresoever they like. This phenomenon, in view of its frequent occurrence in all parts of the world, and establishment by a mass of evidence absolutely irrefutable, will hardly be doubted. The most curious part of this affair of the double is the actual power of the spirit-body to exert muscular force, and do the same things with its hands as the physical members could; as, for instance, the moving of ponderable objects, the shaking of hands, the wrestling or struggling with a person, and even the commission of murder with deadly weapons. I have seen a double myself, in broad daylight, moving through a crowd like any other person, and carrying a parcel in its hand, when, to my certain knowledge, the real man was not in this country.

In the course of my studies, I have given some little attention to this matter of the "double" myself, and one night succeeded in obtaining a remarkable practical proof. I had been intensely engaged upon the analysis of a certain philosophical hypothesis until a very late hour of the night. Finally the work was done; and, leaving the room of my fellow-student, I retired to my own apartments. Before falling asleep, it occurred to me that, by the addition of just two words at the end of the final sentence, the whole train of thought would be much more lucidly presented. I determined to see what my double could do. I fell asleep with this purpose in my mind. The next morning, upon examining the M.S., I found to my gratification, that these two words had been added—one plainly written in my own handwriting, and the other begun but running into a scrawl, as if the power had gradually dissipated. Apparently, my double had passed out of one locked room into another locked room, in a different part of the building, and done what I had willed it to do before I lost my consciousness. In corroboration of this hypothesis, my fellow-student, before I had had time to mention the fact, told me of my appearance in the room, and my busying myself, in the dark, at the table where the manuscript lay.

THE CASE FOR LEVITATION.

In the *Occult Review* there is a remarkable article entitled "The Doctor's Experiences." There are set forth in great detail the experiences in the household of a Mr. Thompson, whose house was haunted, and which seemed to have the strange faculty of conferring psychic gifts upon those who entered it. Among other of the psychic talents was that of levitation,

of which a certain maid named Bridget was the medium. The writer says:—

So sensitive did the maid Bridget become to the influences about the house that she was in a state of trance every day—frequently all day. Sometimes she would disappear mysteriously, and after being absent for hours would return as mysteriously as she had departed. This became so troublesome that at last her mistress had to send her away. She could not keep her, so a situation was found for her in a school near Bristol. From this new place she also suddenly disappeared and as mysteriously reappeared. After this Bridget had been quite lost sight of. The Thompsons did not know where she was, nor whether she were dead or alive. It was a summer evening in June, and quite light. Mr. Thompson had been saying to his wife that he required some clean collars. He felt tired, and complaining of the heat, he went to his bedroom, and threw himself upon the bed. Presently he heard a noise at the door, and on looking he saw the absent Bridget coming in, dressed just as she used to be in her servant's garb, with two clean collars in her hand. As she came in she said, "The master will need these"; and, going over to the chest of drawers, she opened a drawer and put in the collars; then she quietly walked out of the room, evidently oblivious of the presence of her former master. Mr. Thompson could do nothing but stare at her, he was so astonished to see her there; but when she had disappeared, he rushed to the drawer and opened it in haste, to see if the collars really were there. There they were, right enough, two collars, nicely done up and hot off the iron. He ran downstairs; but of course there was no trace of the girl. Nor was there any fire in the house where the irons could have been heated, nor any trace of how the collars were ironed.

About the same time Bridget was the medium of another mysterious service. Mrs. Thompson was in the drawing-room with an afternoon caller, when her boy, Jimmy, came into the room, and said, "Mother, may I speak with you for a minute?"

The lady went outside with her son, who then said, "Mother, do you know Bridget is upstairs cleaning out your bedroom?"

In amazement, Mrs. Thompson proceeded upstairs, and, sure enough, there was Bridget sweeping away and cleaning out the room. The girl took no notice of her, and the lady was so overcome with astonishment that she could say nothing.

She returned to her visitor in the drawing-room; and there, after the lapse of only a few minutes, the door opened, and in came Bridget with two cups of tea on a tray. After the girl had left the room, Mrs. Thompson took her visitor into her confidence. "Do you know," she said, "that girl is not here. I sent her away some months ago."

After a few words of explanation, the visitor became interested. "Let us go up to the room," she said, "and watch the operations."

Accordingly they went upstairs, and saw the girl still busy at work, which she continued, evidently quite unaware of the presence of her visitors, for she took no notice of them whatever. After she had swept and dusted the room, she washed the linoleum on the floor, took her pail into the bath-room, emptied the water from it, set the pail down on the landing, and proceeded to wipe her hands on her apron. While engaged wiping her hands, a sort of cloud enveloped her, and when the cloud cleared away she was gone, leaving the lady, her visitor and the little boy gazing into vacancy.

The very next afternoon Mrs. Thompson was alone in the house, for she had been unable to get a maid. Again Bridget turned up. On this occasion she went into the kitchen, and washed up the dinner dishes. After cleaning the pots and pans, she washed out the floor of the kitchen

and scullery. Mrs. Thompson stood watching her, but the only remark the girl made was, "This is the master's cup"—this when she came to the cup used by Mr. Thompson. Her quondam mistress took hold of her arm to see if it was really flesh and blood, and it was so; at least, it seemed quite normal. The girl made no remark. After she had wrung out her flannel, emptied the water out of the pail, and was again wiping her hands, the same thing happened as before—a cloud came over her, and she was gone.

That this was a case of levitation and not duplication seems to be proved by the fact that when Bridget was manifesting in double her normal body disappeared, which is never the case when the phenomenon is one of duplication. Only on one occasion does Bridget seem to have been under observation when she arrived from one of her levitation trips. On the 30th of March, 1895, a few days after she had been sent away, the Thompsons, without a maid, were assembled in the kitchen, when the door burst suddenly open and in tumbled Bridget helplessly on the floor. She was without hat, jacket or boots; she wore her ordinary house shoes, which bore no trace of travel, and a rough apron as if she had been at work. She was in a state of trance and remained in that condition until eleven o'clock, when she woke up. They asked her where she had been, and she replied that she had been to Fairyland. She could remember nothing of the new place to which she had been sent. The girl's boots and jacket were then levitated in the same way, and a hat came also which did not belong to the girl, but no one ever discovered who was the owner.

The Doctor in the School.

In the future school children in elementary schools are to be subjected to systematic medical examination. The urgent necessity for some such examination is amply demonstrated in an interesting article on School Hygiene in the *Crucible*. The writer is Dr. Alice Johnson, medical officer of the Lambeth Poor School and assistant medical inspector under the London County Council. She gives the following account of the condition of the children examined by her in a school situated in a well-to-do healthy suburb of London. The children's parents were, she says, mostly City clerks and prosperous tradespeople—

I examined the children at the beginning of the autumn term. There were fifty-six new admissions; I examined and took the past history from parents of fifty-three. Out of the fifty-three children seventeen or just one-third were physically or mentally defective. I give the list, as it is instructive; nine were suffering from enlarged tonsils and adenoids, which rendered them deaf, dull, liable to bronchitis and checked growth; twelve were deaf in varying degrees; six had defective visions; two were suffering from cholera (St. Vitus's Dance) in a mild form, and were shown to me because they had distracted their teacher who, though an able and experienced person, had punished them several times, mistaking their fidgetiness and irritability for naughtiness, whereas it was entirely due to their physical condition; one was mentally deficient; three had very

bad teeth that required immediate attention, as the swallowing of the decaying products from their teeth and the non-chewing of their food had made them anæmic; six had discharging ears, which rendered them anæmic, and the smell from the discharge was offensive to the class. These six cases of discharging ears could easily have been cured had the adenoids, which were the exciting cause of the discharge, been removed. None of these seventeen children would have benefited fully by the teaching provided for them unless their ailments were treated. In the case of the mentally deficient child, sending him to be taught in a special school provided for these children was the only way of imparting knowledge to him.

THE LAMENT OF THE PERSIANS.

A Persian view of the Anglo-Russian Agreement is presented in the *Albany Review* by Mr. Edward G. Browne. He derives his knowledge of the opinion of Persians from their conversation, their letters, and the Persian Press. He urges that Europe little recognises the great and rapid changes that have taken place in the direction of a national revival in Persia. With the appearance of Parliamentary institutions, the Persian Press has multiplied and advanced greatly. From a Persian correspondent in Paris, who grew up amongst Persians and is conversant with their public opinion, and reads all the Persian newspapers without exception, he quotes the sentiment that if Persia should fall under foreign control "the Persians would, with their whole heart and soul, prefer England to all other European States, and would detest Russia more than any other European government." The same Parisian-Persian writes:—

The day before yesterday these matters formed the subject of conversation in a gathering of Persians. I said, "See to what a pass Persia is come, that the successors of Darius must fall into the hands of the most barbarous of nations, to wit, the ill-omened Russians. Had we dreamed this thing our hearts had been like to break, and now we see it in our waking moments." All present cried with one accord, "It is impossible that we should submit to be subjected to this barbarous, bloodthirsty, despotic and tyrannical nation." Some said, "We, with our wives and children, will all take flight from the north of Persia to the south." Others said, "We will first of all shoot our wives and children and dependents with our own hands, and then ourselves perish. Then let Russia, if she please, take possession of a deserted land, for while one living soul of Persian race survives it is impossible that Russia should be suffered to take possession of a single span of Persian ground."

Mr. Browne then quotes from the *Hablu'l-Matin*, the leading newspaper in Persia, a sardonic description of how, under the guise of maintaining the integrity and independence of Persia, England and Russia will combine to transform Persia into a second Egypt. The result will be the emasculating and denationalisation of Persia. Mr. Browne closes by asking if the Liberal party now in power will remain true to its principles or consent to the suppression of a rising nation.

A PATRIOTIC MUSICIAN.

REMINISCENCES OF EDVARD GRIEG.

In the *Century Magazine* for November there is an article by Mr. William Peters, giving some personal reminiscences of his friend Edvard Grieg.

A NATIONAL CITY.

Grieg was born at Bergen in 1843, and he died there a month or two ago. This city has a character entirely its own, and its citizens are first of all citizens, the quintessence of everything that is national. With its intense patriotism, its activity, and its poetry, it is just the place to produce artists and eminent statesmen.

THE POLITICIAN.

At school Grieg was no luminary, and the only talent he showed was in the direction of inventing excuses to get rid of school. He loved solitude, but strange to say his early dreams did not circle about music. In the corner of the attic of his home he had a little drug-store where he could mix his drugs and act a real apothecary. It was only when he was about twelve that he began to show his musical gifts. Politics always interested him. He belonged to the party of progress, and two years ago, when Norway had to choose between kingdom and republic, he was found on the republican side. He showed his interest in the Dreyfus case by refusing to go to Paris to conduct his own compositions at the time when the court at Rennes gave its decision. He received many angry letters, and newspapers promised him that if ever he did go he should have a fitting reception. In 1903 he did go; the concert hall was crowded to suffocation, and he conquered the French public.

HIS SCOTCH ORIGIN.

Grieg's grandfather was Alexander Greig, a Scotchman, who emigrated to Norway and changed his name to Grieg. Edvard's elder brother played the cello, and his parents first looked on him as the musician of the family. But with the intervention of Ole Bull, Edvard at last succeeded in making his family understand that he was the real man of destiny. Slight and small though he was, he lived for forty-five years with only one lung, and though he had to husband his strength, as a conductor he was all fire, and he infused his fiery soul into the orchestra and the audience.

MUTUAL FRIENDS.

His friend, Richard Nordraak, a nephew of Björnson's, was also a gifted composer. He is chiefly famous as the writer of the music to Björnson's national hymn of Norway. Grieg and Nordraak were about of the same age, and the two men mutually influenced each other. While Nordraak gave to Grieg some of his courage and push, the latter polished off some of the uncut edges of Nordraak's temperament and music. Nordraak, however, died of consumption, and on the night of his death Grieg composed the march used at the funeral.

GRIEG'S METHOD OF WORK.

Grieg was a man of temperament. He always worked with his piano at his side, trying every chord over and over again. His wife was his inspiration as well as his best interpreter. In writing a song, he used only a single sheet of paper. He wrote his music with a lead pencil, and rubbed out and substituted and changed again until he was satisfied. Then he wrote it over in ink, and sent the same sheet with which he began to the publisher. He built himself a music-house, or studio, in an inaccessible spot on the Hardanger fjord, a square, wooden box big enough for a piano, a fireplace, and the master himself. But the studio was not in a good place for the summer, so the house was moved bodily to a fine place near the sea. When he built his villa, Trolldhaugen, near Bergen, the little house was again moved.

THE SALE OF PEERAGES.

In the *Albany Review* Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in a characteristic paper on the evolution of corruption, says that the most evolutionary of all our products is certainly the secret Party fund. It has "all the shyness of violets in a shady wood. It is not even supposed to exist." The funds of the two Parties arose unconsciously and almost innocently. They have since slipped into infamy:—

The patent scandal of the sale of peerages is too obvious to be denied, though in our evolutionary atmosphere it will take a very long time to be remedied. We have at least so far succeeded that the scandal is scarcely denied at all. It is obvious that our aristocracy consists of people who are not aristocrats.

The power of the rich in modern society is nameless, ceaseless, changing, and vile. But amid all the changes in our English aristocracy we know that there is something still there, and something that still governs England:—

That something controls the party fund and bestows the peerages. It is useless, perhaps, to discuss whether it is aristocratic or plutocratic. Its nature is to change its nature. All that we know about it is this; that it is in possession of a great accumulation of public funds; that it does not audit those funds; that all the questions of what shall be done with these funds are things settled within a small circle, to which the ordinary citizen has no sort of conceivable access. The only thing we know about it is that we know nothing. The only thing we know about our public life is that it is conducted in private. The party system has decided that its payments and its sale of peerages shall never be public. For if that system became public it would become moral. And if it became moral it would suddenly cease.

Mr. Chesterton's onslaught on the system would have been more effective were he not apparently more eager to score against evolutionary morality than against organised bribery itself.

FROM THE OCCULT MAGAZINES.

WEIRD SUGGESTIONS.

In the *Hindu Spiritual Magazine* of October, 1907, the writer of an article entitled "A Brief Survey of the Spirit World" makes a somewhat petrifying suggestion that sometimes disembodied spirits can enter the bodies of live men with whom they are in affinity. Thus you may see a man who, though you do not know it, is carrying, not only his own soul, but that of another spirit in his body. The intruder remains quietly in the tenement which belongs to another without in any way interfering with the independence of the man whose body he occupies, and in this manner he keeps himself informed of the affairs of the spirit world. Sometimes more than one spirit quietly occupies the body of a man unknown to the latter. In short, several spirits may quietly occupy one human tenement without the knowledge or permission of the owner. They do this to serve various purposes. Sometimes they who have prematurely died utilise the body of another to complete their education on the earth plane. This suggestion offers another hypothesis for explaining the phenomena of multiple personality.

GHOST STORIES OF THE SEA.

The same magazine reprints from an American contemporary three remarkable stories of ghosts on the deep, which are all substantiated by the writers, who vouch for the truth of their narratives. The first is told by a New England fisherman, who in the night on his watch saw a big paddle-wheel steamer, with old-fashioned rig, break clean in two in a great storm only a quarter of a mile ahead of his boat. He could only make out the letters through the fog—"P-R-E-S-I-D"—. He was so convinced that the ship had sunk, and that it was an actual wreck he had witnessed, that he got out a boat and rowed frantically to pick up the survivors, but when they reached the spot there was no sign of wreckage and no trace to show where the great ship had gone down. He returned to the ship and reported to the captain, and told him for the first time that he had seen the name "Presid—" on the paddle-box. "Great God!" gasped the captain, "that was the steamship 'President'—she had two funnels and paddle-wheels. My wife's father went down with her. What date is it?" It was March the 13th, 1891. "Fifteen years ago to a day!" said the captain. "The 'President' foundered in a great storm, and was never heard from again, and never a bit of her wreckage was found."

Another story is dated 1906. An American violinist of the name of Henry K. Medley went to Egypt with the writer of the story. When there a beautiful Egyptian girl fell in love with him, but as he was engaged to be married he left her. The night before they started she sang an old Arabian song, ending with the words, "And I remain un-

fortunate and miserable." Twenty-four hours later, when they were out of sight of land, they both heard the Arabian song coming through the evening air. The boatswain who was on deck screamed, "Look there—look!" They sprang to their feet, and there was Leilah following in the wake of the ship. The body was translucent, but the head and arms looked like flesh, ghastly but real. She sang, and her voice, silver sweet as ever, was hopeless and sobbing. She glided standing on the waves, and kept at the same distance from the ship, reaching out her hands towards her lover. All the passengers on board saw it; some ran off screaming; some began to pray; some fainted; but all through the night she followed in the wake of the ship. At dawn it vanished, and for the next two nights the same apparition appeared. The song was ever the same and her attitude never changed. Her pale lips only moved. An hour before dawn on the day of their arrival at Naples, Harry took his violin and played. Suddenly Leilah stopped singing, drew her hand nervously across her forehead, then reached out desperately with her hands and vanished. When the company's agent came on board with the mail at Naples, Harry had a telegram handed to him from a friend at Port Said which ran thus: "Your little protégée walked, singing, into the sea day following your departure. Body not found."

The third story was told by Mr. A. A. Hallam. The writer was a midshipman on a full-rigged ship of the City Line, and was bound around the Cape of Good Hope to Calcutta. When nearing Cape Verde Islands the captain set the course for the night, leaving the chart on the cabin table for the second officer's guidance. In the middle watch the captain found that the course he had marked out had been changed to another course by some unknown person. The captain was furious and restored the old course, and lay down with the door of his cabin commanding a view of the saloon table with the chart in sight. Mr. Hallam and the second officer on watch were ordered to keep the chart under observation. In about twenty minutes a man dressed in an ordinary gentleman's black suit came from the forepart of the saloon, out of the companion way, and hastily pencilled the course back again the third time, heading them out of their course. "Who are you?" roared the captain. The person, pointing to the chart, started toward the companion way, where he vanished. A complete search was made on the ship, but no one was to be found. The captain decided to follow the course made by the unknown stranger, and the next morning at about nine they came upon a boatload of people who had escaped from a burning ship. As the boat approached the rail a man cried out: "There is the man I saw in my dream," pointing to the captain. He said that he had seen the captain in a dream the previous night, and knew that he would be saved by him. Yet the man was

not dressed like the apparition, nor did he look like him. Four parties saw the apparition—the second officer, captain, man at the wheel, and Mr. Hallam. This account was logged, and can be verified. Unfortunately, it does not mention the name of the ship.

THE ROMANCE OF FAIRYLAND.

In the *Theosophist* for November Mr. Leadbeater continues his paper upon Nature-Spirits, and describes the pleasure, the romance and the activities of fairyland and also of water-spirits. He maintains that it is perfectly true that fairies sometimes have tried to carry off unusually attractive babies with the object of trying to prevent the little mortal growing up into the average human being. Fairies sometimes turn up at séances and personate spirits. He maintains they have no kings, but they are very fond of telling stories to each other, and the most popular storyteller is always attended by a crowd of other fairies who listen to him. All this Mr. Leadbeater vouches for as being facts which have occurred under his own observation. To the fairy, man is a ravaging demon, destroying and spoiling wherever he goes. They regard us with horror and shrink away from us as we shrink away from a poisonous reptile. The mere presence of a human being occasions a fairy as much disturbance and disgust as we should feel if a bucket of filthy water were emptied over us. For them to be near the average man is to live in a perpetual hurricane—a hurricane that has blown over a cesspool.

WHAT OF 1908?

Mr. Alan Leo, in the *Astrologer's Annual*, is very cautious in his prognosticas to the New Year. He says:—

What of the year 1908?

It will be a revolutionary one in the world of thought; and many changes will occur in all departments of life. The Government will be unstable, and will maintain their power with increasing difficulty.

The Nation will manifest more than usual unrest, and peace in all directions will go near to breaking point; in fact, it will be an exceedingly critical year, upon which the future will greatly depend. The crisis, however, will be either postponed or safely passed, according to the apathy or determination of those whose influence should be the greatest.

YELLOW INVASION OF "WHITE AUSTRALIA."

ALREADY IN PROCESS OF BECOMING.

"The Real Yellow Peril" is the title of a somewhat alarmist paper in the *North American Review* by Mr. Hugh G. Lusk. The peril is not, he says, in the first instance at any rate, to be measured by fleets and armies. It is one of expanding population. Not very far short of one-third of the human race is Mongolian. Japan is overflowing into Korea and into Formosa, with indications of further exten-

sion to the Philippines and Hawaii. The real difficulty is with China. Her 450 millions are at present confined to a country not capable of supporting 300 millions in accordance with civilised ideas. As civilised ideas come in, an overflow is inevitable. It is more than likely that a large Chinese population will in the next few years find its way into Borneo and New Guinea. Such an immigration has begun already. It will certainly not stop with these islands. Further south lie the practically empty regions of tropical Australia.

The noise that has been made on the southern and eastern rim of the island continent about a white Australia adds to the sensational nature of the announcement made by Mr. Lusk, that the Chinese have already invaded the land from the north. He recalls the fact that the great territory known as the Northern Territory of South Australia was formally surrendered by the State Parliament to the Federal Government of the Commonwealth. The writer proceeds:—

Had the country been absolutely uninhabited, it would have been immaterial what particular Government claimed authority over it; but, as a matter of fact, there had grown up an uneasy feeling that such was not the case, and was becoming less so year after year. It was more than suspected then, and it is well known now, though little is said about it in Australia, that Chinese immigration on a very considerable scale has for some years been secretly flowing into the country.

Mr. Lusk points out how easily this secret immigration could take place. Owing to the deep indentations of the northern coast of Australia, it represents an ocean frontage of some 2500 miles in length, which has never been really explored. Reports come to hand that Chinamen have been busy digging or prospecting for gold there during the last ten or twelve years, and that one Chinese settlement is employed in the cultivation of opium on a considerable scale, and that the Chinese colony included women and children as well as men. The land is fertile, well-watered, plentifully supplied with streams as well as very hot. To the north lies the Continental Mongolian country, overcrowded almost to the utmost point of endurance; to the south, the unoccupied coast of a continent stretching 2400 miles, offering freedom, well-being and conditions of untrammelled prosperity such as the race has never known in two thousand years:—

South-western America, perhaps even Mexico, may be exposed to a serious danger of this Asiatic invasion within a few years; but Northern Australia is at once the nearest and the most sparsely-populated of all the countries where an early conflict of the Mongolian and Caucasian civilisations is to be feared and guarded against.

WILLIAM RANDOLPH HEARST.

THE SUPREMELY TYPICAL AMERICAN.

Mr. Sidney Brooks contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* a very appreciative and well-informed article concerning Mr. W. R. Hearst. He has not fathomed the mystery of Hearst, but he has at least gone deeper than most of those who have written upon the subject. Mr. Brooks regards him in many ways as the supreme embodiment of American life. He says:—"Mr. Hearst fulfils with an overwhelming adequacy the function of illumination by distortion. He is the concave mirror of American life, journalism, and politics."

HIS PERSONALITY.

Of Mr. Hearst personally Mr. Brooks says:—

He impressed me when I came across him as a man very difficult to know. That he is as different as possible from his papers goes without saying; nobody could be like them and be a human being. They are blatant, and he in dress, appearance and manner is impeccably quiet, measured and decorous. He struck me as a man of power and a man of sense, with a certain dry wit about him, and a pleasantly detached and impersonal way of speaking. He stands six feet two in height, is broad-shouldered, deep of chest, huge-fisted, deliberate but assured in all his movements. But for an excess of paleness and smoothness in his skin one might take him for an athlete. He does not look his forty-four years. The face was indubitable strength. The long and powerful jaw and the lines round his firmly-clenched mouth tell of a capacity for long concentration, and the eyes, large, steady and luminously blue, emphasise by their directness the effect of resolution. In more ways than his quiet voice and unhurried, considering air, Mr. Hearst is somewhat of a surprise. He neither smokes nor drinks; he never speculates; he sold the racehorses he inherited from his father, and is never seen on a race track; yachting, dancing, cards, the Newport life, have not the smallest attraction for him; for a multi-millionaire he has scarcely any friends among the rich, and to "Society" he is wholly indifferent; he lives in an unpretentious house in an unfashionable quarter, and outside his family, his politics and his papers, appears to have no interests whatever. To gauge his future is impossible. To watch it will be at least an experience in a novel and somewhat sinister form of political burlesque.

THE RALLYING POINT FOR UNREST.

Of Mr. Hearst politically Mr. Brooks tells us that he was surprised when he was in America last year to find how many of the younger men Mr. Hearst had won over to his side. They do not like his style of journalism, but they do sympathise with the journalism that does things and, on the whole, does things very well:—

It is not only a political party, but a social class that he seeks to found, to rouse the consciousness and to lead. But there is more in it than pantomime and pandemonium. What gives Mr. Hearst his ultimate power is that he has used the resources of an unlimited publicity to make himself and his propaganda the rallying point for disaffection and unrest.

WHAT HE HAS DONE.

Mr. Brooks quotes from *Collier's Weekly* the following tribute to Mr. Hearst's activity—a tribute all the more remarkable because *Collier's Weekly* was, and is, a strong political opponent of Mr. Hearst:—

It is due to Mr. Hearst more than to any other man that the Central and Union Pacific Railroads paid the £24,000,000 they owed the Government. Mr. Hearst secured a model Children's Hospital for San Francisco, and he built the Greek Theatre of the University of California—one of the most successful classic reproductions in America. Eight years ago, and again this year, his energetic campaigns did a large part of the work of keeping the Ice Trust within bounds in New York. His industrious Sun Department put some fetters on the Coal Trust. He did much of the work of defeating the Ramapo plot, by which New York would have been saddled with a charge of £40,000,000 for water. To the industry and pertinacity of his lawyers New Yorkers owe their ability to get gas for eighty cents a thousand feet, as the law directs, instead of a dollar. In maintaining a legal department which plunges into the limelight with injunctions and mandamuses when corporations are caught trying to sneak under or around a law, he has rendered a service which has been worth millions of dollars to the public.

INVESTING BRAINS IN BUSINESS.

Mr. Brooks also pays a tribute to the capacity of Mr. Hearst in the choice of his staff. He says:—

He has all of Mr. Carnegie's genius for picking out the right man to do his work. Only where Mr. Carnegie capitalised brains and invested them in business, Mr. Hearst has invested them not only in business but in politics as well. He is the paymaster of a small, loyal and brilliant organisation. They do all the work; he takes all the public credit. The chief of this little band is Mr. Arthur Brisbane. The leading articles that have made Mr. Hearst a household name among the labouring classes have all been written by Mr. Brisbane. He supplies the Hearst movement with its intellectual dynamics; Mr. Carvalho attends to the business of making it pay. Thirty years' experience of newspaper offices, and even more than the average American's instinct for organisation, have put Mr. Carvalho in complete possession of all the details of advertising, circulation, distribution and mechanical production. Another is Mr. Clarence Shearn, who takes charge of Mr. Hearst's legal interests, drafts the Bills that Mr. Hearst used to introduce into Congress, starts proceedings every other month or so—always, of course, in Mr. Hearst's name—against this or that Trust. A fourth is Mr. Max Ihmsen, the political manager.

On the whole Mr. Brooks seems to have grasped the significance of Mr. Hearst better than any other American who has written on the subject.

For the last ten years I have never varied in stating that from my own personal knowledge of the man, insight into his character, and knowledge of his capacity, Mr. Hearst has it in him to be the great personal power of America for the next twenty years. He may wreck everything, but, on the other hand, he may be in the future, as he has been already in the past, a force making for progress and for the diminution of many abuses. Mr. Hearst may be a good man or he may be a bad man—that is a question of comparison as to which side the balance lies in a strangely complex character—but that he is a great man, and with a great strain of goodness in him, I have no doubt whatever.

"IS GOD A LIBERAL?"

"CERTAINLY, MY CHILD."

This question of a little girl and the answer of her father, who was a Doctor of Divinity, forms the opening and the gist of a paper by Rev. John D. Sinclair in the *Contemporary Review* on "Liberalism and Christianity." He believes that the distinctive ideals of Liberalism are distinctly Christian ideals, that Liberalism is essentially the political exposition of the New Testament, the salvation by faith of the State, the calling of men to a high part of their spiritual liberty. The continuous and insistent Liberal belief in the franchise is a religious belief. He says: "The democratic franchise is either some midsummer madness, or else it is the expression of a fundamental spiritual and transcendental belief in humanity. It corresponds with the baptism of an infant as a child of God and heir of the Kingdom when it can only cry inarticulately, for pap." It is the Liberal faith that the franchise is a means and a prophecy that works to its own fulfilment in making of men free citizens in a free State. The franchise is citizenship, positive and responsible part in the body politic. This positive idea of civil liberty as active citizenship and self-government is the note of all our recent Liberalism.

PRINCIPLES VERSUS INSTITUTIONS.

Mr. Sinclair goes on to urge that self-government is government by debate, which means Party politics. "Party politics is not a necessary evil in the State; it is a necessary good." It follows that Liberalism finds its main argument in principles which lie in the mind itself, while conservatism by comparison is pre-occupied by institutions, which are a part of the external order of things. He develops the antithesis thus:—

The standing party debate, so far as it is genuine, is between the idealism of the one party and of the other. The Conservative idealism glorifies, consecrates, defends, perpetuates the man, the citizen, as the promise of all the future, the living human interests in themselves as clearly as it may be able to discern them, at whatever cost incidentally to whatever institutions, at the cost always of greater or less disorder in the seeking after an order that is organic from within.

For Conservatism, he says, the British Empire is the most august of all human institutions. Ireland, India and Egypt are great British institutions, which must not be disturbed. To Liberalism, Ireland, India and Egypt are primarily, not part of the British Empire, but part of humanity, part of ourselves. The British Empire is strong to-day because and in so far as it is Liberal, self-governed, resting on and continually developing in the free citizenship of all its people.

PAUL—AND HIS MASTER—LIBERALS.

Mr. Sinclair then proceeds to find his Liberalism in Paul. He says:—

Now if these three principles were leading principles in the teaching of Paul—that of inward law, the autonomy of Christian liberty of the soul, that of the subordination of institutions to the interests of the soul, and that of the equal standing of all souls in respect of the grace of God in Christ and the benefits of salvation, it is plain on the one hand that he found these principles in the Gospel of Christ, and it is, I think, as plain on the other hand that they have only had new applications in the ideals of our modern political Liberalism.

Of Paul's Master he says:—

All our ideals of liberty, equality and fraternity, all that is most vital in our democratic faith, find their purest and simplest expression in Him. He made these ideals true for the soul, and we are finding them to be true also for the larger corporate life of the state. The faith which is the soul's salvation is proving itself the state's salvation too, and Christ is again being made unto us wisdom.

IMPERIALISM THE BEAST IN REVELATION.

Mr. Sinclair finds the most explicitly political book in the New Testament to be the Apocalypse. He says:—

There is an Imperialism which is in the nature of an obsession on many minds in every great empire from time to time and which is summarily and accurately set forth in the Apocalypse as the worship of the Beast. It was not the specific crimes of the Roman Empire that were in question in the first place in the Apocalypse; it was its claim to worship that made it Anti-christ—that blasphemy included all its crimes. The spiritual interests, the pure human interest, stand first and must be made first; and the putting of any material, institutional governmental interest first is in the essence of it heathenism. The only Christian loyalty to the state is loyalty to the kingdom of God, that is to say, to the whole human interests concerned. That, which is the Christian view of the state and of the Empire, is, as I have already contended, also the Liberal view. Liberalism follows Christianity in observing the great moral principle formulated by Kant, that man is to be regarded always as an end, never merely as a means.

CHRISTIAN REVIVALS LIBERAL REVIVALS.

From the New Testament the writer passes to Church history:—

The great, fruitful Christian movements have been democratic, always so in the broad, fundamental sense, commonly so in the sense of being associated more or less directly with aspirations after civil liberty. Francis, the little poor man of Assisi, and his brothers in the thirteenth century, Wyclif and his "poor priests," the kinsmen of Piers Plowman, in fourteenth century England, the chiefs of the Reformation, Luther and Zwingli, Calvin and Knox, in the sixteenth century, the English Puritans and the Scottish Covenanters in the seventeenth century, Wesley and the Methodists in the eighteenth century; all have appealed deeply and directly to the general heart of men; they have believed in the capacity of the normal mind and conscience for spiritual things; they have enfranchised men with truth, in the name of Christ making them kings and priests to God, "crowned and mitred over themselves," personally responsible and fit for salvation.

Whatever may be thought of the cogency of his arguments, no one can withhold from Mr. Sinclair a tribute of admiration for his courage.

LORD SALISBURY AND THE BALKAN STATES.

Mr. Chedo Mijatovich, formerly Servian Minister to London, contributes to the *Fortnightly Review* another of his interesting autobiographical papers, in which he commits timely indiscretions in revealing conversations with a former Prime Minister of England.

In his article, entitled "Lord Salisbury, the Peace-maker," he reports several conversations which he had with Lord Salisbury in 1885 and later. It was at the critical time when Eastern Rumelia had been joined to Bulgaria, and Servia had gone to war to secure territorial compensation at the cost of Turkey.

HIS APPROVAL OF MR. GLADSTONE'S POLICY.

The following extracts from Lord Salisbury's conversation in these days may be commended to the attention of members of the Primrose League and others who had cherished for years the belief that Mr. Gladstone was a traitor because of his bag-and-baggage policy in European Turkey. Mr. Mijatovich says:—

So far as I know, and so far as I am able to judge, Lord Salisbury was the first British statesman who, since the Crimean War, wished for an understanding with Russia, and who tried to give a practical expression of such policy. On one occasion I was complaining that the Berlin Treaty created artificial conditions, and that, in consequence, such conditions could not last. I urged the desirability that Great Britain's Balkan policy should be more in harmony with the natural evolution of political life in that part of the world.

"Yes," said to me Lord Salisbury, one of the principal framers of the Berlin Treaty. "Yes, you are quite right. The Berlin Treaty is altogether artificial. It created artificial conditions which probably, as you say, cannot last very long. If you wish to know my personal opinion, I will tell you that the only natural, logical and healthy Balkan policy for Great Britain would be that one formulated by Mr. Gladstone: 'The Turks ought to be driven out of Europe with all their bag and baggage!' Unfortunately, the Eastern question is so complicated, and the European system so artificial, that I, as her Majesty's Principal Secretary for Foreign Affairs, cannot apply the policy which I consider as the only true and natural one!"

When, in 1885, Rumelia proclaimed her union with Bulgaria, Lord Salisbury met me by chance one day, and immediately reminded me of my criticism of the artificiality of the Berlin Treaty. "You really," he said, "cannot justly complain about the union of Rumelia and Bulgaria. You yourself thought that the Berlin Treaty created artificial conditions. Here you have the nature of things trying to correct the artificial creations of diplomacy!" Mr. Gladstone was probably a more enthusiastic, but certainly not a more decided, friend of the union between Rumelia and Bulgaria than Lord Salisbury was.

RUSSIA AND CONSTANTINOPLE.

Shortly before my transfer from London to Constantinople (in 1900) I had a long and interesting talk with Lord Salisbury. We were talking of the political prospects of the Balkan nations, and Lord Salisbury said: "Sooner or later the Turks must leave the Balkan territory, and who is then to be master there, securing peace, order and progress? In the impossibility of a union between the Balkan nations, I should consider it as a second best solution that Austria-Hungary should occupy the entire Balkan Peninsula." I protested against such a prospect. "Well, then," resumed Lord Salisbury, "our first ideal having been made more

than problematic by the eternal jealousies, disagreements and quarrels among the Balkan nations themselves, and our second best ideal finding no favour with you, we must fall back on our third best ideal—namely, that Austria and Russia should together occupy the Balkan Peninsula, or rather divide it between them!"

I protested again. "That would mean, in the first place, sacrificing the existence of the Balkan nations to Austria and Russia; in the second place, that would inevitably inaugurate a struggle between Russia and Austria, which would probably end in a Russian victory; in the third place, the Russians, once masters of Constantinople, and the Austrians, or rather the Germans, once masters of Salonica, the position of Great Britain in Egypt would be endangered, and thereby her position in India too."

"Personally," Lord Salisbury said, "I should not exactly like to see Russia master of the entire Balkan Peninsula. But one thing is certain: Great Britain would not go to war to prevent Russia becoming the master of Constantinople, and thereby, probably, master of the entire Balkan Peninsula. Better even the Russians than the Turks! But of course, as I said in the beginning, our first and most cherished ideal was—the federation of the Balkan nations. The salvation of the Balkan countries ought to come from, and can be secured only by, the united exertions of the Balkan nations themselves."

THE EVOLUTION OF CHRISTIANITY.

ITS ESSENCE THE DIVINITY OF MAN.

The *Monist* publishes Professor Pfeiderer's own introductory condensation of his work on the evolution of Christianity. The Professor recalls how, according to Baur, "Christianity is the religion of the divinity of man, the elevation of mankind to the consciousness of its spiritual unity with God and freedom in God. This is the new and peculiar feature of Christianity, by virtue of which it stands above all other religions." But this, the Professor admits, is no longer the prevalent conception. The Ritschl-Harnackian school, which holds that the perfect essence of Christianity was exclusively portrayed in the Gospel of Jesus as reported by the first three evangelists, and that therefore the man Jesus must be looked upon as God because He was the only true revealer of the Will of God, is "the dominant view of Church history, and pretends to count as the final word of modern science." Professor Pfeiderer finds it hard but necessary to swim against so powerful a current, but he strongly objects to it as "radically pessimistic." And so, while Ritschl goes back to Christ, Pfeiderer, who believes in evolution and despises retrogression, goes back to Baur and traces the movement of Christian faith through the centuries until the present day:—

So upon the old ecclesiastical Protestantism followed the new Protestantism, which in its enlightenment broke with all ecclesiastical dogmas, but then again bethought itself of the truth of the Christian religion which had been hidden under the covering of these dogmas in order to realise more clearly and more perfectly than before the truth of the divinity of man in new forms of independent thought and of the mortal life of human society. This is the problem of Christendom to-day, as it is stated for us in the natural and completely consistent evolution of the entire history of Christianity.

As Pfeiderer seems to hold that, amid all evolutionary changes, his dogma of the divinity of man

abides as permanent essence, he must expect others who also believe in evolution and hold the essence of Christianity to consist in a less speculative abstraction to find their dogma a permanent and constant element amidst all fluctuations of opinion.

THE REVIVAL OF THE FOLK-DRAMA.

Mr. Gerald Maxwell writes a very interesting article upon the revival of the Folk-drama in the *Nineteenth Century*. He says it may be a trifle absurd to take the outburst of pageantry which has marked this summerless year seriously, but he thinks that—

Little, however, is wanting to crystallise the enthusiasm which people have displayed for pageants this year, in circumstances of exceptional difficulty, into a demand for the true historical drama such as the "Andreas Hofer" play at Meran and the "Wilhelm Tell" of Altorf. Against these two national heroes we may set Charles the First and Robin Hood, without fear that they will suffer by a comparison of, at any rate, their dramatic possibilities. We apparently possess, also, an equal amount of local patriotism and in all probability a greater number of capable actors. Nothing more, therefore, remains but to find a dramatist who will convert the heterogeneous pageant into the homogeneous history.

APOTHEOSIS OF CHARLES I.

He quotes Herr Devrient in support of his theory that the historical drama is not suited for the cramped stage of the theatre. Rebellions and battles can only be effectively reproduced in a big natural theatre where the view extends into the real landscape. Mr. Maxwell passes in review the pageants at Romsey, Oxford, Bury St. Edmunds, Coventry and Carisbrooke. He devotes most of his space to the great historical pageant at Oxford, in which the performers numbered 4300, of whom 1200 took more than one part. He notices that the scenes in which children take part are the most successful. "In all the pageants and open-air plays I have seen," he says, "the children have unquestionably borne off the palm." He is in ecstasies over the scenes in which Charles the First played a part, and he even ventures to say that the "inn of blood" has made good his claim to be our great national hero. He suggests the immense cumulative effect that might be produced by the dramatic representation of the whole Civil War on the stage or in a theatre modelled on that of Oberammergau.

MR. PARKER'S MASQUE OF LIFE.

Mr. Maxwell says that Mr. Louis Parker's performance at Bury St. Edmunds marked the height of the pageant season and showed Mr. Parker at his very best. It is to him, therefore, that Mr. Maxwell looks for the development of the pageant into that fuller historical play which stands in the same relation to it as the serious drama does to the variety entertainment. Mr. Parker's "Masque of Life," written for the *fête* held by the Duchess of Albany at Claremont, is an excellent example of what may be done with simple means:—

The episodes of the Claremont masque were strung together on a continuous thread of idea, being supposed to set forth the progress of an English family from the earliest times down to the days of Queen Anne. Neither the number of the performers nor that of the rehearsals was great; and yet, owing to the richness of the dresses worn, the skill displayed in the grouping, the dramatic quality of the acting, this made at least as effective a show as many more undertakings. All that is wanted now is to focus still further the central theme.

A NEW HISTORICAL DRAMA.

Mr. Maxwell suggests that Sir Walter Scott's "Kenilworth" or "Ivanhoe" would be ideal stories for representation in the open air. Pageants are already announced for next year at Winchester, Dover and King's Lynn, and there are prospects of pageants at Harrow, Eton and Windsor. When all these municipal spectacles have been disposed of there will be nothing left but the dramatic representation of an epoch in history. In Germany at Göttingen, a folk-play, the subject of which is the battle of Langensalza, is very popular; and Mr. Maxwell speaks with enthusiasm of the dramatic representation of the Revenge of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, which was given at the six-hundredth anniversary of that apocryphal event:—

We may not, therefore, after all be greatly ahead of Germany in the production of these open-air displays, and if we stand still we may shortly be outdistanced by America, where gigantic processions, principally of a grotesque character, have long been in fashion. Is it, then, an unpatriotic challenge to urge English authors to develop and perfect a fresh and hitherto unpractised form of historical drama, in which they will no longer suffer the overwhelming comparison with Shakespeare inevitable in the case of all blank-verse stage plays?

LONDON THIRTY YEARS AGO.

MRS. CORNWALLIS WEST'S REMINISCENCES.

In the *Century Magazine* for December Mrs. Cornwallis West continues her reminiscences with some notes on the London season of thirty years ago and life at Blenheim.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

She was astonished at the ignorance about America in English society. San Francisco, Chicago and New York were spoken of as though they were neighbouring counties. All Americans were supposed to be of low origin, and the women were considered dangerous, perhaps fast, and their manners impossible, their only redeeming points being dollars, and sometimes good looks. In connection with dress Mrs. Cornwallis West says that English women have set the fashion to all the world in the matter of country clothes.

A THOUGHT-READING STORY.

A few stories are to be found in the reminiscences. The following incident took place at Wadhurst, in Kent, where Madame de Santurce entertained. Mrs. Cornwallis West writes:—

Thought-reading was the fashionable amusement of the moment, and one evening Lady de Clifford, a very pretty and attractive woman, insisted on making Randolph, who

was reading peacefully in a corner. Join in the game. Having duly blindfolded him, she led him into the middle of the room and made various passes with her hands, saying, "Don't resist any thought which comes into your head; do exactly what you feel like doing. I am willing you." Without a moment's hesitation Randolph threw his arms round the lady and embraced her before the whole company. To her cries and indignant remonstrances he merely replied, "You told me to do what I felt like doing—so I did."

"THE GALLOPING SNOB OF ROTTEN ROW."

At the time of which Mrs. Cornwallis West is writing the glories of Rotten Row impressed her greatly. The glories are now a thing of the past; but in 1874, between the hours of twelve and two, the park was the most frequented place in London. An incident which occurred in Rotten Row gave rise to an amusing popular song called "The Galloping Snob of Rotten Row":—

One day much excitement was caused by the sight of a man galloping furiously up and down in pursuit, so it seemed, of the Heir Apparent. It was found out afterward that he had no nefarious intentions, but only wanted to be noticed. Unfortunately he went a little too close, and cannoning against the royal personage, knocked him over.

LORD CHARLES BERESFORD AS WATERER.

Up to 1834 carriages were allowed in the Row, but a story is told of Lord Charles Beresford who accepted the wagers of some friends that he would drive up the Row without being molested by the police. On the day fixed for the experiment his friends looked in vain for him, but at last recognised his triumphant countenance in the person of the driver of a water-cart, which was careering up and down, and splashing everyone.

MEMORIES OF A LONDON CLUB.

Professor Masson's daughter contributes to *Blackwood's Magazine* some memories of her father's, recorded by herself, of a London Club, which, after various births and deaths and resurrections, was finally revived as "Our Club," and met in Clunn's Hotel, Covent Garden. The recollections are chiefly of Douglas Jerrold, Kossuth, Dickens and Thackeray. Thackeray used to sing "Little Billee" and "Doctor Martin Luther"; Borrow was a visitor of the Club; and one of the members was a grandson of Charles Dibdin, and used to sing the grandpaternal sea-songs.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

Douglas Jerrold was at the time editing *Punch*:—

People (said Professor Masson) are apt to remember him too little, or only as an ill-tempered, waspish man; but that is not a fair recollection of Douglas Jerrold. He was, in his time, a wit above all others; in a "wit combat" none of the others could stand before him. He was also a man of immense energy and heart. He had a large and generous nature, and could never brook anything petty or mean.

THACKERAY.

Of Thackeray he said that he—
always seemed to me—in spite of his light humour, and his habitual nickname of "Thack" among his friends to be a

man apart; a sad and highly sensitive man; a man with whom nobody could take a liberty.

Thackeray had then an impossible Irish friend, who was always borrowing sovereigns from him, when Thackeray had none too many of his own. One day the Irishman got poor Thackeray into a terrible hole through copying a magazine article *verbatim* and sending it in to *Fraser's Magazine*, which was then under his editorship. When Thackeray went to remonstrate, the Irish friend thought it a capital joke. "But oh!" said Thackeray, "he was the nicest friend, the dearest, most delightful fellow I ever knew in the world!" Among the most likable qualities of the Irish, Thackeray said, was—

that there would never be found an Irishman anywhere in the world so low down but there was some other Irishman, still lower down, depending on him, and whom he was assisting.

THE POST OFFICE OF INDIA.

To *Blackwood's Magazine* Sir Arthur Fanshawe contributes an exceedingly interesting account of the work and the romance of the Post Office of India. Rather more than fifty years ago it was made an Imperial Department, but its management was hampered by many difficulties of which in England we should not think. Indian postage rates must be made very low. A half-anna, or half-penny, now carries rather more than half an ounce; a penny more than four ounces. A post-card costs a farthing. The Indian Post Office deals with Burma, and even with Aden. Many physical difficulties have to be met by it; storm-swept Himalayan passes have to be crossed, arid deserts to be traversed, or it may be jungle; wild tribesmen often cause trouble and man-eating tigers still claim their victims.

PREPOSTEROUS ADDRESSES.

A very real difficulty of the Indian Postal authorities at first was the positively preposterous length of the extravagant and adulatory addresses which the Oriental thought necessary to put on his envelopes. When the unhappy post office officials had waded through the tangle of "Most Worshipfuls," etc., it was often only to find the actual address omitted or exceedingly vague. It was wonderful how so much was ever crammed on the outside of any but the largest envelopes. However, after a time these flowerinesses gradually fell out of use, especially as it was enjoined that on postcards nothing but the actual address must be written. But I gather there is still a good deal of this sort of thing: "So-and-so, in the direction of the Jumna Mosque"; or "In the neighbourhood of Hanuman's tank," and other generalities which must give an infinity of trouble. When it comes to pilgrims' letters in such a place as Benares, it is even worse still. No wonder that in various provinces the proper way of addressing letters is taught in

the primary schools, and that the professional letter-writers help the post office in their struggle to secure clear addresses.

MAIL-RUNNERS.

Sir Arthur Fanshawe gives a most interesting account of the mail-runners, of whom there are still so many in India. These mail-runners are occasionally chased by elephants, and twice within recent years they have been mauled by bears; and these are not the only wild animals which have caused them trouble and danger. They will, however, face leopards or anything rather than pass a hill corner "where the demon has been heard to wail." When the demon wails, His Majesty's mails have to wait. Postmen in India, it may be remembered, have very responsible duties owing to their being obliged to see to the payment of money orders, and also to ensure these being paid to the proper persons. There is, besides, the cash on delivery system for parcels, which necessitates much care; to say nothing of such troubles as plague and cholera.

German Birth-Rate Dwindling.

In the *International* Dr. Werner Sombart destroys the illusion of Germany as a nation exempt from the general rule of dwindling birth-rate which seems to attend modern, especially European, civilisation. He says undoubtedly the German Empire is advancing in population from the nearly forty-one millions of inhabitants in 1870 to sixty-one million inhabitants in 1907. But this increase is due to the steady fall in the death-rate. In 1870 there were nearly thirty deaths per thousand inhabitants; in recent years only about twenty deaths take place each year. The birth-rate has steadily declined. The average for the ten years 1871 to 1880 amounted to 40.7 per thousand. The decade 1891 to 1900 shows an average of 37.4, while for every thousand inhabitants there were born in 1901 36.8, and every year a decrease, until in 1905 the average was 34. Since the decrease of the death-rate is limited by definite and natural age limits, the increase of population in Germany will diminish.

THE NAVY FROM AN INVENTOR'S VIEW.

Mr. W. R. Macdonald, in *Blackwood's Magazine*, writes a fresh, interesting article on the Navy from an Inventor's Point of View. He is an inventor of an "electric scrubber" for cleaning shells and weed off the bottom of ships. It may be remembered that this marine growth was one of the chief causes of the total destruction of the Russian Fleet. A dirty bottom offers great resistance when a ship is travelling through the water; and since this resistance increases as the square of the ship's velocity, the importance of clean-bottomed ships

in war may be imagined. Up to the present ships have been annually dry-docked to be cleaned. In case of war, however, all dry docks might be wanted for ships needing repairs; and then the only thing would be to have recourse to divers for cleaning ships' bottoms—a disastrously slow method. Mr. Macdonald thus describes his invention:—

It consists of an oblong structure armed with wire brushes, and looks very much like a doormat. This is pulled forwards and backwards by stout hawsers, made fast to the ship's steam capstans. It can be made to traverse any path the operator requires. The bristles of the brushes are magnetised, so that they both attract themselves to the iron of the ship's side and scrape as well. For the purpose of regulating the amount of work the apparatus is required to do, the bristles are magnetised by electric current, the electricity being supplied by the ship's own dynamo and transmitted by a flexible lead or cable to the scrubber underneath the water, which becomes attached by magnetism to the ship. When the current is switched off the mat is dead, and falls away from the ship's side.

ADMIRALTY FAIRNESS.

Mr. Macdonald says that an outside inventor like himself is at great disadvantage with the Admiralty, because so many naval officers themselves are inventors; because the Admiralty encourages invention and helpful suggestions from all branches of the service, and because, of necessity, a naval man has a better knowledge of what is really required. Every week a prize is offered for the best suggestion from the dock-yards and arsenals—a prize of £50 the writer thinks. Mr. Macdonald admits that in applying for his invention to be considered, he dreaded having to unravel an immense amount of red tape, and thought he would have no answer for at least six months. However, he does not seem to have unravelled any red tape at all, and received a reply in ten days. Everything, in fact, went briskly; and in every way the inventor thought himself fairly used. The invention, it may be added, though the first day's trials were not entirely satisfactory, proved successful. The "electric scrubber" scrubbed vigorously, and when the ship on which it was tried was dry-docked, her bottom was found to be clean. The writer's account of the sympathetic interest of the blue-jackets, of the officers, and of the fleet generally, makes very pleasant reading. He concludes his article by saying:—

My story proves, I think, that the Admiralty are fully alive to the necessity of giving likely inventions a fair chance of proving their worth, and that the whole of a ship's company, from captain to sideboy, are imbued with a desire to further in any way the efficiency of the great service to which they belong.

NO MORE TELEPHONE GIRLS.

The millennium has certainly begun in the limited field of Canadian telephone development. Such at least is the impression gathered from Mr. Randolph

Carlyle's paper in the *Canadian Magazine* on "Canadians in Telephone Development."

INDEPENDENT TELEPHONES.

Telephone conditions under the Canadian Independent Telephone Association seem to be quite ideal. A year ago there were twelve thousand "independent telephones" in use in Canada: there are now nineteen thousand. Canada, the writer reminds us, is in a sense the home of telephony. Pro-

fessor Bell (of Bell's telephone fame) was a Canadian, and in the very city in which, over thirty years ago, he invented his system of telephonic communication—Brantford, Ontario—the three Lorimer brothers have invented the system, known by their name, of automatic telephony, whose perfections are set forth in this article. For years they, and many others, have been working to produce an automatic apparatus that would supersede the telephone girl, or, as she is known in Canada, the "helloa" girl; and that would also give a prompt, certain, and absolutely private telephone service at less than present cost. And now the Lorimer brothers have succeeded. From their portraits they seem to be still surprisingly young, considering what they have done. One of them, however, is dead.

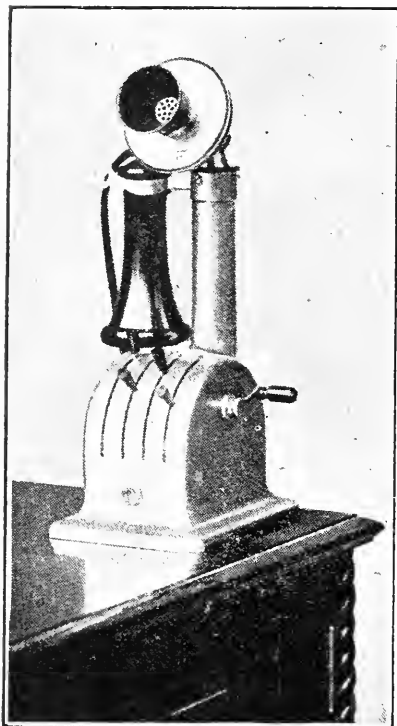
AUTOMATIC TELEPHONY.

The telephone girl saw her work: the automatic telephone feels its work: and feels better and more rapidly than the telephone girl could see. Suppose, for instance, you wish to call up number 361:—

There are in front of you on the telephone box four slides, each representing units, tens, hundreds, or thousands. The slides are worked up or down, and the desired number is obtained on about the same principle as one adjusts an everlasting calendar. For number 361 you take up the hundreds, stopping at 3. Then the next slide is stopped at 6, and the next at 1. The process seems to be a little awkward at first, but it really is very simple. . . . Having arranged the numbers you swiftly turn a crank and place the receiver to your ear, and if you do not get the "busy buzz" you press the button. That is all you have to do. . . . The response by the machine to your call is amazing to one not used to it, and connections are always made in a uniform time.

A GENERAL SWEEPING AWAY OF NUISANCES.

Apparently the automatic telephone sweeps away a host of telephonic nuisances. Not only is the apparatus very simple and durable, no attendant



The Compact and Simple Automatic Desk Telephone as seen in use at Peterborough.

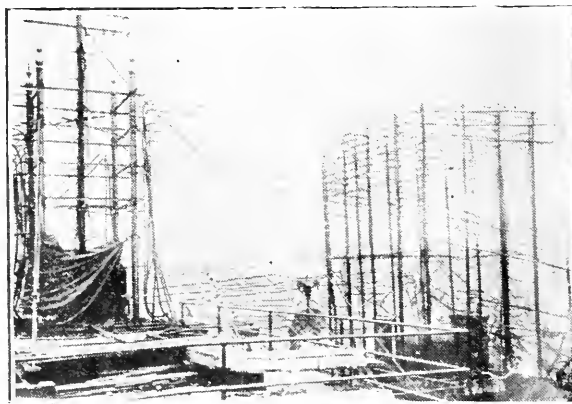
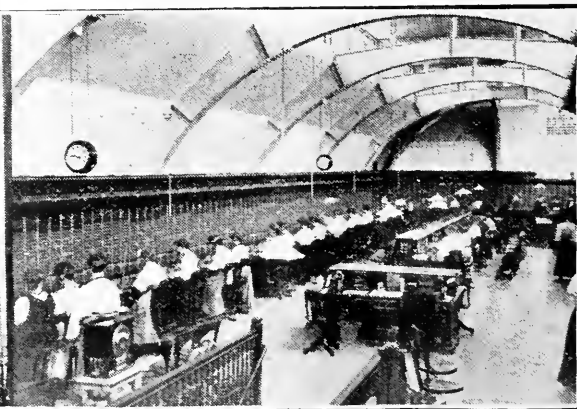


Photo. by J.

THE OLD AND NEW DERRICKS.



[Topical Press.

THE TELEPHONE GIRL AT WORK: INTERIOR OF THE NEW EXCHANGE.

Rapid Removal of a Telephone Exchange; A Five Minutes' Transference.

On September 29th, the Gerrard Telephone Exchange, in the centre of London, was removed to its new quarters. The new derrick was already in position on the roof, and all the connections were ready to be made. The actual "cut-out," completing the work, was made in about five minutes. The new derrick is on the left, the old on the right.

being required at night-time, though the working is not interrupted, but it is impossible for anyone to "butt in" when you are talking; you can be satisfied that there is no third party on the line when you are using it, so that you may talk on quite private matters with safety; you are not interrupted by such interrogations as "finished?"; nor do you get put on to the butcher when you wanted the baker, for the machine makes no mistakes. The night service is as prompt as the day service, and the Sunday as the week-day:—

If a telephone gets out of order, if a wire is broken or cut, or anything else goes wrong to interfere with the service, it is not necessary for the subscriber to complain, for the fact will be immediately recorded in the exchange room. Even should a subscriber turn in a call and go away and leave it, thus tying up his telephone and the one called, the exchange room will receive a warning in the shape of an alarm which will continue sounding until the man in charge takes action by restoring the telephones to their normal condition, an operation that is performed in a second of time.

The saving of cost is effected by the displacement of the girl operators—evidently regarded as a triumph by inventors—and by the simplification of arrangements. Each section at the central office serves one hundred subscribers, and there are enough connecting divisions in a section to handle the greatest number of calls that can be made at any one time. With the Lorimer system the cost is always almost directly in proportion to the number of subscribers served; there is no raising the cost as the business increases, but rather the contrary.

THE ALPS ONCE MORE.

In the *Cornhill Magazine*, probably in view of the Jubilee about to be celebrated of the English Alpine Club, Mr. Frederic Harrison, an Alpine veteran, writes on "The Alps Once More." I make a few extracts:—

For sixty years at least (says the writer) I have roved about the white cliffs, the moors, the riversides, lakes, and pastures of our own islands from Penzance to Cape Wrath, from Beachy Head to the Shetlands. I love them all. But they cannot touch me, as do the Alps, with the sense at once of inexhaustible loveliness and of a sort of conscience sympathy with every mode of man's heart and brain. . . .

The Alps (he continues) are the sanatorium and the diversorium of the civilised world, the refuge, the asylum, the second home of men and women famous throughout the centuries for arts, literature, thought, religion. The poet, the philosopher, the dreamer, the patriot, the exile, the bereaved, the reformer, the prophet, the hero have all found in the Alps a haven of rest, a new home where the wicked cease from troubling, where they need neither fear nor suffer. . . .

Rousseau was the first to see the poetry of the Alpine world:—

But he saw only one side of it. Coleridge chanted a magnificent Hymn in the Valley of Mont Blanc. Shelley loved the sea too much to be the true lover of the Alps. The lover, the poet, the Prophet of the Alps is Byron. Only he felt all the beauty, all the majesty, all the humanity, all the terror of the Alps—the pastoral simplicity, the love-lorn memories, the flashing storms, thundering avalanches, stupendous cataracts of the higher Alps, the awful solitudes of the Upper Snowfields, where Man stands fearless and even masterful face to face with the very Spirit of Earth.



Minneapolis Journal.]

Diabolo as It is Played.—Up or Down—Mostly Up.

"An interesting game for the meatmen, but the consumer isn't in it."



TAFT: "Where is the Czar, anyway?"

("About December 4 Taft will be the guest of the Czar."—*News Item*.)

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE AMERICAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS.

The financial crisis naturally dominates the December number. The unconquerable optimism of the American temperament appears in C. M. Harger's anticipation that the West, which imagined itself independent of Wall Street, and has had a severe shaking to its pride in consequence, will profit by this lesson of the oneness of the nation in business as in politics; and in W. J. Boies' confident assurance that the panic will make the trust companies stronger than ever.

American painting to-day is sketched by Ernest Kaufft in a beautifully illustrated article. He finds that a quality of restraint permeates American painting: "is, as it were, its hall-mark of refinement." Paul de Longpré pleads as an artist for the establishment by Government of National Art Schools. He recalls the Government estimate that the year's products of the United States amount to more than twenty-six billions of dollars. Yet though "we have the greatest and richest country on earth, yet in art of the brush, of the chisel and of song, America is probably below most of the poorest countries of the world."

W. L. Marvin describes the U.S. Navy Department and its work. He laments that "though our fleet in actual strength of ships and guns is second only to that of Great Britain, we have fewer officers than either France, Germany, Russia, or Japan." There are now about 1800 commissioned and 620 warrant officers. There are 34,000 actually in the Service, of whom 94 per cent. are U.S. citizens, 84 native born.

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

The November number is distinctly good. Mark Twain's Autobiography is not up to his best. There is nothing very striking in the triplet of papers on the nature of prayer.

"THE LONELINESS OF SUCCESS."

Mr. A. C. Benson writes very beautifully on the loneliness of success. He says his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, never took to himself the smallest credit for the success of his work or the high culmination of his career. His one feeling was a sense of deep, constant, anxious responsibility that the great interests entrusted to him should not suffer. Undoubted and unquestioned success often in itself condemns a man to isolation, and he is tempted rather to respond to what is expected of him than to express the best within him. Millais in his early days, when he loved Art for its own sake, produced the purest and most artistic pictures; but when he came to love Art for the sake of success, he sacrificed Art to melodramatic effect. So Tennyson's early lyrics are of the purest gold of Art, but he later earned the gratitude of respectable people by becoming a witness in the court of orthodoxy. Hence there is a special beauty about the work of Keats and Shelley, who never had the least popular success during their lives.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Henry Arthur Jones pleads eloquently for the foundation of a national drama, and laments confusion of the drama with popular comedy and the variety

music-hall. There is a yellow tinge about the month's issue. Mr. Hugh H. Lusk describes the real yellow peril due to the expansion of Mongolia, and Mr. Joaquin Miller describes the ruinous cost to the small farmers of the Pacific slope of Chinese exclusion. Hundreds of thousands of tons of fruit are rotting in the ground, thousands on thousands of acres of cereals are all going to waste for want of labour. The cost of living is nearly doubled, all to suit a few organised white labourers in San Francisco. Lieutenant-Colonel Bullard describes how the Cubans differ from the men of the United States in a way that makes us much more drawn to the Cubans. Their chief defect is lack of discipline. There is no colour problem in Cuba; the people are very polite, though demonstrative; they procrastinate, but do not hustle for wealth; they are very law-abiding, but venal. Herman Rosenthal charges Roumania with breach of contract to the Treaty Powers in refusing civil rights to the Jews, and asks, would such a breach of contract properly come before the Hague Tribunal. There are two interesting musical papers. The sketch of C. W. Eliot, president of Harvard University, reveals in a single incident the individualism which has ruled in America. Eliot ranks the "free labourer" who will not belong to the trade union among the heroes of to-day!

THE EMPIRE REVIEW.

There is not very much in the December *Empire Review*, except the opening notes on Foreign Affairs. The Editor has begun reviewing books on Colonial subjects, "Sport in Newfoundland," and "The Weavers" among others. Mr. Charles Stuart-Linton calls attention to the impossibility of England's relations with her colonies remaining as they are at present. He asks, will the British people consent to "foot" the whole bill for Imperial defence and other Imperial obligations when the colonies have arrived at the stage of being able to take their share of these responsibilities? "And when," he continues, "in fifty years, or less time than that, the British beyond the seas will equal or surpass in number those at home?" He thinks an Imperial Council or Imperial Committee of the Privy Council could be only a temporary expedient. The self-governing States in time could hardly submit to such a makeshift. Federation is the only alternative to Disintegration—"a Federal Parliament with its Federal Executive having jurisdiction over all matters that are Imperial." If such a policy be impracticable, then he sees nothing but that the British Empire must fall. Writing on "The Case of the Transvaal Asiatics," and discussing the Asiatic Law Amendment Ordinance, Mr. L. E. Neame thinks the registration of Asiatics in a colony like the Transvaal, with huge land borders, is essential unless one is prepared to accept a future in which a handful of whites control a mass of coloured people. But he thinks the Transvaal has hurried matters too much, and that the system of finger-prints (which the Asiatics and its opponents say is more suited to habitual criminals than anyone else) should not have been enforced indiscriminately.

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

The December number is exceptionally good. There are articles by Dr. Dillon, Dr. Dernburg, Francis de Pressensé, W. T. Stead, and Rev. John D. Sinclair. They are all dealing with questions in the forefront of public interest.

IDEALISM IN POLITICS.

Professor Henry Jones continues his reply to Mr. Hobhouse's indictment against Idealism. He grants that—

Idealism does make all things spiritual, and imply an optimism; it does deny that there is an absolute difference between right and wrong; it does assert that no particular truth is absolutely certain; it does greatly magnify the State. . . . Reality, for it, is evil in every part and perfect as a whole, sane throughout and "intoxicated in every limb." God is immanent in the universe, the very substance and truth of all finite being; and yet finite being is all the more real and independent on that account. Idealism would maintain both religion and morality in all their rights. It trusts both the goodness and the power of God to the full, and will have nothing anywhere go wrong in the long run; and yet, knowing the evil of man's heart and how finitude infects his world, there is nothing that has not to be set right.

So in politics he says Socialism and Individualism would be recognised as empty cries.

SOLDIERS FEW, BUT FIT.

Lieut.-Colonel A. Pollock writes on "Fighting to Win," and draws instructive lessons from Scipio's defeat of Hannibal. He presses for the revival of the standard of fighting efficiency formerly attained by our Army, and quotes General von der Goltz' prophesy of the time when the armed millions of the present will have played out their part, and a new Alexander will arise who, with a small body of well-equipped and skilled warriors, will drive the impotent hordes before him. We have won our Empire, the writer urges, by opposing small forces of superlative quality to immensely superior numbers. He would look to the same civilian sources of the national Army for the entire supply of Reservists for the Regulars, and would make our Regular Army a strictly professional one.

"THE COMING BOOR" AND "THE COMING CHRIST."

Count de Soissons discusses Mereshkovskij on materialism. This Russian writer finds the cause of the disease of our time in Positivism, the creed that only that exists which is accessible to the senses, the negation therefore of the supernatural world. This will have the same result for Europe that it has had for China. "The Chinamen are perfect yellow-faced Positivists, while the Europeans are white-faced Chinamen." The true yellow peril is "not that China goes to Europe, but that Europe goes to China." This is "the threatening boor," the ascendancy of the *bourgeoisie*. Therefore the Russian author preaches:—

The source of freedom for Russia is religion. The road for the cultured class, as well as for the whole of Russia, is the road to Christ. Not against Christ, but with Christ towards freedom. Christ will free the world, and nobody but Christ. With Christ against slavery, the *bourgeoisie* and boorishness. The coming boor can be vanquished only by the coming of Christ.

IN PRAISE OF THE BYZANTINE EMPIRE.

Mr. E. A. Foord regrets that the bad name given to the Byzantine Empire by the half-barbarous Crusaders has stuck to it through the ages. Yet, he says:—

The work accomplished by this much calumniated Empire was the most vitally important, the most glorious and also the most thankless that a nation could achieve. It was the defensive bulwark of Europe. Without the guarding shield of the Eastern Empire the national system of Europe could never have been developed. It was Heraclius who stayed the Persians from once more pouring into Europe; it was Leo III. who saved France, Germany, and Italy from sharing the fate of Spain. For five centuries the Empire slowly wore itself out, facing the hordes of Asia, while behind its screen the new nations gained strength and solidity. It preserved the traditions of art, science, and literature.

IS THERE STANDARD OF BEAUTY.

Mr. Edmund Gosse takes occasion from the eclipse of the reputation of M. Sully-Prudhomme, once universally idolised, and from a recent sneer at Wordsworth's as a genteel mind of third rank, to ask, after Mr. Balfour, Is there any fixed and permanent element in beauty? Mr. Gosse admits that we may not be able to produce it like a yard measure, but argues that there does exist out of sight, unattained and unattainable, a positive form of poetic beauty. This is the only theory, he says, by which we can justify continued interest in poetry.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. R. A. Scott-James continues his study of the democracy of letters, and declares that the great evil of our age is that we are constantly and terribly aware of evil. He argues that we need more romance, just because science in its early stages made romance harder, and he sees signs of such a force in contemporary literature as will serve to humanise and spiritualise the modern world in the courageous transcendent spirit of romance which admits the developed consciousness and yet travels to the threshold of the infinite. Dr. James Macdermott, from the Presbyterian point of view, insists that the settlement of the Irish University cannot be left to any University or Church body, but must be seen to by the State, on the fundamental principle of no more makeshifts, but absolute equality. Dr. A. J. Butler defends Oxford finance from the "misstatements of fact, the blunders in arithmetic, and the fallacies in logic" which, he says, Mr. Lawson published last month.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

The December number of *Harper* is the first part of a new volume, but Mrs. Humphry Ward's new serial has begun in the November number. Being the Christmas number, there are a good many short stories and poems and few articles. Mr. E. S. Martin, who has an article on Raising a Family, says the great social object in life is to get something worth having out of other folks, and there is no other way to get it except by swapping. We must have something to give in exchange which other people want, something that has an exchange value—kindness, wit, affection, knowledge, news. But to be eager to give is a wiser social policy than to be over-solicitous to get. Professor T. R. Lounsbury writes on Expletives, and Professor Friedrich Delitzsch has an interesting article on the civilisation of Ancient Babylon. While the exterior of the Babylonian temple kept its simplicity, every effort was expended on the innermost sanctuary, the holy of holies, where the divinity was enthroned. In the palaces and temples music, as well as the other arts, was cultivated.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY AND AFTER.

Apart from the papers quoted among the leading articles this month, there is nothing of superlative note in the December number.

INVASION AND IMPERIAL DEFENCE.

Mr. John Leyland writes a sensible article on Invasion and Imperial Defence. It is an earnest and well-written plea for relying upon the Navy and refusing to divert money from the first line of defence to the military preparations to resist invasion. Mr. Leyland, I note with some satisfaction, speaking of the state of the Navy in 1883, says:—

Fortunately for the country there were certain vigilant persons—they were a mere handful—whose patriotism was alert, and who saw the danger and proclaimed it in the press. "The Truth About the Navy" in the *Pall Mall Gazette* in 1884 did much to bring home to the nation the perilous plight to which it had been reduced by strategic heresies and the blindness of successive Governments. The campaign was continued, the Cabinet was stirred, and the Naval Defence Act of 1889 gave us a new Fleet.

Given an adequate Fleet, Mr. Leyland maintains that we shall not gain a clear view of our naval and military necessities and responsibilities unless we first brush away this invasion scare. The Navy is the right and the only national safeguard against operations which in their essential features are maritime. We cannot depend upon anything else. The strength of the Army should be fixed, not with a view to invasion, but for the discharge of our real military responsibilities in defending our Empire in our interests abroad.

THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN CONVENTION.

As might be expected, Professor A. Vambéry is not pleased with the Anglo-Russian Convention, and says so in several pages. He deplores the optimism of the English and cannot help declaring that the Convention instead of being useful to British interests in Asia does a great deal of harm, and it may tend to slacken the vigilance along the whole border line.

THE "TWENTY-TWO-FICATION" OF INDIA.

Sir Bampfylde Fuller writes on the claims of sentiment on Indian policy. Among the strongest sentiments prevalent in India he mentions a feeling of pride in the homeland, an area of generally small extent; and a feeling of loyalty to the person as opposed to the State. He urges that the seven large Provinces should be broken up into twenty-two smaller units, each under a chief more accessible and less highly paid than a Governor, and each with an Advisory and Legislative Council of its own. He would grant a Chief Commissioner to each of the large seaport cities of Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. Properly explained, such a scheme would, he believes, be generally welcomed by all excepting the advanced Nationalist Party.

TO EXTIRPATE CRIME.

Sir Alfred Wills, writing out of his great experience as a judge, on criminals and crime, asks for complete distinction between the juvenile and first offender, petty offenders not habitual criminals, habitual criminals not professionals, and professional criminals. For the first he applauds the Borstal experiment of a separate prison, and urges that in cases of offence against municipal by-laws an extremely liberal allowance of time should be given to those who cannot at once pay the fine. For the third he recommends asylum prisons, which would prevent them continuing their species and doing harm. For professional criminals the indeterminate sentence adapt-

ed to English standards would be ideal. He would also introduce measures for the restriction of stolen property.

ALCOHOL OR OPIUM FOR CHINA—WHICH?

Mr. H. A. Giles, Professor of Chinese at Cambridge, expresses the fear that the present national movement in China against the use of opium may only result in transferring the Empire from the frying-pan of opium to the still more deadly fire of alcohol. In support of this fear he gives a most interesting survey of Chinese drinking habits as reflected in their age-long literature. Of many tempting quotations I select only one, sung by a courtier to the Emperor Chou Hsüan, and which cost the poet his life:—

We are drunken at sunrise, and also at night,
And drunk in the daytime as long as 'tis light;
But if we get tipsy thus early and late,
What time will be left us for matters of State?

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. Theodore Watts Dunton recalls the cry of a barrow girl at Covent Garden, "Dickens is dead. Will Father Christmas die next?" and after much interesting chat about the great novelist and his "Christmas Books," he concludes with some striking stanzas from Famine Street on Christmas Eve. In one he pictures two little sisters, one dying and saying to the other, "Don't 'u keep on crying—I wants to die: you'll get my share to eat." St. Clair Baddeley recalls how the medical worship of Esculapius was taken over into the Christian Church, when the Emperor Justinian during a severe illness was visited in a dream by SS. Cosma and Damiano, and by them cured. They became the heirs of Esculapius.

THE WESTMINSTER REVIEW.

There is little of exceptional significance in the December number. Francis Ram advances what is a plea rarely heard nowadays for letting the Colonies slip out of the Empire. He regards a yellow Australia as inevitable, and does not see why we should fight China and Japan to keep their overflow out of an empty island continent. Hardress O'Grady presses an urgent argument for the educating of motherhood. Mr. Henry Vivian recounts the successful experiments made by co-partnership in housing in the Ealing Tenants' and other Associations. I. D. Pearce pleads for female franchise as a means of raising the economic status of woman to a level with that of man. Mr. Nathaniel Barnaby recognises that while the Channel tunnel is not at present feasible, it is certain to come. A joint convention between Germany, France and Great Britain would remove all objections. Meantime he discusses schemes of providing a train ferry. S. Hutcheson Harrison argues for the Referendum as a means of expressing the will of the people. Mr. G. Stanhope, in the Independent Section, hopes that, as a result of what is said of Labour Members, we may not consider a low education and sordid mercenary occupation as a preferable title to command. There are four literary papers. Mr. George Trobridge develops an unexpected subject in writing on the humorous side of Dante. Benjamin Franklin, Longfellow and Oliver Wendell Holmes are the subjects of separate sketches. Charles Menmuir draws a painful picture of the social condition of eighteenth century Ireland.

THE INTERNATIONAL, No. 1.

We offer a hearty welcome to this new periodical (monthly. Is. Fisher Unwin). Its aim is to be "a mirror of the entire panorama of human evolution in all its many aspects, to ascertain and state the facts and data of human progress, and then subject the same to a scientific investigation in the light of modern sociology, so that we may be able to discover the Organic Tendency of Human Evolution." With this object in view, a permanent staff of about two hundred and fifty correspondents have been secured, who are scattered all over the globe. There will be also French and German editions, published in Paris and Berlin, each adapted to the peculiar interests of the country of issue. It consists of three sections: practical suggestions by representative leaders of thought and action; the Editor's review of the month; and reports from correspondents in all spheres.

If only this noble ideal can be carried out, the *International* will earn the thanks of universal man. It is an endeavour, to coin a word from ecclesiastical bullion, to accumenicize all results of current human progress, to store in the universal human brain the products of human cultivation in every clime. Most characteristic of the spirit and temper of the journal is Sir John Cockburn's discussion of Imperial Federation as a step towards the general social synthesis.

Professor Karl Lamprecht characteristically defines the spirit of modern Germany as fundamental idealism, which, operating on recent victorious experiences, results in "a firm national instinct which will never fail even in critical moments, yet fluctuating between excessive and deficient self-assertiveness." But the old idealism asserts itself in universalism, or humanism, which looks at the world in general from the point of view of division of labour, and only claims for itself what actually falls to its share.

Mr. H. L. Outwaite diagnoses the situation in South Africa as a conflict between the alien monopolisers of almost the whole vast mineral wealth of South Africa and the resident population. The monopolists, who caused the war and introduced the Chinese, have now been defeated by the newly-enfranchised democracy.

Abbé Naudet very neatly turns the Pope's encyclical to the interest of the Liberal Catholics. He says, just as everybody disavows the charge of Americanism, so no Catholic admits that he is a Modernist, and the most accused are the most loud in repudiation of the charge. The internal situation of the Church, therefore, he says, from the point of view of party grouping appears to remain unchanged. The advance party is silent, awaiting better days. The Catholic Left renounced neither its ideals, its principles, nor its method. The men who compose it are of the twentieth century—modern, but not Modernists.

The Editor, Rodolphe Broda, who has been for years at work preparing this magazine, speaking of China, says that the static philosophy of Confucianism has had to give place to the dynamic philosophy of Darwinism. In India, the land of the tremendous in nature and in man, he looks for an upheaval that shall throw the Russian revolution and all other awakenings of people into the shade. He sees the day approaching when the democratic idea will have completed its triumphant circuit of the globe. He hails also the advent of woman suffrage. He lays stress on the fact that in Australia economic constitutionalism has become an actual fact. There are sketches of the woman's movement in Australia, its results, and the enfranchisement of women in Finland, Norway, etc. There is a wide survey of politics, social reform, scientific invention and art.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

Several articles have already been referred to separately. The remaining papers are not of great importance. Mrs. John Lane lightens the magazine with an article on "Brighton."

LITERARY ARTICLES.

Mr. Laurie Magnus and Mr. G. A. Birmingham contribute the literary element by two papers on "The Succession of Mr. Meredith" and "The Literary Movement in Ireland" respectively. Mr. Meredith, it is contended, is in the direct line of advance in English poetry. He reconciles, as it were, Wordsworth and Darwin. He observes as closely as Tennyson, contemplates as subtly as Wordsworth, but has a confidence waived by Tennyson, and no use for the theological symbols which Tennyson employed sometimes so effectively. The neglect of his poetry is partly due to the common confusion between thought and style. Mr. G. A. Birmingham very justly remarks that—

There are many even now to whom the new Irish literature is repellent on account of its strangeness; people who have been educated as I was to understand the English literary tradition and who find it extremely difficult to understand anything else.

Quite so; the absolute outsider, even if very sympathetic, finds it difficult to appreciate Mr. Yeats and Mr. Hamilton Synge, with whom, of course, among many others, this article deals. Mr. J. A. R. Marriott, reviewing the Queen's Letters, thinks these Letters emphasise the veneration with which the monarch is now regarded in comparison with the half-contemptuous attitude of thirty or forty years ago.

A PLEA FOR THE MAN WHO IS DOWN.

The man, that is, who is down through having been convicted of some crime. In some cases, such as bankruptcy, there is always a chance of moral rehabilitation. Other criminal convictions, however, amount to bankruptcy of another kind—moral bankruptcy. Mr. F. Reginald Statham contends that this position was never contemplated by English law, and that it demands a remedy:—

The remedy is surely to be found by giving encouragement in every reasonable way to those who may be ardously and honestly striving to recover from a moral bankruptcy. If there is (as there seems to be) a movement towards an international agreement against the admission of criminal aliens, there should also be a movement towards an international agreement in favour of the exemption of those who, having at any time been convicted of a criminal offence, have secured rehabilitation in their own country.

THE MONIST.

The first two articles in the *Monist* are concerned with Wilhelm Ostwald's theory of energetics, or the endeavour to interpret experience in the terms of energy. A. G. Pohlman contributes a somewhat curious study of the upright position of man, its advantages in his independent evolution, with some of its drawbacks. The upright position is hard on the man in some respects, and still harder on the woman. Dr. Carus discusses Esperanto. He is firmly convinced that the time will come when one language will carry us throughout all the countries of the world, and this will be brought about in the natural development of mankind, even in spite of the wrong methods employed by the advocates of an artificial auxiliary language and a Simplified Spelling Board.

THE NEW QUARTERLY.

The latest addition to the periodicals which appear four times in the year is the *New Quarterly*, a review of science and literature, edited by Desmond MacCarthy, and published by J. M. Dent and Co., price 2s. 6d. net. Of its nine articles four are concerned with science, mathematics, acoustics, astronomy and biology; and the rest with literature. The Hon. Bertrand Russell's study of mathematics is a noble panegyric.

CAN OUR EARS GUIDE US?

Lord Rayleigh discusses "how we perceive the direction of sound." He describes an interesting experiment which showed that where a sound of low pitch reaches the two ears with approximately equal intensities, but with a phase difference of one quarter of a period, we are able to distinguish at which ear the phase is in advance. As soon as the pitch is raised, the experiment fails. He found also that an unbiassed observer could not tell whether a pure tone, such as the sound of a tuning-fork, was straight in front of him or straight behind. He suggests this practical application to observing fog signals at sea: if the sound lasts long enough, turn the body or head to bring it apparently to the right and to the left, and to settle down into the position facing it, where no lateral effect remains.

EFFECT OF BIOLOGY ON POLITICS.

Mr. G. A. Paley contributes a valuable discussion of the relation between biology and politics. He remarks that in each age the science that makes the greatest advance influences the race. Mathematics was once dominant; now biology. Weismann's theory, that acquired characters are not transmitted by heredity, has given immense encouragement to social reformers. The conclusion implied is that there is as good material in the lowest classes as in any other. The advocates of eugenics, on the other hand, have shown that ability runs in families, and urge selective breeding. Mr. McDougall's suggestions are mentioned, that members of the Civil Service who are greatly above the average in ability should be encouraged by Government to have large families, by increase of salaries on marriage and on the birth of each child. Mr. Sidney Webb's proposal is to increase the number of scholarships, in order to encourage intelligent and provident members of the lower middle-class to have larger families. Mr. Paley concludes:—

Education and physical training, for instance, are of course essential to the well-being of the individual; but if the biologists are right they have no material effect on the race. Hence to the political thinker institutions and changes which contribute to these ends cannot seem of such vital importance as changes in economic conditions or in marriage customs which would effect in the future the predominance of desirable or undesirable types.

THE LITERARY ARTICLES.

Hon. R. J. Strutt asks, can we detect our drift through space? and declares the question unanswered though probably not unanswerable.

Max Beerholm contributes a prose rhapsody on the fire. Mr. G. L. Strachey describes the life and work of Beddoes, whom he names the last Elizabethan, whose highest claim to distinction does not rest upon his consummate lyrical achievements but upon his extraordinary eminence as a master of dramatic blank verse. Mr. Arthur Symonds says that Mrs. Hemans's poems are not womanly, but feminine. The art of verse to her was like her harp and her sketch-book—not an accomplishment indeed, but an instrument on which to improvise. Thomas Hood he describes as one of the great artists in English verse. His verse

is "the broken-hearted jesting of a sick buffoon to whom suffering has brought pity and taught the cruel humour of things." In "The Song of the Shirt" and "The Bridge of Sighs" we find his imagination naked, deadly and beautiful. Mr. T. Sturge Moore sketches the artistic blasphemy of Charles Baudelaire, and his life. He says that he did for our individualistic civilisation what Dante, with his "Inferno," had done for corporate burgher life in Italy. The notebooks of Samuel Butler, the author of "Erewhon," have been dug up, and yield a lot of aphorisms and observations that will doubtless charm the soured or cynical man of the world.

THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

Mr. Alfred Austin contributes to the December number four stanzas of five lines each on the question, How can one serve one's King? His answer, given in the first stanza, is: "With the proud obeisance of the free, and patriotic Truth's respectful offering."

Mr. J. L. Garvin implores the Unionists not to rely on the purely negative policy of anti-Socialism, but to stand resolutely for Tariff Reform and Social Reform. Of Old Age Pensions he says, "resistance to the principle is already perceived to be impossible," and "no measure could give the individual worker so immediate a sense of personal interest in the stability of the State." "The double ideal of all our efforts" is, he says, "the idea of a sound race in a great State."

St. Loe Strachey follows with an impassioned plea to protect the family from its abolition at the hands of a Socialistic State. He says the attack on the family by the Socialists is at present made up of three different proposals: (1) Old Age Pensions; (2) State feeding of school-children; and (3) the so-called endowment of motherhood. He urges the reading of the Poor Law Commission Report of 1834 as a prophylactic against current tendencies.

Mr. Lovat Fraser contributes a temperate study of the position in the Persian Gulf. He advises that further German overtures touching the Bagdad railway should not be uncompromisingly thrust aside, but we should rather consider whether we are willing to build and primarily to control the last section of the line from Bagdad to the Gulf. He does not imagine that it will form an alternative route to India. The Bagdad line seems to him the most important issue, but he hopes that, on a better understanding with Russia, we shall come to better terms with the Sultan of Turkey.

Lord William Cecil gives a survey of missions in China. He glorifies the noble work of the French and Roman Catholic missions, as also of the China Inland Mission, notably in its number of martyrs and its refusal to accept compensation. He urges that if from no higher motive we should generously support the evangelisation of China in order to prevent her commercial competition being untrammelled by those conditions which a Christian civilisation imposes on the labour of the poorest workers.

A paper on India declares that one of the greatest hindrances to the success of British rule in India is the growing habit among Englishmen in that country of regarding themselves as birds of passage.

A *débutante* gives her first impressions of a London season, and declares that it did her good. It takes all the vanity and conceit out of the girl, and widens her views. Conventionality is every year growing less rigid. So she affirms.

Canon Ellacombe pleads for a freer hand for the clergy in church restoration. Several of the chief articles have been separately noticed.

THE CENTURY MAGAZINE.

In the December *Century* Mr. Oliver Locker-Lampson has some reminiscences of Kate Greenaway, friend of children. Miss Greenaway, he says, was ever a child in spirit, and therefore was mistress of her art. In all points she was as the subjects of her pencil. The writer's acquaintance with her began when he was at the age of two, and as she visited his family once or twice every year, he is able to tell us something of Miss Greenaway the woman. She was never bored with children, and her friendship was not an act of condescension, but the friendship of an equal. She was only an older person when the children misbehaved and had to be punished; then she was a protector and a mediator.

Mr. Percival Lowell writes on the new photographs of Mars taken by the Astronomical Expedition to the Andes under Professor Todd, and now first published. For photographing another planet ordinary photographing is impotent, whatever the magnification. Not with the blue rays, but with the yellow rays was the photographing of the canals of Mars made possible. To this end a screen cutting off the photographic rays is the first pre-requisite to successful results, and the second is the use of special plates, sensitised to the yellow part of the spectrum by different chemicals, which themselves would not be effective without the yellow screen. Another factor vital to success is shortness of exposure. Mr. E. C. Slipher, photographer to the expedition, who adds a note, says that when Mars was at or near the zenith it was necessary for him to lie on his back while taking the photographs.

An interesting feature of the number is a long poem, "The Juggler of Touraine," by Edwin Markham, which is illustrated in colour by Leon Guipon.

IPALL MALL MAGAZINE.

The *Pall Mall Magazine* of December is a double Christmas number, and is double the usual price. It is an excellent holiday number, and contains a vast amount of varied reading admirably illustrated. Fiction naturally predominates, and poetry is also a prominent feature. Mr. Bryce writes a balanced article upon "The Personal Factor in History." The influence of the personal factor he thinks very considerable, though it is not always the great man who makes the deepest impression on the history of the world. The small man also makes a difference if he be in a position of power and influence. A weak or wicked king or pontiff may leave a mark in history almost as enduring as does a hero. "Christmas House" is the title of a true and adventurous story of the sufferings of a Norwegian crew wrecked in the South Indian Ocean last December. D. C. Calthrop writes on "The Legend of Santa Claus"; and Mr. Charles Morley, in his series of articles on "London at Prayer," describes the life of the sisters of Charity.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY'S FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY.

In its November number the *Atlantic Monthly* celebrates its Jubilee by looking a little before and a great deal behind. Mr. W. D. Howells contributes some recollections of his editorship of the magazine; and Mr. Arthur Gilman reminiscences of "Atlantic Dinners and Diners." Mr. Howells must have been a most conscientious editor, especially as he had little assistance:—

I read all the manuscripts which claimed critical attention; I wrote to contributors who merited more than a printed circular; I revised all the proofs, verifying every quotation and foreign word, and correcting slovenly style

and syntax, and then I revised the author's and my own corrections.

Four articles are devoted to surveying the progress, chiefly considered from the American point of view, of Literature, Science, Art and Politics in the years from 1857 to 1907.

FIFTY YEARS OF AMERICAN ART.

Mr. Hamilton Wright Mabie, whose article on "Fifty Years of Art" is much the more interesting of the four, remarks that colonial architecture in America at first suggested good traditions, and had a certain elegance, simplicity and dignity. Much later came the "Empire of the commonplace," together with "architectural chaos." The period following the Civil War has been aptly called the "reign of terror in American architecture," when

crimes against stone, wood, iron, and form of every kind were perpetrated, which still cry aloud for vengeance. It was in this period that post-offices and other federal buildings were sown broadcast over a helpless land, and ugliness in almost unbroken monotony was set up as the symbol of public life.

But, he admits, there are now increasing evidences of the presence of not only the artist, but the patron ready to give him his chance. American painting has never known a reign of terror, like architecture. Of sculpture he says: "In no art was there for the first seventy years of the national life so little promise; in none has there been so great an achievement." In music the record has been not unlike that in sculpture. Formerly there was much of that music which Dumas called "the most expensive form of noise"; but now, side by side with much "vulgarity in sound," there is a growing critical sense in music.

THE ALBANY REVIEW.

There is a good deal of general interest in the December number, but few articles of eminent worth. Lord Courtney of Penrith takes up the cudgels on behalf of proportional representation. He urges that it would introduce greater stability into our progress and would be acceptable on these grounds alike to Liberal and Conservative. And even the drastic changes which it might eventually bring about would be tempered by the protracted stages of tentative and partial reform by which it would be introduced. One of his strongest arguments is:—

That vital principle of self-adjustment which even now works under our Parliamentary forms, though with violent jerks and struggles, would, under the freer conditions of a representation bringing together the political forces of the time in their natural relation to one another, operate with something like the steady continuity of the living organism. There would be periods of perceptible and of imperceptible growth, but there would be no violent reactions, and evolution would take the place of revolution.

Mr. George W. E. Russell finds in Queen Victoria's letters a proof of the actual sovereignty that she exercised—that she was not a mere crowned head, but in a very real and effective sense a sovereign, a factor which could never be disregarded. This, he says, apparently comes as a revelation to the younger generation of politicians.

"A Scholastic" treats of Modernism as an apology for ancient faith. The trend of the paper is evident from the following paragraph:—

We find that exactly the same argument of respect for past forms was once used against Christianity. It was said by many great and good men that the forms of religion which had satisfied their ancestors were sufficient for them—when modernised a little. They were not blind to the

deficiencies of Paganism: and the Modernists are not blind to the deficiencies of Catholicism or Protestantism—as commonly practised. Marcus Aurelius and Julian were Modernists: and they were leaders of a forlorn hope. The great iconoclast, brute fact, shattered their ideals. No man can deny all value to the religious forms of the past, and the facts do not allow any man to give them the highest value: for we write off something for deterioration by use. The *crux* is here. It is here that we part from all forms of Romanticism—in looking to the future and not to the past. For Modernism is obsessed with the dream of a Golden Age.

THE WORLD'S WORK.

The frontispiece of the *World's Work* is a portrait of Mr. Lloyd George. One of its articles is devoted to the progress and resources of Mexico: another is on "The Egg Mystery," and there is also a short paper on Cacti.

A NATIONAL OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. Tighe Hopkins pleads for the erection of a National Opera House, which could also be used as a National Theatre. Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and Brussels have all State opera houses. Geneva found the site for hers, built it, and subsidises it to the amount of £7500 annually. In Frankfort and Breslau the Town Councils contribute £10,000: and in Lyons, Bordeaux and Toulouse—in many ways a backward, old-fashioned provincial town—the Town Council votes over £9000. Paris has three municipal theatres, besides four State subsidised ones: Vienna has a State theatre, a municipal theatre, and a Popular theatre. The late Mr. D'Oyly Carte was convinced that a suitable house and site could be provided for £200,000, and he figured things out in such a way as to show a profit of £10,000 to £15,000. In contrast with our hugely costly Shakespearean productions, the Parisians can enjoy Molière with the simplest of stage properties. And Mr. Tighe Hopkins pays a high compliment to the work of Mr. F. R. Benson in giving the provinces "Shakespeare and the classics in an adequate but unpretentious setting, and training some of the most intelligent actors now to be seen on the metropolitan stage."

MODERN COMPANY PROMOTERS.

Mr. Roland Belfort writes on Modern Company Promoting, saying that promoters have certainly been seriously embarrassed by the new company laws compelling them to state on their prospectuses what their profits are and to make other awkward admissions. A promoter, he says, is absolutely besieged, not only by an army of cadgers, all wanting "to make a bit" at his expense, but by journalists, sometimes of the blackmailing order. Now company advertisements are much more highly paid than ordinary announcements. In connection with this side of company promoting two good stories are told. Said a journalist to a promoter:—

"You are going for the public again. Where do I come in?" The promoter looked at him, smiled and said: "You don't come in. You go out."

In another case one of the fraternity approached a big advertising firm and said: "We have complaints about your firm. What shall we say to our readers?" "Say? Why, tell them to place their complaints in the hands of their solicitors. What else should you say?"

Another article deals with the success attending the introduction of dancing as "organised play" into some New York schools. Only girls were taught it, but the question is raised whether boys might not advantageously learn certain dances too. Indeed, hornpipes and flings have been tried with some of them, and with great success.

THE DUTCH REVIEWS.

Amongst the articles in the current issue of *Onze Eeuw*, that on the "Folk-Lore of Rome" is the most interesting from the point of view of the general reader. It contains many quaint details of Nero and others, according to oral traditions. Mention is made of the tower from which Nero is said to have witnessed the burning of the city, and there is also the legend of the proposed destruction of the city by Attila, and the miraculous appearance of St. Peter and St. Paul; the vision deterred Attila from his purpose, and Rome was saved. The Coliseum reminds the writer of the saying of the Roman father to his son, to the effect that so long as the structure remained intact, Rome would stand; when it fell, Rome would also fall, and when Rome fell, the world would go to pieces. Another incident is that of the mother of Lucretia Borgia on the balcony, after the manner of Juliet, and Alexander VI. making love to her from below, Romeo-fashion. In the same review is a readable contribution on Curaçoa in 1803-4, with an account of the voyage of the Dutch commander to the island, and what he found there.

Vragen des Tijds, in addition to an article on Proportional Representation in Holland, has another contribution of a political nature, and a study of the question of mining in Sumatra. This last contribution ought to command the thoughtful attention of all Dutchmen, for it is clear that they lag behind in the development of the Colony. The writer points out what the Japanese have done in mining during the past forty years, and then asks why something similar cannot be done by Holland in Sumatra. Mining has not claimed the serious attention of Dutchmen, because, presumably, they do little of it themselves: but a move was made thirty-five years ago in this direction, and instruction in mining matters is being given at Delft. Experiments in Sumatra show that there is gold and silver, among other things, to an extent which would make mining profitable.

Elsevier maintains its standard of excellence. Opening with a monochrome picture of a landscape, it gives a description of the work of the painter, E. van der Ven, the text being illustrated with black and white reproductions of other pictures. Following this is an illustrated description of Bombay. The third article deals with political caricatures in Holland during the nineteenth century.

In *De Gids*, Mr. Wagenvoort describes a journey to the Portuguese Colony of Goa, and sketches its history. He recalls the time when the Dutch held sway, and mentions some incidents of olden times—how, for instance, a young Dutchman held a high position under the bishop, and took his place while the prelate was journeying to Europe. Old Goa is half in ruins, but the cathedral stands, and services are held in it. New Goa is a delightful town, taking all the circumstances into consideration. The article on Schopenhauer's Pessimism is a very learned essay.

THE DEUTSCHE REVUE.

In the *Deutsche Revue* for November Count Aldobrandino Malvezzi writes an appreciative study of Giosuè Carducci. The death of Carducci, he says, silenced party hatred and united in one common brotherhood monarchists, republicans, socialists, believers and freethinkers. As a prose-writer, it is no exaggeration to say he would have taken the first place in Italian literature had he not written a line of poetry. He called himself a Greek and a Girondist poet, and no critic or commentator of his works has been able to find a better name for him in his life or

in his works. He had a great admiration for Heine, whom he studied, imitated, and translated. Even to Italians Carducci's poetry is difficult. His poems, richer in thoughts than in pictures, require the closest attention if their beauties are to be enjoyed. Instead of metaphors, comparisons, and endless descriptions, one adjective suffices to characterise his picture and give it colour and relief.

In an article on Work and Recreation, Robert Gaupp regrets that in Germany alcohol should play so important a part in the hours of leisure, and he thinks fatigue prevents many people from enjoying the theatre, music or reading. Dr. Nippold contributes a sketch of the late Grand Duke Frederick of Baden, whom he depicts as a man who was "always true to himself." General Bonnal explains and compares the new French and German infantry regulations, and Konrad Burdach gives a biographical study of Constance Berneker, a composer, who died about a year ago. His Coronation Cantata was written for the two hundredth anniversary celebration of the Kingdom of Prussia at Königsberg.

THE ITALIAN REVIEWS.

The *Civiltà Cattolica* continues its vigorous campaign against Modernism, "the vicious progeny of the old liberalism," in all its varied manifestations. Even Père Allò, the distinguished Dominican scholar, is taken to task for his pamphlet on "La Peur de la Vérité." As for the anonymous "Answer" to the *Encyclical*, by six Italian priests, which has already drawn down a sentence of excommunication on its authors, it is denounced as "an incredible scandal, almost without parallel in history."

From the pen of Vittorio Pica, *Emporium* publishes an appreciative critique of the black and white work of Arthur Rackham, illustrated by a number of his most attractive drawings, in which he is described as "a sympathetic and pleasing illustrator" from among the crowd of mediocrities called into existence by the immense demand in England for illustrated story-books. The Italian critic notes especially his "extraordinary vigour of fantasy, and the exquisite grace of his figures." Other articles deal with the equestrian statues of the Farnese family at Piacenza and with caravan travelling in the Sahara, illustrated by some striking photos.

The *Nuova Antologia* publishes two articles dealing with English literary subjects—one a sympathetic study of Charles Lamb, the other a very appreciative review by Professor Carlo Segrè of Mr. George M. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi's Defence of the Roman Republic." The author's conscientiousness, historical acumen, and sober judgment are all praised, and Professor Segrè pays him the compliment of hoping that the book will be translated into Italian, as, strange to say, the Italian youth of to-day is singularly ignorant of his country's struggle for freedom and unity. G. Macchioro describes the residential advantages of Pernambuco, and P. Pica contributes a striking account of the use of the knife or dagger by the Roman populace, and of their strong fighting proclivities, which have endured from the earliest times down to the present day.

The *Rivista di Scienza* continues to supply its readers with much solid scientific matter. Among the more popular articles discussed is one, in German, on the growth of towns in the Middle Ages, and another, in French, by Professor Claparède, of Geneva, on his biological theory of the cause of sleep. Among the most learned is a fifty-page article by Professor Delage, of Paris, on Experimental Parthenogenesis.

In the *Rassegna Nazionale* the Duke of Gualtieri brings to a close his long study of "The Democratic Superstition," his object being, in brief, to bring out the contrasts between the sober, law-abiding democracy of England, Switzerland and the United States on the one hand, and the noisy, violent and anarchical democracy which is gaining ground in Latin countries. "F." combats the idea that the Hague Conference has been a failure, and declares that the simple fact that a "true international Parliament" inspired by a single lofty conception has sat in peaceful consultation is the best possible augury for the future peace of Europe. Under the title, "Alpinism in 1906," F. Bosazza describes the principal feats of the Alpine Club members during that year.

Sofia Bisi Albini, the editress of that most successful women's magazine, the *Vita Femminile Italiana*, does not hesitate to indulge in much plain speaking to her readers on moral questions. She pleads for the exclusion from respectable papers of nauseous details of crime and vice and of all "amorous correspondence"; also for a healthy outdoor life with plenty of sport and gymnastics on the English plan for Italian boys. She criticises, apparently with much justice, the methods of the existing Italian *Lega per la Moralità*, and suggests the formation of a new league, to be composed mainly of young married people who will exercise a wholesome influence on social life.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

In the *Revue des Deux Mondes* of November 1st, Rouire, who discusses the Anglo-Russian Treaty, says it puts an end to an antagonism which has been an object of general anxiety for a century. It is happily inspired by conciliatory principles and a reciprocal spirit of forbearance, and it rests on that truth on which all policy sane and durable ought to be founded—namely, mutual concessions. The international importance of the document extends far beyond the mere text. The Treaty establishes a lasting peace between the two Powers, and it has therefore a higher European significance than its Asiatic import, and its signature completes happily the series of *ententes* due to the high initiative of King Edward VII., the first of which was the Anglo-French agreement. The Treaty also puts an end to the anomaly of a France the ally of one Power and the friend of another, both having opposite and contradictory interests. Henceforward France, supported by her alliance with Russia and the friendship of England, will have a moral authority in Europe which will save her from many a crisis, and she will be the better enabled to make known the peaceful and friendly sentiments by which she is animated, and which she desires to see become universal.

The Letters of Queen Victoria come in for long notice in the two November numbers of the *Revue*. In the mid-November number Paul Acker concludes his series of articles on the Social Work of Women in France. M. Kergall, president of the economic agricultural syndicate, invented the Union Mutualiste des Femmes en France. Madame Goyau, the present vice-president of the Union, says women are marvelous propagandists. The Union is an Association of women interested in mutual aid, and while its aim is the propaganda in France of the idea and the applications of mutuality, it desires to facilitate the admission of women into benefit societies.

THE REVUE DE PARIS.

An anonymous writer discusses, in the two November numbers of the *Revue de Paris*, the problem of Naval Reform in France. No one, he writes, can fail to realise the advantage of having a member of Parliament at the head of the Naval Department, and recourse to a delegate from the nation is conformable not only to the letter but to the spirit of the French Constitution. At the same time everyone admits the impossibility of realising a naval programme without the aid of professional knowledge. He cites England as an example of the Admiralty not having, during the last ten years especially, a naval man as First Lord, and says that Lord Selborne and his successors have regenerated the British Navy. The first reform in France, therefore, should be to make a member of Parliament the Minister of Marine, who in turn should grant to the heads of bureaux an almost absolute independence.

THE JAPANESE MENACE TO THE NEW WORLD.

In the first November number Louis Aubert writes on the Japanese, Canada, and South America. The question of the Far East, he says, will develop the Monroe Doctrine. The emigration of the Japanese and their colonisation of the coast of America from Canada to Chili is a menace to the United States; not only in California, but in the whole western hemisphere, to guarantee the integrity of which is the traditional policy of the United States. While the Japanese are trying to place their emigrants, the Latin Republics seem desirous of attracting them, but the exodus of the Japanese to South America is still in its infancy. There is no immediate danger of an anti-Japanese movement in the Latin Republics, the writer thinks, but there will be plenty of difficulties to surmount. The Japanese demands, pretensions and success will soon arouse the jealousy of the South American people, who consider that foreigners should work for them rather than for their own gain. At any rate, the expansion of Japan in the Pacific and Japanese emigration to the western hemisphere will prepare for the American occasions of conflict both in the American Continent and in the isles of the Pacific.

LA REVUE.

In the two November issues of *La Revue* M. Finot continues his study of the Science of Happiness. Humanity to-day, he says, suffers from the pessimistic excesses of our forefathers. . . . Our thoughts are the legitimate or the illegitimate children of the thoughts which have gone before, for cerebral labour begins by appropriation and not by creation. Pedagogy only facilitates intellectual digestion, and the thoughts of our life are frequently only the product of this digestion well or badly realised. . . . Religions are a source of desolation. Buddhism, for instance, begins by denying the creative principle, and ends by condemning life. The divine serenity of the Greeks and Romans is only to be found in the imagination of their commentators. . . . A true pessimist is only logical when he commits suicide. In his inconsistency he weeps over the shortness of life, whereas he ought to rejoice that our existence is not longer than it is. . . . The world is full of misery. Without it life would lose its greatest charm. The hope in progress and the work for progress are the most beautiful jewels of our intellectual and moral crown. . . . Pessimism must be driven away tenderly, for it is juvenile in its essence. . . . Let us not despair of optimism, and especially let us not despair of individual and collective happiness.

In an interview with Auguste Rodin, by Paul Gisell,

the great sculptor says how beautiful it would be if men, instead of habitually following routine, would reason about their actions. Logic in daily life, absolute sincerity in art, humanity solving its destiny by the intelligence and the heart! At the end of twenty years at latest, the old earth would be too small to satisfy the sublime aspirations of our species thus regenerated.

THE FINANCIAL OLIGARCHY IN FRANCE.

In the mid-November number Lysis concludes his articles on the Financial Oligarchy in France. The State, he says, is the guardian of the national wealth, and the existence of credit societies manipulating millions of francs without any sanction is a crying anomaly, a juridical monstrosity. The first duty of the State is to see to the safety of the deposits in the great credit establishments, and to prohibit the use of the money in speculations on the Stock Exchange and other operations which might bring about national disaster. The great reform to be introduced is the absolute separation by law of deposit banks and business banks. The writer gives England as an illustration of such a distinction. Germany has not yet effected the separation, but there is a movement in favour of it.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

In the first November number of the *Nouvelle Revue* Dr. René Laufer concludes his study of the Physiological Organisation of Labour. He writes of a port on the Mediterranean where the insurance companies accused the dockers of purposely injuring themselves, but an inquiry showed that at this port fatigue was the chief cause of the numerous accidents. He thinks the insurance companies have an important part to play in the organisation of labour by insisting on greater safety for the workers. But he wonders whether the insurance companies ever count the advantages to themselves of a prolonged strike, and he suggests that they would do better to try and prevent accidents by influencing the employers to pay better wages or to reduce the hours of labour. Why not organise systematic prevention of accidents to workmen? The law does not do enough to regulate the hours of rest, which are as important as the working hours. Professors Richet and Broca, as a result of experiments, say that the power of the muscles in work with regular intervals of rest will attain almost double the results of continuous work without rest: and accident statistics show that a rest of from fifteen to twenty minutes in the morning and in the afternoon reduces the number of accidents by one-fourth.

ITALIAN FOREIGN POLICY.

Another article deals with the Italian Foreign Minister, on the policy of Signor Tittoni. The Italian Minister, he says, does not rest on a bed of roses. All the Italian papers are running a violent campaign against him. He is accused of conservative and clerical tendencies, and especially of having secret relations with the Vatican. Apparently he saw no reason why the Pope should not have been represented at the Hague Conference, and this has greatly irritated the anti-clericals. Signor Tittoni protests against all the accusations brought against him, and denies having had any negotiations whatever with the Vatican, either in relation to the Hague Conference or the elections. He belongs to the Italian Liberal bourgeoisie, which, though Catholic, has never admitted the Temporal Power of the Pope. He has proved himself to be an excellent statesman and diplomatist, and no one has attempted to bring any serious charge against him with regard to his Foreign Policy.

ENGLAND'S BLUNDER AT THE HAGUE.

Writing in the second number, Pierre Bernus praises the Cabinet of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and says that though more was expected of the last session than was accomplished it was far from being sterile. He summarises the results. He expresses disappointment at the part England played in the discussion of the disarmament question at the Hague. He cannot understand how the Premier, after his declaration in favour of a serious discussion of the problem, should have chosen Sir Edward Fry, a diplomatist of the old school, with no sympathy towards limitation, to represent Great Britain.

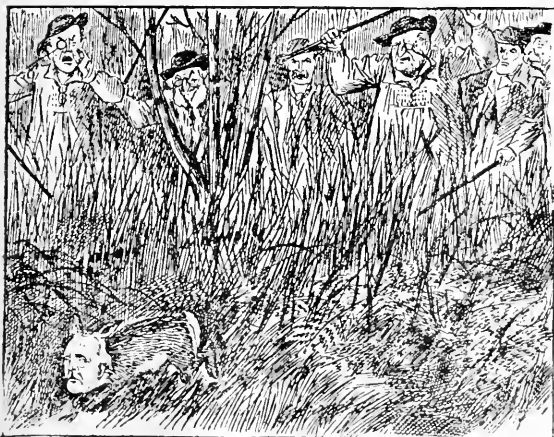
BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE.

Blackwood's Magazine contains several articles of much interest. "Musings Without Method" deals largely with Sir Robert Anderson's "Criminals and Crimes," of the principles laid down in which the writer entirely approves. A single prison, Sir Robert Anderson thinks, would suffice to hold all professional criminals. These hardened professionals he would never allow to recover their freedom, keeping them perpetually in prison, by which means, he thinks, in a very few years they might "be made as rare as wolves."

Mr. Charles Whibley writes upon "Lord Melbourne" as he appears in the Queen's Letters. He says:—

Of all those who during the first twenty-five years of the Queen's reign were called to advise her, none survives the ordeal of knowledge so triumphantly as Lord Melbourne. Research does but embellish his character. His dignity, his intelligence, his perfect fairness of mind, are made, by the passage of time increasingly evident.

The article on "Some New Novels" deals first of all with Mr. Vance's "Alice for Short," and also with Mr. Pett Ridge's "Name of Garland," very appreciatively, and, less leniently, with the much-belauded "A Mother's Son," by Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Fry. Many other novels also are passed in review. The article by Mr. Arthur P. Weigall on "A Nubian Highway" describes some of the earliest efforts at African exploration, forty-four centuries ago, when Herkhuf, a Prince of Elephantine, set out to explore a land to the South, which land the Egyptians, being ignorant of its real inhabitants, peopled with ghosts. The writer comments on the amount of courage required to penetrate not only into lands inhabited by savages, but into lands inhabited, as the explorers believed, by savages endowed with superhuman powers, and probably by "ghosts who hovered at the edge of the world."



Westminster Gazette.]

The Beaters and the Rabbit.

"Hi-yi-yi! Rabbit forward on the right; don't let him break back!"

[The Tariff Reform Unionists seem determined to drive Mr. Balfour out of the covert at the forthcoming Conservative Conference at Birmingham.]



Pasquino | American-Japanese Cordiality. [Turin.

Topics of the Day in the Periodicals of the Month.

Under this head the reader will find a ready reference to the more important articles in the periodicals on the Topics of the Month.

HOME AFFAIRS, SOCIAL AND POLITICAL.

ALCOHOL IN INDUSTRY, by L. Sardet-Girardault, "Rev. de Paris," Nov. 15.

ARMIES:

Fighting to Win, by Lieut.-Col. A. Pollock, "Contemp. Rev," Dec.
Invasion and Imperial Defence, by J. Leyland, "Nineteenth Cent." Dec.
The New French and German Infantry Regulations, by Gen. Bonnal, "Deutsche Rev," Nov.
The Life of the French Soldier, by C. Humbert, "Grande Rev," Nov. 25.

CATHOLIC CHURCH:

Liberal Catholics and the Encyclical, by Abbé Naudet, "International," Dec.
Modernism and the Encyclical, by Canon Moyes, "Nineteenth Cent." Dec.
Papal Diplomacy, "Deutsche Rev," Nov.

CHANNEL TRAIN-FERRY, by Sir N. Barnaby, "Westminster Rev," Dec.

CHURCH OF ENGLAND:

The Church and the Law, by Earl Russell, "Nineteenth Cent." Dec.

CRIME. PRISONS:

Criminals and Crime, by Sir A. Wills, "Nineteenth Cent." Dec.
Society and the Criminal, by F. R. Statham, "Fortnightly Rev," Dec.
Crime and the Microscope, by T. Hopkins, "Grand Mag." Dec.
Criminal Government and the Private Citizen, by G. Kennan, "McClure," Nov.
Convict Prisons of Van Diemen's Land, by H. S. Scott Harden, "Canadian Mag," Nov.

EDUCATION:

The Education of Democracy, by Redet Potier, "La Revue," Nov. 15.
Oxford Finance, by Dr. A. J. Butler, "Contemp. Rev," Dec.

FINANCE:

The Investment of Capital, by J. H. Schooling, "Windsor Mag," Dec.
The Modern Company-Promoter, by R. Belfort, "World's Work," Dec.
Insurance Swindlers, by C. Beck, "Grand Mag." Dec.

FOOD:

The Egg Mystery, by Home Counties, "World's Work," Dec.

HOUSING PROBLEMS:

Co-Partnership in Housing, by Henry Vivian, "Westminster Rev," Dec.

IRELAND:

The Evicted Tenants (Ireland) Act, by Lord Eversley, "Fortnightly Rev," Dec.
What to Do with the Police? by A. Synan, "New Ireland Rev," Dec.
Competitive Railway Rates, by Rev. J. Meehan, "New Ireland Rev," Dec.
The Irish Question, "Correspondant," Nov. 25.

The University Question, by J. Macdermott, "Contemp. Rev," Dec.

LABOUR PROBLEMS:

The Railway Settlement, by P. W. Wilson, "Albany," Dec.
Sweating and Minimum Wage, by Sir C. Dilke, "International," Dec.
The Eight-Hour Day and Fewer Accidents and Less Disease, by R. Shuddick, "World's Work," Dec.
The Physiological Organisation of Labour, by Dr. R. Laufer, "Nouvelle Rev," Nov. 1.
Work under Water, by L. M. Bonneff, "Nouvelle Rev," Nov. 15.
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The Modern German Merchant Marine, by F. L. McVey, "World To-Day," Nov.

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The State and the Family, by St. Loe Strachey, "National Rev," Dec.
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The Foundations of a National Drama, by H. A. Jones, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.
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COLONIES, THE EMPIRE, IMPERIALISM:

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The Hague Conference:
 Dumas, J., on, "Foi et Vie," Nov. 1.
 Ernst, A., on, "Rev. Générale," Nov. 1.
 Hill, J. D., on, "Amer. Rev. of Revs.," Dec.
 Lémonon, E., on, "Questions Diplomatiques," Nov. 1.
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Egypt under Lord Cromer, by Graf von Leyden, "Deutsche Rundschau," Nov.
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 Caix, de, on, "Questions Diplomatiques," Nov. 1 and 16.
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BALKAN STATES (see also Croatia, Roumania):

Lord Salisbury the Peacemaker, by C. Mijatovich, "Fortnightly Rev.," Dec.

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The Opium Edict and Alcohol, by H. A. Giles, "Nineteenth Cent.," Dec.
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CHINESE QUESTION:

The Cost of Chinese Exclusion, by Joaquin Miller, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.

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Home Rule in Croatia, by V. Hussey Walsh, "Fortnightly Rev.," Dec.
 Hungary and Croatia, by Comte J. Mailáth, "Questions Diplomatiques," Nov. 1.

CUBA:

How Cubans Differ from Americans, by Lieut.-Col. Bullard, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.

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Against the Financial Oligarchy in France, by Lysis, "La Revue," Nov. 15.
 Prince Franz d'Arenberg and Franco-German Relations, by A. de Pourville, "Grande Rev.," Nov. 10.

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The Spirit of Modern Germany, by Prof. Lamprecht, "International," Dec.
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Unrest in India, by Lieut.-Col. A. C. Yate, "United Service Mag.," Dec.
The Claims of Sentiment upon Indian Policy, by Sir B. Fuller, "Nineteenth Cent.," Dec.
The Grievances of the Indians, by S. N. Sing and H. S. Scott Harden, "Canadian Mag.," Nov.
The Post Office in India, by Sir A. Fanshawe, "Blackwood," Dec.

INDO-CHINA:

The Fiscal Problem, by P. Guieysse, "Grande Rev," Nov. 25.

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The Policy of Signor Tittoni, by Raqueni, "Nouvelle Rev," Nov. 1.

JAPAN:

The Japanese, Canada, and South America, by Louis Aubert, "Rev. de Paris," Nov. 1.

MEXICO AT HIGH-TIDE, by E. P. Lyle, Junr., "World's Work," Dec.

MONGOLIAN RACE: The Real Yellow Peril, by H. H. Lusk, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.

PERSIA:

The Persian Soldier of To-day, "Chambers's Journal," Dec.

ROUMANIA AND THE JEWS, by H. Rosenthal, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.

RUSSIA:

The Present Situation in Russia, by S. N. Harper, "World To-day," Nov.

The Anglo-Russian Treaty:

Noirmont, E. de, on, "Questions Diplomatiques," Nov. 1.

Rouire on, "Rev. des Deux Mondes," Nov. 1.

Vambéry, Prof. A., on, "Nineteenth Cent.," Dec.

The Treaty and Afghanistan and Tibet, by Angus Hamilton, "United Service Mag.," Dec.

The Persian View of the Agreement, by Prof. E. G. Browne, "Albany Rev.," Dec.

SOUTH AMERICA:

The Japanese, Canada, and South America, by Louis Aubert, "Rev. de Paris," Nov. 1.

TURKEY:

The Bagdad Railway:

Bérard, V., on, "Rev. de Paris," Nov. 15.

Delaisi, F., on, "La Revue," Nov. 1.

The Rivalry of the Great Powers in Turkey, by René Pinon, "Rev. des Deux Mondes," Nov. 15.

The Position in the Persian Gulf, by Lovat Fraser, "National Rev.," Dec.

UNITED STATES:

American Affairs, by A. Maurice Low, "National Rev.," Dec.

The Significance of Mr. Hearst, by Sydney Brooks, "Fortnightly Rev.," Dec.

The Financial Crisis, by B. W. Holt, "Amer. Rev. of Revs.," Dec.

The Trust Companies and the Panic, by W. J. Boies, "Amer. Rev. of Revs.," Dec.

The Farmer, the Manufacturer and the Railroad, by L. G. McPherson, "North Amer. Rev.," Nov.

Street-Railway Financiers, by B. J. Hendrick, "McClure," Nov.



Public Ledger.]

[Philadelphia.

To trap the mouse don't raze the house.



Daily Tribune.]

[Chicago.

The man who is responsible.

Two Views of "Who started the Trouble in America."

ESPERANTO.

After the Congress comes steady progress, which usually means no particular news to report. The Sultan of Zanzibar told Dr. John Pollen, in the course of a long interview, that his secretary knew Esperanto, and he himself had enquired into the matter, and would promote its use in every way in his power, for his dominions include such diversities of tongues amongst the inhabitants and visitors that a simple, easy means of inter-communication is an absolute necessity.

The "Esperanto Week," which Professor Christen arranges whenever called upon, is a splendid idea, and is usually a great success. He expected to be in Dover the first week of December. The plan is this: Supposing a few people in a town think that there is likely to be sufficient interest in the subject, they communicate with Mr. Christen at Star Buildings, Newcastle. The next proceeding is to hire a sufficiently large room, and have posters round the town, handbills distributed, etc.; above all, to make sure that a certain definite number of people will take the lessons. Then Professor Christen arrives, gives a free lecture the first night, and this is followed by four lessons, for which a fee of 5s. in the evening, 7s. 6d. in the daytime, is asked. From this it will be seen that from seventy to one hundred must agree to take lessons, or the "Week" will not pay for itself. Mr. Christen takes all the responsibility, and claims that a working knowledge of the language can be gained in one week, supposing a daily attendance and real study on the part of the student.

FREE TRANSLATION OF "ESPERANTO SPECIMEN" IN DECEMBER NUMBER OF "REVIEW OF REVIEWS," BY JOHN T. CAMPBELL, TARA-NAKI, N.Z.

FIRST APPEARANCE OF ESPERANTO IN JAPAN.

It was probably seven or eight years ago that the international language Esperanto first made its appearance in our land, but at that time, it appears to me, none of us Japs. were studying it, only some foreigners, who dwelt in Japan. In the year 1902, a newspaper in Nagasaki published in its columns an article about this language, which was suggested by the speech of our Esperantist friend, Mr. Mistler, Professor of the "Giosai-Gakko" School. This certainly was the first article about Esperanto in our Japanese newspapers. From that time students of this language sprang up, probably by degrees: nevertheless, intercommunication did not exist between them, and nowhere was a society, or even a single Esperantist group established. In the springtime of 1905 there appeared in "Cokgen," the official gazette of the Japanese socialists, the article of Dr. Kroita concerning Esperanto, and thus several socialists became interested in it. It was in the summer of that same year that Professor Gauntlett commenced to study this language, and he afterwards was teaching it by postal correspondence, with the help of Mr. T. Muramoto, printer, in Yokohama. It was reported that he had nearly six hundred pupils, among whom were Mr. T. Sakai and Mr. E. Osgi, socialists.

In May, 1906, Dr. Kroita's article was published for the second time, in the daily newspaper "Jomiuri-Simbun," by Mr. H. Usin, editor of that paper. Possibly the mature time had now arrived. This article attracted the public greatly, and from that time there began to appear simultaneously

speeches against and arguments in favour of Esperanto in that same paper.

ERRATA.

PRESEVAROJ.

- "Unaaeniro" should be "Unuaeniro."
- "Skagnas" should be "Sajnas or Shajnas."
- "Guipo" should be "Grupo."
- "Redakton" should be "Redaktoro."
- "Gomiuri-Simbun" should be "Jomiuri-Simbun."
- "Senaperigi" should be "Sinaperigi."
- "Kiup" should be "Kinj."
- "Jhurnato" should be "Jurnalo or Jhurnalo."

ESPERANTO.

Tial ke la tria Esperanta kongresego kunvenigis multegon da personoj de diversaj landoj en Kembrigon, sendube interesos niajn legantojn vidi kiel tin malnova lernegejo sin montras je la okuloj neangloj. Nia eltrojaro estas el "Cambridge, — nekongresaj impresoj" de S-ro Th. Cart.

Tie estas vere la centro de Cambridge: dekstre Trinity College kaj "plorantaj" salikoj, kies branchetoj banas en la trankvila akvo; maldekstre verdaj herbejoj, belegaj kverkoj tra kiuj aperas elegante la pli novaj partoj de St. John's College.

Ne ironie, efektive, ni estas en ia Venezio, sed en Venezio, kie aldonigas al la riĉeco de l'Arhitekturo la riĉeco de kampara Naturo: arboj, verdaj, floroj kaj kanto de birdoj.

Precize tiu ĉiama kaj ĉiea enmiksigo de la Naturo en Brita estado kaj vivado esta la profunda charmo de Anglujo, ĝhia originaleco, ĝhia forto. Plenan valoron havas ĉi tie la konstruaj muroj nur vestitaj de suprenrampantaj kreskajloj, hedero, sovagha vinberujo an aliaj, kiuj kaprice ludas inter la arketaro de la pordoj kaj fenestroj, ŝajnigas la maldikajn kolonetojn pli fortaj, elegantigas la pezajn kolonojn, gracie rompas la arhitekturan linion de tro severaj konstruajloj an ĝhian harmonie moligas. Kaj tiel tra la tuta angla literaturo, kiel en neniuj alia, de Shakespeare ĝhis Ruskin, tra la dramo, la poezio, la romano, tra la tuta intelekta kaj spirita vivado de la nacio aperas la Naturo, ridanta an tragika: kun la homa aktoraro, la arboj, la floroj, la maro, la ventego, la birdoj ludas sian rolon kaj enmiksighas en komuna agado.

Tiu intima unuigo kun la Naturo, kaj ĝhia konsekvenco la emo al ludoj en plenlibera aro, faras la homojn pli fieraj, pli sendependaj kaj "shtalumas," por tiel diri la karakteron. En neniuj lando la scienculoj, la lernantoj estas malpli ol en tiu ĉi nura "studchambruloj"; en neniuj ili estas pli "agadaj" homoj.

Por reighi forta Anteo, lau la greka legendo, piede tushis la teron-patrinon. Per sia tuta edukado la Angloj jhaluze konservas la fortigantan kontakton.

Tie kushas nun el la kanzoj, kiuj faras ilian forton!

Tiel mi revadis, ke, miksite, pasas, promenas, kuras, saltas kaj ludas ĝajaj studentoj: Milton kaj Bacon, Cromwell, Tennyson, Newton, Harvey, Swift, Pitt, Darwin, kaj, aliaj, multaj, aliaj, kiuj estas la honoro de la maljuna Universitato kaj la gloro de Granda Britujo.

Vivu Cambridge!

THE BOOK OF THE MONTH.

WHY DIE SO SOON? IT IS QUITE UNNECESSARY.

Prince Metchnikoff's Book on "The Prolongation of Life."

The human race seems to have got into a very bad habit of dying too soon. It has got to be weaned from this pernicious habit and by way of checking the perverse practice Professor Metchnikoff has written a most interesting book on "The Prolongation of Life." It is the sequel to his book on "The Nature of Man."

NEARLY ALL DEATHS PREMATURE.

He maintains that death, in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred, is not natural but premature. The impression produced upon reading his book is that anyone who dares to die before he is seventy-five ought to be buried at four-cross roads, with a stake through his inside, as a warning to all who see it to avoid his pernicious example. There is no doubt that the Psalmist's saying, which fixed the ordinary limit of human life at three score years and ten, has had unfortunate result. It is curious that people who disregard many of the other precepts of the Bible should succumb to the influence of a suggestion contained in this observation made, as it were, in passing by the Hebrew poet. If people survive their seventieth year, and escape from the influence of the Psalmist's remark, they seem often to take a new lease of life, and to go on living as briskly as if they were in their sixties. And now comes Professor Metchnikoff with a suggestion that we are to live and not die. Other people have lived to 150, why should not we?

MAKE YOUR CENTURY BEFORE YOU DIE.

By way of encouraging us to defy the King of Terrors, he has accumulated a great number of instances in which men and women, especially women, have defied, and are even now defying, the suggestion to die. He quotes, not exactly by way of example, the case of an Irish landowner of the name of Brawn who lived to the age of one hundred and twenty, and had an inscription put upon his tombstone that he was always drunk, and when in that condition was so terrible that even death had been afraid to touch him.

There are much more respectable examples of extreme longevity. St. Mungo, *alias* Kentigern, the founder of the cathedral of Glasgow, who lived in the fifth, sixth and seventh centuries, died at the age of one hundred and eighty-five. This record was equalled by one of a Hungarian farmer who died one thousand years later at a similar age. As

for people who have lived to one hundred and forty, they are almost as plentiful as gooseberries. Thomas Parr, a Shropshire clodhopper who did hard work until he was one hundred and thirty years of age, did not die until twenty-two years later, when he was buried in Westminster Abbey as an encouragement to all of us to go and do likewise. His son did his best to imitate him, but only got as far as one hundred and twenty-seven years when he gave up. A Norwegian of the name of Drakenberg was not so faint-hearted, for he lived until he was one hundred and forty-six years of age, and during fifteen of these years he was enslaved by African pirates, and during ninety-one had earned his living as a sailor.

SOME ENCOURAGING EXAMPLES.

Even in these degenerate days the number of centenarians is considerable; one hundred and fifty of them die in France every year after having completed their century, and if the population of Greece were as large as that of France the annual death roll of centenarians would be over one thousand, for centenarians for some reason or other are nine times as plentiful in Greece, despite its malaria, as they are in France. We cannot all go and live in Greece, but if we do our best we may manage to make our century in any other part of the world. Senegal is not absolutely a health-resort, but in the nineteenth century it mustered eight centenarians, the oldest of whom was one hundred and seventy-one before he died. To be a centenarian it is not necessary to be a white man, for some negroes are reported to have lived to one hundred and sixty and one hundred and eighty years of age. Neither is it necessary to be of any particular stature; there are century dwarfs and century giants. But if you want to be a centenarian you had better start by being a woman, for women are more frequently centenarians than men, although the difference is not very great. Professor Metchnikoff notes that this superior longevity of the female is not by any means confined to the human race. Among the strepsiptera the females live sixty-four times as long as the males. On the other hand, there are some butterflies where the males outlive the females.

ANYBODY CAN MAKE A CENTURY.

There appears to be no precise prescription for centenarianism, but it would seem the odds are

heavily against the rich man making a century, for extreme old age is like the Kingdom of Heaven—it is easier for a rich man to pass through the eye of a needle than to attain thereunto. Sir Moses Montefiore, who had just turned the century when he died, is nearly the only millionaire who carried his millions for a hundred years. Most centenarians are poor, but that does not say much, because the majority of the human race has always been poor, and the proportion of poor centenarians must necessarily be high. The ordinary moralists and dietetic reformers assure us that if we wish to live long in the land we must live sober lives, avoid tobacco and coffee and strong drink, eat sparingly, and do a great many other things, all of which sound very reasonable. But when we examine the list of people who have set us an example in living their 100 and 150 years in this world, we find the most astonishing examples of the disregard of all these maxims. A butcher, who died in France in 1767, at the age of 120, had got drunk regularly twice a week all his long life. A good lady of Saxony who lived to be 114, used to take forty small cups of coffee every day. Two centenarians who were alive as recently as 1896 were inveterate smokers, and had been so from their earliest days. No one, therefore, need despair of making a century, whether he is black or white, tall or short, European or American, teetotal or drunkard; nor need he despair even if he is obliged to suffer the extremity of bodily privation, and is compelled to earn his bread as a slave by the sweat of his brow.

WHY GROW OLD?

Some people say they have no wish to live as long as tortoises because they assume that such extreme longevity argues a tortoise-like kind of torpidity. There is no delight in living when you are little better than a deaf, half-blind, paralytic automaton, but Professor Metchnikoff assures us that it is just as absurd to grow old as it is to die. There are plenty of people in the world to-day who are examples of perennial youth in spirit if not in body, and Professor Metchnikoff has quite a noble roll call of people who did their best work after they were eighty. The American professor who talked about being too old at forty would find it difficult to explain how it was that Plato, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Michael Angelo, Titian, and Franz Hals produced some of their most important works after they had passed the age of seventy-five.

DIFFICULT TO DIE.

When old-age pensions are established we may expect to find the number of centenarians enormously increased, for, as any insurance office will tell you, there is nothing like settling an annuity upon anyone to keep death at a distance. Even without old-age pensions, old people have such an inveterate habit of living that they are often hurled into the next world by their impatient relatives. There exist

racés, says Professor Metchnikoff, which solve the difficulty of old age by the simple method of destroying aged people. In the Melanesian Islands old folks who cannot work are buried alive. In Tierra del Fuego, in times of famine, they kill and eat the old women before their dogs, "because dogs can catch seals and old women cannot." Even in civilised lands Professor Metchnikoff is astonished to find in criminal records how many cases there are of the murder of old people, especially of old women. Old women, indeed, have a perverse habit of refusing to die. The Italians say that old women have seven lives, and the Lithuanians complain that the life of an old woman is so tough that it cannot be crushed out even in a mill. So difficult indeed do some old people find it to get into the grave that they commit suicide. The proportion of suicides between the ages of fifty and seventy is double that of between the ages of twenty and fifty. The reason for this is that old people imitate quadrupeds rather than bipeds who wear feathers; old horses and elephants become pitiable objects, but old ducks and other birds continue to keep the appearance and the energy of youth to extreme old age. As for the tortoises, they think nothing of becoming fathers of families at the age of eighty and ninety.

ALL DISEASE DUE TO MILITARISM.

It is quite clear that unless we can secure vigorous old age it would be a cruel kindness to prolong human existence merely for the sake of keeping a certain number of corpses in an animate condition above ground when they had much better be put to rest in the grave. Professor Metchnikoff, therefore, includes both the phenomena of senility and mortality in his extremely interesting volume. A good deal of it is a little beyond the intelligence of the average reader. In discussing the mechanism of senility, for instance, we read enough about chromophags, neuronophags, and macrophags to be almost in danger of suffering from an attack of phagocytosis. It is, however, not difficult to grasp the essential idea. Disease, senility, and death are all products of a malady which corresponds to excessive militarism in the modern State. Phagocytes, like soldiers, when employed for police purposes are extremely useful; it is their function to devour and to destroy mischievous microbes, but when the phagocyte like the soldier is pampered, spoiled, and diverted from the police duties, it destroys the cells of the tissues of the body. The art of health is to keep the phagocyte soldiery strictly confined to police duties; if they become too numerous they become a menace to existence, just as too great an army menaces the liberty and welfare of the State. The first business of practical science is to war against this phagocytic militarism. Doctors, like the pacifists, insist upon disarmament and the reduction of the fighting forces of the body, whether physical or political, until they correspond to a proper standard of an efficient police.

SUPERFLUOUS ORGANS OF THE BODY.

In "The Nature of Man" Professor Metchnikoff declared war against the large intestine, an inherited structure which, although necessary in certain stages of human development, when our ancestors had to be perpetually on the *qui vive*, and like wild animals had to either hunt for their food or fly for their lives without even the momentary delay necessary for voiding of excreta, is now an anachronism, a perfect market garden for the culture of poisonous bacteria. Wild birds who have no such intestine live much longer than domesticated, which develop that objectionable organ. The human body may be regarded as a veritable graveyard of dead organs, once useful, but which survive like fossils in minerals to bear testimony to what has once been. These rudimentary organs enumerated by Professor Metchnikoff are the wisdom teeth, the mammary glands in males, the three turbinates in the nose, the atrophied muscles of the ear, which we can no longer use, the semi-lunar fold in the eye, which is a kind of third eyelid still in use by birds and dogs, etc. These organs and many others are not dead but sleeping; under the influence of fear, or when the physical consciousness is dormant, as in the case of somnambulists, these buried organs and faculties suddenly regain activity and perform feats which rival the best exploits of our Simian ancestors. Somnambulists have repeatedly been known to race along the house-roofs, climb up steeples, and do all manner of exploits which they would have found absolutely impossible in their waking state.

SAVED BY THE BULGARIAN BACILLI.

But even so heroic an operator as Professor Metchnikoff does not propose to excise the large intestine. The utmost that can be done is to add such elements to our diet as would check the exuberant growth of the intestinal flora. This element, after many experiments, he is convinced is lactic acid, which is to be found in soured milk. The Bulgarian bacillus is the best producer of lactic acid. As it has the disagreeable habit of making milk taste like tallow, it is useful to associate with it another lactic microbe, the paralactic bacillus. This does not produce so much lactic acid as its Bulgarian namesake, but it does not break up the fats, and gives the curdled milk a very pleasant flavour. The following is the prescription for the soured milk which it is well to drink if we are to start breaking the record of longevity.

First skim your milk, taking off the cream, then boil the skimmed milk, and after it has been rapidly cooled, sow pure cultures of the lactic microbes in it, and let it ferment for several hours. The result is a sour curdled milk, pleasant to the taste, and active in preventing intestinal putrefaction. This milk, taken daily in quantities of from three hundred to five hundred cubic centimetres, controls the

action of the intestine, and stimulates the kidneys favourably. It contains about ten grammes of lactic acid. It is some consolation to those who hate sour milk to know that Bulgarian bacilli can be swallowed in a pure culture in jam like any other powder. Professor Metchnikoff regularly uses this prepared sour milk himself, and he thinks that the experiment tried in his own person has been very successful.

PESSIMISM AS AN ALLY OF DEATH.

If the first enemy to be destroyed is the exuberant flora of the large intestine, and the right way to deal with it is to check the excessive growth by dosing yourself with lactic acid either in the shape of sour milk or Bulgarian bacilli served up in jam, the second great enemy is pessimism. For the cure of pessimism no bacillus has yet been discovered, but that does not prevent Professor Metchnikoff gallantly tackling this enemy of the human race. The seventh part of his book, entitled "Pessimism and Optimism," is by no means the least interesting section. He has no difficulty in showing that the pessimistic view of life is by no means the natural or necessary result of great misfortune; in fact, many of the most fortunate people are most pessimistic. Pessimism was a product of Asia, and one of the most objectionable of Asiatic exports to Europe. But there has been a veritable culture of pessimism in the last hundred years, with the result that suicide has increased, is increasing, and is likely to increase. Professor Metchnikoff would combat pessimism first of all by removing one great argument—the shortness of human life. Disease is another predisposing cause, but it is not so potent as some people think. Blind people often enjoy constant good humour, and persons affected with chronic diseases frequently have a very optimistic conception of life, while people in full strength often become melancholy and abandon themselves to extreme pessimism. Most of the great pessimistic writers have been young men, whereas these same men, when they became old like Schopenhauer and Goethe, enjoyed life and ceased to be pessimists.

THE INSTINCT OF LIFE.

Professor Metchnikoff maintains that there is an evolution of the instinct of life in the course of the development of a human being; this, he maintains, is the true foundation of optimistic philosophy. We can develop our senses; hearing, taste, and smell can be educated; touch, as in the case of blind men, can be cultivated until their fingers are almost as useful as eyes, and they even acquire a sixth sense, the sense of obstacles, which enables them to avoid running against trees and people in the streets. The sense of life develops after the fret and storm of youth is passed, and young people who are inclined to be pessimistic should be told that it is a disease like measles which they are certain to out-

grow. He illustrates this by a study of the life of Goethe, who lived in full productivity until his eighty-fourth year, although at the beginning of his life he was so pessimistic as to be on the verge of suicide. We have not time to follow Professor Metchnikoff into a somewhat superficial discussion of the question of morality, utility, etc., but we may sum up his advice as to the preservation of life as follows:—

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.

First remember that you ought to live to be one hundred and fifty years of age. Secondly, that the great duty of the earlier half of your life, say seventy-five years, is to develop the instincts of life; having learned how to live in the first half, you can practise what you have learned in the remaining half. Thirdly, remember that youth is only the preparatory stage, and that the mind does not acquire its final development until later on. This conception should be the fundamental principle of the science of life and the guide for education and practical philosophy. Fourthly, remember that your health depends very largely upon the health of your dependants, and keep your servants healthy, in order that you may be healthy yourself. Fifthly, control your temper, for anger is very harmful to the health, fits of anger sometimes causing ruptures of blood-vessels. Sixthly, avoid luxurious habits, heavy meals, and spending evenings in the theatre and in society. Seventhly, dose yourself regularly with Bulgarian bacilli, or lactic acid, in the shape of soured milk. If you follow all these directions you will bring about the coming of a time when the need for self-sacrifice will finally disappear. Men will be so highly developed that instead of being delighted to take advantage of the sympathy of their fellows they will refuse it absolutely. The ideal of Professor Metchnikoff is that men will become so self-sufficient that they will no longer permit others to do them good.

"ORTHOBIOSIS."

Professor Metchnikoff calls his ideal orthobiosis, which he defines as the development of the human life so that it passes through a long period of old age in active and vigorous health, leading to the final period in which there shall be present a sense of satiety in life, and a wish for death. Professor Metchnikoff is profoundly contemptuous of the modern idols, such as universal suffrage, public opinion, and the referendum. He believes in the restriction of the reproductive instinct as the chief means of diminishing the most brutal forms of the

struggle for existence, and of increasing moral conduct amongst mankind. The progress of human knowledge will bring about a system in which applied morality will be controlled by really competent persons—scientific experts, in fact. Hygiene should have the first place in applied morality, as it is the branch of knowledge which teaches how men ought to live. The struggle against prejudices of all kinds and the development and diffusion of sound ideas will, he thinks, afford an ample field for the development of altruism.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION.

Professor Metchnikoff concludes his book by an exaltation of science over religion. Science, he says, has saved people from the most terrible diseases, and has made life much easier. He repudiates as unjust the assumption that he has ever conceived of the existence of any ideal of nature or of the inevitable necessity of transforming disharmonies to harmonies. He says:—

What I have spoken of is the ideal of man corresponding to the need to ward off the great evils of old age as it is now, and of death as we see it around us. I have said, moreover, that human nature, that collection of complex features of multiple origin, contains certain elements which may be used to modify it according to our human ideal. I have done nothing but what the horticulturist does when he finds in the nature of plants elements that suggest to him to try and make new and improved races. Just as the constitution of some plum-trees contains elements which make it possible to produce plums without stones which are pleasanter to eat, so also in our own nature there exist characters which make it possible to transform our disharmonious nature into a harmonious one, in accordance with our ideal, and able to bring us happiness. I have not the smallest idea what ideal nature may have on the subject of plums, but I know very well that man has such designs and such an idea as form a point of departure for the transformation of the nature of plums. Substitute man for the plum-tree and you are at my point of view.

Nature has been careless of the individual, but she has been supposed to have been mindful of the species. On the other hand, very many species have completely disappeared. Amongst these species were animals very highly organised, such as anthropoid apes:—

As nature has not spared these, how can we be certain that she is not ready to deal with the human race in the same way? It is impossible for us to know the unknown, its plans and motives. We must leave nature on one side and concern ourselves with what is more congruous with our intelligence.

Our intelligence informs us that man is capable of much, and for this reason we hope that he may be able to modify his own nature and transform his disharmonies into harmonies. It is only human will that can attain this ideal.

W.E.G. AND O.K.

THE AUTHORS OF THE ANGLO-RUSSIAN ENTENTE.

We have been throwing up our caps over the happy consummation of the negotiations carried out by Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Morley on the one hand, and Mr. Isvolski on the other. It is a source of universal congratulation that it should now, for almost the first time, be officially recognised that Russia and England are very good friends, and that their interests in the East are in no way antagonistic, and that they have agreed to live together in that continent in peace and harmony. But while we may pay all honour to the negotiators who have placed the coping stone upon this edifice of international good-will, we ought not to forget, as we are apt to do, those who laid its foundations. It is all very well now for Liberal Foreign Ministers and Indian Secretaries to conclude such an agreement with Russia, but it would have been impossible for them to have done so save for the pioneer labours of those who, in time of storm and tumult, laid broad and deep in the moral consciousness of both nations the foundations upon which they have been building. The real credit for the Anglo-Russian *entente* does not belong to either of the Foreign Ministers who happen to be temporarily in occupation of the Ministry for Foreign Affairs. Its real authors were Madame Novikoff and Mr. Gladstone, who, thirty years ago, at a time when this country went mad—for in these days Jingoism was born—stood together shoulder to shoulder to keep this good cause; who worked together loyally and courageously to combat the mad fool prejudices of their respective countries, and so gave the world a demonstration of loyal comradeship in the cause of an Anglo-Russian *entente*.

In Mr. Morley's "Life of Gladstone" the necessity of compressing the story of so long and illustrious a career within the narrow compass of three volumes rendered it absolutely impossible for the author to do anything like justice to this incident in Mr. Gladstone's career. It is quite possible to read Mr. Morley's narrative of the part played by Mr. Gladstone in the Eastern Question, from 1876 to 1880, without even a glimmering perception of the true truth breaking in upon the mind. No one, for instance, would imagine from the staid and restrained pages of Mr. Morley's book that during the whole of this trying time, when Mr. Gladstone, as he told us, was doing his utmost to counterwork the policy of Lord Beaconsfield, he was in close and constant communication with Madame Novikoff; that the two acted together with singular harmony of purpose; that in all questions relating to their common cause they acted in co-opera-

tion after consultation; and that Mr. Gladstone was brave enough and true enough to the best interests of his country never to be afraid of identifying himself, publicly and privately, with the lady whom Lord Beaconsfield in a witty phrase described as "the Member for Russia." In nothing does the remarkable courage and chivalry of Mr. Gladstone shine out in more marked contrast with the mean timidity of many other public men than in his readiness to co-operate with Madame Novikoff in counsel and in action in opposition to the Government of his own country, when in his judgment that Government was betraying the cause of justice and humanity. I can well imagine the exultant yell of indignation which would have arisen from the Jingo journals, from 1877 to 1880, if the close co-operation between Mr. Gladstone and Madame Novikoff had been brought out in all its fulness at that time. Not a few pseudo-Liberals of the baser sort would have been profoundly disgusted to find how far their leader had "compromised" himself with this "Russian agent." Madame Novikoff was not a Russian agent: she was a Russian patriot, who was often in vehement opposition to her own Government, and who was heart and soul in the cause of the oppressed Slavs, in whose defence her brother laid down his life.

Mr. Gladstone, with his keen eye for sterling goodness of character and sincere conviction, did not hesitate to enter into an informal but most useful working partnership with Madame Novikoff for the purpose of securing a good understanding between Russia and England in the cause of civilisation and humanity in the East. It was this co-operation of the English statesman and the Russian lady in 1876 which rendered the Agreement of 1907 possible.

When Baron Brunnow in 1873 introduced Madame Novikoff at the same time to Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli he little knew what a service he was rendering to his country. It is possible that this introduction was the most useful act that any Russian Ambassador to this country has been privileged to perform since the Crimean War. Madame Novikoff, without any official position or any diplomatic standing, was able, by the glow of her womanly enthusiasm and her keen intelligence and accurate information, to do more than Count Schouvaloff ever did to avert the war which Lord Beaconsfield and all the sons of Belial were bent upon bringing about.

It was an important historic episode in the history of two nations, and as it redounds equally to

the credit of both I have consented to edit Madame Novikoff's autobiographical reminiscences, which will certainly be one of the most interesting and important contributions to recent history to be published in the New Year. My qualification for the task lies in the fact that during the whole of the critical period I was in close and constant communication with Madame Novikoff, and that we were both in the forefront of the hottest battle. I have all the correspondence which passed between us at that time, and I think when "The Member for Russia," as the book will be called, is published, there will be a general feeling of amazement that services so valuable should have remained so long unrecognised; and it will be to myself a great source of satisfaction to feel that I shall be able in editing this book to pay some slight instalment to the debt which we in England, at least, owe to Madame Novikoff.

"The Member for Russia: the Correspondence and Reminiscences of Madame Novikoff, edited by W. T. Stead," will be the title of this book, which will cover a very much wider range of human interest than the controversy that arose out of the Bulgarian atrocities and the Servian war of 1876. Madame Novikoff's *salon* at one time was one of the most brilliant political social centres of London. Madame Novikoff assembled round her 'the most distinguished political and scientific men of the day. Mr. Kinglake and Mr. Carlyle, Mr. Froude and Mr. Lecky, Lord Clarendon and Mr. Villiers, Count Beust, Count Byland, Sir Robert Morier, Canon Liddon, Malcolm MacColl and Professor Tyndall, were a few of the brilliant galaxy of which Madame Novikoff was the centre. She corresponded with many of the most distinguished men of our time, and her reminiscences shed a bright and illuminating light upon European life in the last quarter of the century.

W. T. STEAD.



[Lefracann.]

Snap-Apple Night.

MR. REDMOND: "Only for the Candles I'd be all right."

[Dublin.]



[Nebelspalter.]

The Financial Earthquake in America.

The long-dreaded demon arrives at last.

[Zurich.]

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CARETTE OF SARK

By JOHN OXENHAM

Author of "White Fire," "Barbe of Grand Bayou," etc.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW I CAME ACROSS ONE AT AMPERDOO.

I had worked hard at my carvings, and had become both a better craftsman and a keener bargainer, and so had managed to accumulate a small store of money. I could see my way without much difficulty over the first high wooden stockade, but so far I could not see how to pass the numberless sentries that patrolled constantly between it and the outer fence.

And while I was still striving to surmount this difficulty in my own mind, which would, I knew, be still more difficult in actual fact, that occurred which upset all my plans and tied me to the prison for many a day.

Among the new-comers one day was one evidently sick or sorely wounded. His party, we heard, had come up by barge from the coast. The hospital was full, and they made a pallet for the sick man in a corner of our long room.

He lay for the most part with his face to the wall, and seemed much broken with the journey.

I had passed him more than once with no more than the glimpse of a white face. An attendant from the hospital looked in now and again, at long intervals, to minister to his wants. The sufferer showed no sign of requiring or wishing anything more, and while his forlornness troubled me, I did not see that I could be of any service to him.

It was about the third day after his arrival that I caught his eye fixed on me, and it seemed to me with knowledge. I went across and bent over him, then fell quickly to my knees beside him.

"Le Marchant! Is it possible?"

It was Carette's youngest brother, Helier.

"All that's left of him.—hull damaged," he said, with a feeble show of spirit.

"What's wrong?"

"A shot 'twixt wind and water—leaking a bit."

"Does it hurt you to talk?"

He nodded to save words, but added, "Hurts more not to. Thought you were dead."

"I suppose so. Now you must lie quiet, and I'll look after you. But tell me—how were they all in Sercq the last you heard—my mother and grand-

father—and Carette? And how long is it since?"

"A month—all well, far as I know. But we"—with a gloomy shake of the head—"we are wiped out."

"Your father and brothers?"

"All in same boat—wiped out."

I would have liked to question him further, but the talking was evidently trying to him, and I had to wait. It was much to have learnt that up to a month ago all was well with those dearest to me, though his last words raised new black fears.

I hung about outside till the hospital attendant paid his belated visit, and then questioned him.

"A shot through the lung," he told me, "and a bout of fever on top of it. Lung healing; needs nursing. Do you know him?"

"He is from my country. If you'll tell me what to do I'll see to him."

"Then I'll leave him to you. We've got our hands full over there," and he gave me simple directions as to treatment, and told me to report to him each day.

And so my work was cut out for me, and for the time being all thought of escape was put aside.

It was as much as I could do to keep Le Marchant from talking, but I insisted and bullied him into silence that was good for him, and had my reward in his healing lung and slowly returning strength.

To keep him quiet I sat much with him, and told him by degrees pretty nearly all that had happened to me. In the matter of Torode I could not at first make up my mind whether to disclose the whole or not, and so told him only how John Ozanne and the "Swallow" encountered Main Rouge, and came to grief, and how the privateer, having picked me up, had lodged me on board the "Josephine."

I thought he eyed me closely while I told of it, and then doubted if it was not my own lack of candour that prompted the thought.

His recovery was slow work at best, for the wound had brought on fever, and the fever had reduced him terribly, and when the later journeying renewed the wound trouble he had barely strength to hang on. But he was an Islandman, and almost kin to me for

the love I bore Carrette, and I spared myself no whit in his service, thinking ever of her. And the care and attention I was able to give him, and perhaps the very fact of companionship, and the hopes I held out of escape together when he should be well enough, wrought mightily in him.

As soon as Le Marchant's lung healed sufficiently to let him speak without ill consequences, I got out of him particulars of the disaster that had befallen them.

They were running an unusually valuable cargo into Poole Harbour when they fell into a carefully arranged trap. They flung overboard their weighted kegs and made a bolt for the open, and found themselves face to face with a couple of heavily armed cutters converging on the harbour evidently by signal. Under such circumstances, the usual course, since flight was out of the question, would have been a quiet surrender, but Jean Le Marchant, furious at being so tricked, flung discretion after his kegs and fought for a chance of freedom.

"But we never had a chance," said Helier bitterly, "and it was a mistake to try, though we all felt as mad about it as he did. I saw him and Martin go down. Then this cursed bullet took me in the chest, and I don't remember things very clearly after that till I came to myself in the prison hospital at Forton with a vast crowd of others. Then we were hustled out and anywhere to make room for a lot of wounded from the King's ships, and I thought it better to play wounded sailor than wounded smuggler, and so I kept a quiet tongue, and they sent me here. The journey threw me back, but I'm glad now I came. It's good to see a Sercq face again."

"And the others?" I asked, thinking, past them all, of Carrette.

"Never a word have I heard," he said gloomily. "They were taken or killed without doubt. And if they were alive and whole, they are on the King's ships, for they're crimping every man they can lay hands on down there."

"And Carrette will be all alone, and that devil of a Torode—my God, Le Marchant!—but it is hard to sit here and think of it! Get you well, and we will be gone."

"Aunt Jeanne will see to her," he said confidently. "Aunt Jeanne is a cleverer woman than most."

"And Torode a cleverer man—the old one at all events," and under spur of my anxiety, with which I thought to quicken his also, I told him the whole matter of the double-flag treachery, and looked for amazement equal to the quality of my news. But the surprise was mine, for he showed none.

"It's a vile business," he said, "but we saw the possibilities of it long since, and had our suspicions of Torode himself. I'm not sure that he's the only one at it either. They miscall us Le Marchants behind our backs, but honest smuggling's sweet

compared with that kind of work. And so Torode is Main Rouge! That's news, anyway. If ever we get home, *mon beau*, we'll make things hot for him. He's a treacherous devil. I'm not sure he hadn't a hand in our trouble also."

"If he had any end to serve, I could believe it of him."

"But what end?"

"Young Torode wants Carrette."

He laughed as though he deemed my horizon bounded by Carrette, as indeed it was. "No need for him to make away with the whole of her family in order to get her," he said. "It would not commend him to her."

And presently, after musing over the matter, he said, "All the same, Carré, what I can't understand is why you're alive. In Torode's place, now, I'd surely have sunk you with the rest. Man! His life is in your hands."

As soon as the lung healed and he was able to get about in the fresh air, he picked up rapidly, and we began to plan our next move.

We grew very friendly, as was only natural, and our minds were open to one another. I confided to him my plans for escape, and we laid our heads together as to the outer stockade, but with all our thinking could not see the way across it. That open space between, with its hedge of sentries, seemed an impassable barrier.

We were also divided in opinion as to the better course to take if we should get outside. Le Marchant favoured a rush straight to the east coast, which was not more than thirty miles away. There he felt confident of falling in with some of the free-trading community who would put us across to Holland or even to Dunkerque, where they were in force and recognised. I, on the other hand, stuck out for the longer journey right through England to the south coast, whence it should be possible to get passage direct to the Islands. Whichever way we went, we were fully aware that our troubles would only begin when the prison was left behind us, and that they would increase with every step we took towards salt water. For so great had been the waste of life in the war that the fleets were short-handed, and anything in the shape of a man was pounced on by the press-gangs as soon as seen, and flung aboard ship to be licked into shape to be shot at. The matter was still undecided when our chance came suddenly and unexpectedly.

CHAPTER XXI.

HOW WE SAID GOOD-BYE TO AMPERDOO.

We were well into the summer by the time Le Marchant was fully fit to travel, and we had planned and pondered over that outer stockade till our brains ached with such unusual exercise, and still we did not see our way. For the outer sentries were too thickly posted to offer any hopes of overcom-

ing them, and even if we succeeded in getting past any certain one, the time occupied in scaling the outer palisades would be fatal to us.

Then our chance came without a moment's warning, and we took it on the wing.

It was a black, oppressive night after a dull hot day. We had been duly counted into our long sleeping-room, and were lying panting in our hammocks, when the storm broke right above us. There came a blinding blue glare, which lit up every corner of the room, and then a crash so close and awful that some of us, I trow, thought it the last crash of all. For myself, I know, I lay dazed and breathless, wondering what the next minute would bring.

It brought wild shouts from outside and the rush of many feet, the hurried clanging of a bell, the beating of a drum, and then everything was drowned in a furious downpour of rain, which beat on the roof like whips and flails.

What was happening I could not tell, but there was confusion without, and confusion meant chances.

I slipped out of my hammock, unhitched it, and stole across to Le Marchant.

"Come! Bring your hammock!" I whispered, and within a minute we were outside in the storm, drenched to the skin but full of hope.

One of the long wooden houses on the other side of the enclosure was ablaze, but whether from the lightning or as cover to some larger attempt at escape, we could not tell. Very likely the latter, I have since thought, for the soldiers were gathering there in numbers, and the bell still rang and the drum still beat.

Without a word, for all this we had discussed and arranged long since, we crept to the palisade nearest to us. I took my place solidly against it. Le Marchant climbed up on to my shoulders, flung the end of his hammock over the spiked top till it caught with its cordage, and in a moment he was sitting among the teeth up above. Another moment and I was alongside him, peering down into the danger ring below, while the rain thrashed down upon us so furiously that it was all we could do to see or hear. We could, indeed, see nothing save what was right under our hands, for the dead blackness of the night was a thing to be felt.

There was no sound or sign of wardership. It seemed as though what I had hardly dared to hope had come to pass—as though, in a word, that urgent call to the other side of the enclosure, to forestall an escape or assist at the fire, had bared this side of guards.

We crouched there among the sharp points, listening intently, then, taking our lives in our hands, we dropped the hammock on the outside of the palisade and slipped gently down.

My heart was beating a tattoo as loud as that in the soldiers' quarters as we sped across the black

space which had baffled us so long, and not another sound did we hear save the splashing of the rain.

My hammock helped us over the outer palisade in the same way as the other, and we stood for a moment in the rain and darkness, panting and shaking—free men.

We made for the void in front, with no thought but of placing the greatest possible distance between ourselves and the prison in the shortest possible time. We plunged into bogs and scrambled through to the further side, eager bundles of dripping slime, and sped on and on through the rain and darkness—free men; and where we went we knew not, only that it was away from our prison.

For a time the flicker of the burning house showed us where the prison lay, and directed us from it. But this soon died down, and we were left to make our own course, with no guide but the drenching rain. We had headed into it when we loosed from the palisade, and we continued to breast it.

No smaller prize than freedom, no weaker spur than the prison behind would have carried men through what we underwent that night. We ran till our breath came sorely, and then we trudged doggedly, with set teeth and hands clenched, as though by them we clung to desperate hope. Twice when we plunged into black waters we had to swim, and Le Marchant was not much of a swimmer. But there I was able to help him, and when we touched ground we scrambled straight up high banks and went on. And the darkness, if it gave us many a fall, was still our friend.

It was terribly hard travelling. When we struck on tussocks of the wiry grass we were grateful, but for the most part we were falling with bone-breaking jerks into miry pitfalls, or tumbling into space as we ran, and coming up, with a splash and a struggle, in some deep pool or wide flowing ditch.

There is a limit, however, to human endurance, even where liberty is at stake. We trod air one time, in that disconcerting way which jarred one more than many a mile of travel, and landed heavily in the slime below, and Le Marchant lay and made no attempt to rise. I groped till I found him and hauled him to solid ground, and he lay there coughing and choking, and at last sobbing angrily—not with weakness of soul, but from sheer lack of strength to move.

"Go on! Go on!" he gasped, as soon as he could speak. "I'm done. Get you along!"

"I'm done too," I said, and in truth I could not have gone much farther. "We'll rest here till day-break, fill we can see where we are."

He had no breath for argument, and we lay in the muddy sedge till our hearts had settled to a more reasonable beat, and we had breath for speech.

"How far have we come, do you think?" Le Marchant asked.

"It felt like fifty miles, but it was such rough work that it's probably nearer five. But it can't be long to daylight: then we shall know better."

We struggled to a drier hummock and lay down again. The rain had ceased, and presently, while we lay watching for the first flicker of dawn in front or on our left, an exclamation from Le Marchant brought me round with a jerk to find the sky softening and lightening right behind us. The ditches and the darkness and our many falls had led us astray. Instead of going due east we had fetched a compass and bent round to the north: instead of leaving our prison we had circled round it. And, as the shadows lightened on the long dim flats, we saw in the distance the black ring of the stockade on its little elevation.

"Let us get on," said Le Marchant, with a groan at the wasted energies of the night.

"I believe we're safer here. If they seek us it will be farther away. They'd never think we'd be such fools as to stop within a couple of miles of the prison."

And, indeed, before I had done speaking, we could make out the tiny black figures of patrols setting off along the various roads that led through the swamps, and so we lay still and watched the black figures disappear to the east and south and north.

So long as we kept hidden I had no great fear of them, for the swamps were honeycombed with hiding-places, and to beat them thoroughly would have required one hundred men to every one they could spare.

"I'm not at all sure it's us they're after," I said, by way of cheer for us both. "All that turmoil last night, and the fire, make me think some of the others in No. 3 were on the same job."

"Like enough, but I don't see that it helps us much. Can we find anything to eat?"

But we had come away too hurriedly to make any provision, and we knew too little of the roots among which we lay to venture on any of them. So we lay, hungry and sodden, in spite of the sun which presently set the flats steaming, and did not dare to move lest some sharp eye should spy us.

Not till nightfall did we dare to move, and very grateful we were that the night was fine, with a glorious show of stars. By them we steered due east, but still had to keep to the marsh lands and away from the roads. And now, from lack of food, our hearts were not so stout, and the going seemed heavier and more trying. It brought back to me the times we had in the Everglades of Florida, and I told Le Marchant the story, but it did not greatly cheer him.

Once that night, in our blind travelling, we stumbled out into a road, and while we stood doubtful whether we might not dare to use it for

the easement of our bodies, there came along it the tramp of men and the click of arms, and we were barely in the ditch with only our noses above water when they went noisily past us in the direction of the prison.

We made a better course that night—in the matter of direction at all events—but our progress was slow, for we were both feeling sorely the lack of food, and our way across the flats was still full of pitfalls, into which we fell dully and dragged ourselves out doggedly. We had been thirty hours without a bite and suffered severe pains, probably from the marsh water we had drunk and had to drink.

"Two hundred kegs of fine French cognac we dropped overboard outside Poole Harbour," groaned Le Marchant, one time, "and a mouthful of it now——!"

"We must come across something in time," I tried to cheer him with—feeling little cheer myself.

"If it's only the hole they'll find our bodies in," he said down-heartedly.

And a very short while after that, as though to point his words, we fell together into a slimy ditch, and it seemed to me that Le Marchant lay unable to rise.

I put my arms under him and strove to lift him, and felt a shock of horror as another man's arms round him on the other side touched mine, and I found another man trying to lift him also.

"*Bon Dieu!*" I gasped in my fright, and let the body go, as the other jerked out the same words and released his hold also, and the body fell between us.

"*Carré!* But I thought this was you," panted Le Marchant, in a shaky voice.

"And I thought it was you."

We bent together and lifted the fallen one to solid ground, but it was too dark to see his face.

"Is he dead?"

"He is dead," I said, for I had laid my hand against his heart and it was still, and his flesh was clammy cold, and when we found him he was lying face down in the mud.

"He escaped as we did, and wandered till he fell in here and was too weak to rise. Let us go on," and we joined hands, for the comfort of the living touch, and went on our way more heavily than before.

We kept anxious look out for lights or any signs of humanity. And lights indeed we saw at times that night, and cowered shivering in ditches and mudholes as they flitted to and fro about the marshes. For these, we knew, were no earthly lights, but ghost flares tempting us to destruction—stealthy, pale flames of greenish blue which hovered like ghostly butterflies, and danced on the darkness and fluttered from place to place as though blown by unfelt winds. And one time, after we had left

the dead man behind, one such came dancing straight towards us, and we turned and ran for our lives till we fell into a hole. For Le Marchant vowed it was the dead man's spirit, and that the others were the spirits of those who had died in similar fashion. But for myself I was not sure, for I had seen similar lights on our masts at sea in the West Indies, though indeed there was nothing to prove that they also were not the spirits of drowned mariners.

CHAPTER XXII.

HOW WE FOUND A FRIEND IN NEED.

But—"pas de rue sans but!" as we say in Sereq—there is no road but has an ending. And, just as the dawn was softening the east and when we were nigh our last effort, we stumbled by sheerest accident on shelter, warmth, and food—and so upon life, for I do not think either of us could have carried on much longer, and to have sunk down there in the marsh, with no hope of food, must soon have brought us to an end.

It was Le Marchant who smelt it first.

"Carré," he said suddenly, "there is smoke," and he stood and sniffed like a starving dog. Then I smelt it also, a sweet, pleasant smell of burning, and we sniffed together.

Since it came to us on the wind, we followed up the wind in search of it, and nosed about hither and thither, losing it, finding it, but getting hotter and hotter on the scent till we came at last to a little mound, and out of the mound the smoke came.

A voice also as we drew close, muffled and monotonous, but human beyond doubt. We crept round the mound till we came on a doorway all covered with furze and grasses till it looked no more than a part of the mound. We pulled open the door, and the voice inside said, "Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" and we crept in on our hands and knees.

There was a small fire of brown sods burning on the ground, and the place was full of a sweet pungent smoke. A little old man sat crouched with his chin on his knees staring into the fire, and said, "Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" without ceasing. There was no more than room for the three of us, and we elbowed one another as we crouched by the fire.

He turned a rambling eye on us, but showed no surprise.

"Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" said the little old man.

"Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" said I, deeming it well to fall in with his humour.

"Ay—who?" he asked.

"The one you mean."

"Ay—Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" and he lifted a bottle from the ground between

his knees, and took a pull at it, and passed it on to me. I drank and passed it to Le Marchant, and the fiery spirit ran through my veins like new hot life.

"We are starving; give us to eat," I said, and the old man pointed to a hole in the side of the hut. I thrust in my hand and found bread, dark coloured and coarse, but amazingly sweet and strengthening, and a lump of fat bacon. We divided it without a word, and ate like famished dogs. And all the time the old man chaunted "Blight him!" with fervour, and drank every now and then from the bottle. We drank too as we ate, but sparingly, lest our heads should go completely, though we could not believe such hospitality a trap.

It was a nightmare ending to a nightmare journey, but, for the moment, we had food and shelter and we asked no more. When we had eaten, we curled ourselves up on the floor and slept, with "Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" dying in our ears.

I must have slept for a long time, for when I woke I felt almost myself again. I had dim remembrances of half-wakings, in which I had seen the old man still crouching over his smouldering fire muttering his usual curse. But now he was gone, and Le Marchant and I had the place to ourselves, and presently Le Marchant stretched and yawned, and sat up blinking at the smoke.

"Where is the old one?" he asked. "Or was it only a dream?"

"Real enough, and so was his bread and bacon. I'm hungry again," and we routed about for food, but found only a bottle with spirits in it, which we drank.

We sat there in the careless sloth that follows too great a strain, but feeling the strength grow as we sat.

"Is he safe?" asked Le Marchant at last. "Or has he gone to bring the soldiers on us? And is it night or day?" and he felt round with his foot till he came on the door and let in a bright gleam of daylight.

We crawled out into the sunshine and sat with our backs against the sods of the house, looking out over the great sweep of the flats. It was like a sea whose tumbling waves had turned suddenly into earth and become fixed. Here and there great green breakers stood up above the rest with bristling crests of wire grass, and the darker patches of tiny tangled shrubs and heather and the long black pools and ditches were like the shadows that dapple the sea. The sky was almost as clear a blue as we get in Sereq, and was so full of singing larks that it set us thinking of home.

Away on the margin of the flats we saw the steeples of churches, and between us and them a small black object came flitting like a jumping beetle. We sat and watched it, and it turned into a man, who overcame the black ditches and picked his way from tussock to tussock by means of a

long pole, which brought him to us at length in a series of flying leaps.

"Blight him! Blight him! Blight him!" he said as he landed. "So you are awake at last."

"Awake and hungry," I said.

He loosed a bundle from his back and opened it, and showed us bread and bacon.

"Blight him! Eat!" he said, and we needed no second bidding.

"You are from the cage?" he asked as he sat and watched us.

I nodded.

"All the birds that come my way I feed," he said. "For once I was caged myself. Blight him!"

"Whom do you blight?" I asked.

"Whom?" he cried angrily, and turned a suspicious eye on me. "The Hanover rat—George!—And the blight works—oh, it works; and the brain rots in his head and the maggots gnaw at his heart. And they wonder why—! an effectual fervent curse!—Oh, it works! For years and years I've cursed him night and day and—you see! Keep him in the dark, they said. Let no man speak to him for a twelvemonth and a day, they said. And no man spoke, but I myself, and all day long and all night I cursed him out loud for the sound of my own voice, since no other might speak to me. For the silence and the darkness pressed upon me like the churchyard mould, and I kept my wits only by cursing. Blight him! Blight him! And now they say—But they may say what they will so they leave me in peace, for I know—and you know," and he bent forward confidentially, "it's the King that's mad, and soon everyone will know it. Blight him! Blight him! Oh, an effectual fervent curse indeed!"

"We are grateful to you," I said, "for food and shelter. We have money, we will pay."

"As you will. Those who can, pay. Those who can't, don't. All caged birds, I help. Blight him! Blight him!"

"We would rest till night, then you can put us on our way to the coast. This is an ill land to wander in in the dark."

Le Marchant begged me to ask if he had any tobacco and a pipe, and I did so. He went inside and came out with a clay pipe and some dried brown herb.

"It is not what you smoke, but such as it is, it is there," he said, and Le Marchant tried a whiff or two but laid the pipe aside with a grunt.

"He speaks as do the others from the cage. How come you to speak as we do?"

"I am from Sercq. It is part of England."

"I never heard of it. Why did they cage you?"

"I was prisoner on a French ship which they captured. I let them believe me French rather than be pressed on board a King's ship."

"Right! Blight him!"

That long rest made men of us again. Our host had little to say to us except that the King was mad, and we concluded that on that subject he was none too sane himself, though in other matters we had no fault to find with him.

We got directions for our guidance out of him during the day, and as soon as it was dark he set off with us across the marshes, and led us at last on to more trustworthy ground and told us how to go. We gave him money and hearty thanks, and shook him by the hand and went on our way.

All that night we walked steadily eastward, passing through sleeping villages and by sleeping farm-houses, and meeting none who showed any desire to question us. In the early morning I bought bread and cheese from a sleepy wife at a little shop in a village that was just waking up, and we ate as we walked, and slept in a haystack till late in the afternoon. We tramped again all night, and long before daylight we smelt salt water, and when the sun rose we were sitting on a cliff watching it come up out of the sea.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HOW WE CAME UPON A WHITED SEPULCHRE AND FELL INTO THE FIRE.

We wandered a great way down that lonely coast before a fishing village hove in sight. At regular intervals we came upon watchmen on the look-out for invaders or smugglers, and to all such we gave wide berth, by a circuit in the country or by dodging them on their beats. It was only towns we feared, and of those there were fortunately not many. In the villages we had no difficulty in buying food, and, to all who questioned, we were on our way to the Nore to join a King's ship and fight the Frenchmen. To cover Le Marchant's lack of speech, we muffled his face in flannel and gave him a toothache which rendered him bearish and disinclined for talk. And so we came slowly down the coast, with eyes and ears alert for chance of crossing, and wondered at the lack of enterprise on the part of the dwellers there which rendered the chances so few.

Many recollections crowd my mind of that long tramp along the edge of the sea. But greater matters press, and I may not linger on these. We had many a close shave from officious village busybodies, whose patriotism flew no higher than thought of the reward which hung to an escaped prisoner of war or to any likely subject for the press-gang.

One such is burnt in on my mind, because thought of him has done more to make me suspicious of my fellows, especially of such as make parade of their piety, than any man I ever met.

He was a kindly-looking old man with white hair and a cheerful brown face, and his clothes were white with flour dust which had a homely, honest flavour about it. He was in a small shop, where I went for food one evening, engaged in talk with

the woman who kept it, and he began to question me as soon as I opened my mouth.

I told him our usual story, and he seemed much interested in it.

"And you're going to the fleet! Well, well! A dreadful thing is war, but if it has to be, it's better on sea than on the land here, and the fleet must have sailors, I suppose. But every night I pray for wars to cease and the good times of universal peace to come."

"Where do you rest to-night?" he asked in the kindest way possible.

"We are pushing on to lose no time. The fleet wants men."

"Brave men are always wanted, and should be well treated. A few hours will not hurt the fleet. You shall sup and sleep with me, and to-morrow I will put you on your way in my gig. It is but a step to the mill."

He seemed so gentle and straightforward, and the prospects of a bed and an ample meal were so attractive, that we went with him without a thought of ill.

The mill stood on rising ground just off the village street. I have never passed under the gaunt arms of a mill since without a feeling of discomfort.

The miller's house, however, was not in the mill itself, but just alongside, under its great bony wings. There was a light in the window and a sweet wholesome smell all about.

He introduced us to his wife, a very quiet woman and much less cheerful and hospitable than himself, and bade her hasten the supper and prepare a bed, and we sat and talked while they were getting ready. He showed great concern, too, on Le Marchant's account, and insisted on his wife applying a boiling lotion of herbs, which very soon made his face look as bad as anyone could have wished: and in consequence of some hasty words the sufferer dropped during this infliction, I found it necessary to explain that we were from the Channel Islands, but good Englishmen, although our native speech was more akin to French. The old miller was very much interested, and asked many questions about the Islands and the land and crops there.

We had an excellent hot supper, with home-brewed ale to drink, and then the old man read a chapter out of the Bible, and prayed at length—for us, and for peace and prosperity, and much more besides. Then we had a smoke, and he showed us to the most comfortable bed I had seen since I left home.

Le Marchant was not in the best of humours. He chose to regard the old man's hospitality with suspicion.

I was very sound asleep when a violent shaking of the arm woke me, and Le Marchant's whisper in my ear—"Carre, there's something wrong. Don't speak! Listen!"—brought me all to myself in a

moment, and I heard what he heard: the hushed movement of people in the outer room off which our bedroom opened, the soft creak of a loose board in the flooring.

"Outside the window a minute ago," he murmured in my ear.

Then a sound reached us that there was no mistaking, the tiny clink of the strap-ring of a musket against the barrel, and a peaceful miller has no need of muskets.

We had but a moment for thought. I feared greatly that we were trapped, and felt the blame to myself. There would be men outside the window, but more in the room, for they looked to catch us sleeping. I had no doubt, in my own mind, that it was a press-gang, in which case their object was to take us, not to kill us. And, thinking it over since, I have thought it possible that the treacherous old miller may have signalled them by a light in the top of the mill which would be seen a very long way.

I peeped out of the window. Three men with muskets and cutlasses stood there watching it. We were trapped of a surety. Carette and Sercq seemed to swing away out of sight, and visions of the routine and brutality of the King's service loomed up very close in front.

We had no weapons except my sailor's knife, which would be little use against muskets and cutlasses. But there was a stout oak chair by the bedside, and at a pinch its legs might serve.

We could do nothing but wait to see what their move would be, and that waiting, with the gloomiest of prospects in front, was as long and dismal a time as any I have known.

It was just beginning to get light when a tap came on the door, and the voice of the villainous old miller:

"Your breakfast is ready. We should start in half an hour."

"Hel-lo?" I asked, in as sleepy a fashion as I could make it.

He repeated his message, and Le Marchant, with his ear against the door, nodded confirmation of our fears. The breakfast we were invited to consisted of muskets and cutlasses and hard blows.

It was Le Marchant's very reasonable anger at this treacherous usage that saved us in a way we had not looked for. But possibly there was in him some dim idea of chances of escape in what might follow. Chance there was none if we walked into the next room or tried the window.

Our comfortable bed consisted of sweet straw inside the usual covering. He suddenly ripped this open, tore out the straw in handfuls and flung it under the bedstead, then pulled out his flint and steel and set it ablaze. The room was full of smoke in a moment, and we heard startled cries from the outer room. Taking the stout oak chair by opposite legs we pulled till they parted, and we were armed.

The door burst open, and the miller went down headlong under Le Marchant's savage blow.

"Next!" he cried, swinging his club athwart the doorway. But, though there were many voices, no head was offered for his blow.

The flames burned fiercely behind us. With a crack of my chair leg I broke both windows, and the smoke poured out and relieved us somewhat, and the fire blazed up more fiercely still. The flooring was all on fire and the dry old walls behind the bed, and we stood waiting for the next man to appear.

"Better give in, boys," cried someone in the outer room; "you'll only make things worse for yourselves." But we answered never a word, and stood the more cautiously on our guard.

Then they began throwing buckets of water in at the door, and we heard it splashing also on the outer walls, but none came near the fire, since the bed was not opposite the door.

We were scorched and half smothered, but the draught through the door and out at the window still gave us chance to breathe.

The bedstead fell in a blazing heap, the flames crept round the walls. We could not stand it much longer. We would have to lay down our chair legs and surrender.

Then a very strange thing happened.

Le Marchant saw it first and grabbed my arm.

The portion of the blazing bedstead nearest the wall sank down through the floor and disappeared, and at a glance we saw our way, though how far it might lead us we could not tell.

"*Allons!*" said Le Marchant, and without a moment's hesitation leaped down into the smoke that came rolling up out of the hole, and I followed.

We landed on barrels and kegs covered with blazing embers. Le Marchant gave a laugh at sight of their familiar faces, and by way of further payment to the miller, dashed his heel through the head of a keg and sped on, while the flames roared out afresh behind us.

For a short way we had the light of the blaze, but soon we were past it and groping in darkness down a narrow tunnel way. It seemed endless, but fresh blowing air came puffing up to us at last, and of a sudden we crept out into the night through a clump of gorse on the side of a cliff. Below us was the sea, and on the shingle lay a six-oared galley such as the preventive men use.

"Devil's luck!" laughed Le Marchant, and we slipped and rolled down the cliff to the shore, with never a doubt as to our next move. We set our shoulders to the black galley, ran it gaily down the shingle, and took to the oars. As we got out from under the land we saw the house blazing fiercely on the cliff. There was a keg in the boat, and a mast with a leg-of-mutton sail. We stepped the mast and set the sail and drew swiftly out to sea.

I do not think either of us ever found a voyage so much to our liking as this. Our craft was but a customs' galley—twenty feet long and four feet in beam, it is true—and we were heading straight out into the North Sea. We had not a scrap of food, but we had fared well the night before, and the keg in the bows suggested hopes.

Our first idea had been to run due east till we struck the coast of Holland, which we knew must be something less than one hundred and fifty miles away. But Le Marchant, who knew the smuggling ports better than I, presently suggested that we should run boldly south by east for Dunkerque or Boulogne, and he affirmed that it was little if any farther away than the Dutch coast, and even if it was, we should land among friends and save time and trouble in the end. So, as the weather and wind seemed like to hold, we turned to the south, and kept as straight a course as we could, and met with no interference. The setting sun trued our reckoning and we ran on by the stars.

When the sun rose there stole out of the shadows on our right white cliffs, and a smiling green land, which Le Marchant said was the coast of Kent, so we ran east by south, and presently raised a great stretch of sandy dunes, along which we coasted till the ramparts and spires of Dunkerque rose slowly before us.

We landed in a quiet corner without attracting observation, and Le Marchant led the way to a quarter of the town which he said was given up entirely to the smuggling community, and where we should meet with a warm welcome. But we found, on arriving there, that the free-traders had been moved in a body down the coast to Gravelines, halfway to Calais, all but a stray family or two of the better behaved class. These, however, treated us well on hearing our story, and we rested there that day, and left again as soon as it was dark, with all the provisions we could carry. We crept quietly out of the harbour and coasted along past the lights of Gravelines and Calais, and weathered with some difficulty the great grey head of Gris Nez, and were off the sands of Boulogne soon after sunrise.

We kept well out, having no desire for forced service, but only to get home and attend to our own affairs. But even at that distance, and to our inexperienced eyes, the sight we saw was an extraordinary one. The heights behind the town were white with tents, as though a snowstorm had come down in the night, and for miles each way the level sand flats flashed and twinkled with the arms of vast bodies of men, marching to and fro at their drill, we supposed.

We dropped our sail to avoid notice, and rowed slowly past, but time and again found ourselves floating idly as we gazed at that great spectacle and wondered what the upshot would be.

(To be continued.)

INSURANCE NOTES.

Victorian capitalists who have considerable sums invested in West Australian Debentures will appreciate the speech of the chairman of directors of the Western Australian Bank (Sir George Shenton) made at the half-yearly meeting of that institution held recently in Perth. Though the gold yield of West Australia is declining, that State, like Victoria, is benefiting from the strong pioneering element introduced at the time of the gold rush. In a country so vast, and with such a variety of climate, there is scope for the development of agricultural, pastoral, fruit-growing and other industries which must more than compensate for a slight falling off in mining. The West Australian Bank is so linked up with the State that its accounts afford a very fair index of the advance made by the community. Taking recent accounts, it is found that the leading figures five years ago and a year ago compare with those of the last balance-sheet as follows:—

	Sept., 1902. £	Sept., 1906. £	Sept., 1907. £
Deposits—			
Current	1,056,060	1,161,233	1,152,161
Fixed	888,371	867,494	910,082
Advances	1,027,300	1,652,740	1,796,885
Notes in circulation	130,000	124,087	119,770
Gold and bullion	1,202,380	938,102	1,019,932
Net profit... ..	15,488	22,184	27,993
Brought forward...	16,797	31,383	23,324
Dividend	17/6	20/-	20/-

The shareholders have authorised the directors to increase the capital of the bank by the issue of 2500 shares. With a concern paying such a splendid rate of interest this issue is sure to be snapped up.

At a meeting of the Executive Committee of the Australian Exhibition of Women's Work, held on 17th ult., her Excellency Lady Northcote complimented the six "firemen" who had been on duty at the Exhibition on the way in which they had performed their duties. Lady Northcote then presented each of the firemen with a silver matchbox as a souvenir of the Exhibition.

The demolition of the ruins of the Elizabeth-street fire is progressing slowly, and unhappily not unattended by accidents. The high wind which prevailed on Boxing Day brought one of the tottering walls crashing to the ground, doing considerable damage to a hotel building standing to the north of the ruins, and a few days later it was discovered that an unfortunate workman had been crushed to death by the falling debris. A further mishap occurred on Saturday morning, 4th inst., when a brick dislodged from one of the walls, struck a workman on the head, inflicting a painful wound.

The Royal Bank of Australia has been admitted to an equal share with the other banks in the Victorian Government banking account.

CITIZENS' LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

Head Office: Castlereagh & Moore Sts.,
SYDNEY.

FUNDS - - £1,900,000.
ANNUAL INCOME £490,000.

The COMPANY has

Money to Lend

on Security of Freehold, City or Suburban Properties, Good Dairy Farms, Agricultural and Grazing Lands (Freehold or C.P. and C.L.), or Government Stock of any of the Australian States or New Zealand at Lowest Current Rates of Interest.

Loans Arranged for a Fixed Term, or Made Repayable by Instalments, Without Notice or Payment of Any Fine.

THE COLONIAL MUTUAL .. FIRE ..

INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED.

FIRE . . .
ACCIDENT . .
EMPLOYER'S
LIABILITY .
FIDELITY
GUARANTEE .
PLATE-GLASS
BREAKAGE .
MARINE . . .

Insurance.

OFFICES.

MELBOURNE—60 Market Street.
SYDNEY—78 Pitt Street.
ADELAIDE—71 King William Street.
BRISBANE—Creek Street.
PERTH—Barrack Street.
HOBART—Collins Street.
LONDON—St. Michael's Alley, Cornhill, E.C.

WM. L. JACK,
MANAGER.

On 24th December last a serious fire at Watson's Chambers, Flinders Lane, was happily averted by the pluck of Mr. William Ross, an employee of Messrs. Baylis and Sons, in whose warehouse an outbreak occurred. A bottle of methylated spirits was left uncorked close to a small stove, and the vapour from the spirits becoming ignited, it spread rapidly to a quantity of loose paper which was lying on a bench. Mr. Ross pluckily dragged the burning rubbish into the middle of the floor, and succeeded in beating the flames out with a large flat board, though in so doing he was considerably scorched about the hands and face.

A quantity of copper and galvanised wire which had been damaged in the Elizabeth-street fire was disposed of by auction on 9th ult. under instructions from the Postmaster-General. A total of £6370 was realised by the sale.

The Metropolitan Fire Brigade has compiled a return showing in detail the number of calls received by the brigade for the year 1907. In all 1588 calls were received, of which 672 were false alarms. Chimney fires numbered 128, and rubbish and grass fires 127, which leaves the number of fires in buildings at 661, and of these, 605 are classed as slight or trifling. Very considerable damage was done by six (6) of the remaining 56 outbreaks, and six (6) resulted in total destruction of the premises affected. The following table shows the classification of the calls for each month of the year 1907, and a comparison of the totals with those of 1906:—

	Grass, Chimney, and False Alarms	Slight Damage	Considerable Damage	Destroyed	Total Calls
January	102	54	4	1	161
February	93	59	3	1	156
March	89	49	145
April	70	52	4	1	127
May	81	28	4	...	113
June	70	26	2	...	98
July	69	33	102
August	63	37	2	...	102
September	78	43	6	...	127
October	68	63	4	1	136
November	62	87	9	...	158
December	82	74	5	2	163
Total	927	605	50	6	1588
1906	918	432	39	13	1402

The following list shows the number of fires which occurred in the city and principal suburbs during last year:—Melbourne, 94; South Melbourne, 47; Carlton, 33; Fitzroy, 32; Brunswick, 30; Richmond, 29; Collingwood, 24; North Melbourne, 20; Port Melbourne, 20; St. Kilda, 19; South Yarra, 19; Footscray, 19; Malvern, 18; Hawthorn, 18; Prahran, 17; Brighton, 14; Albert Park, 12; Windsor, 12; Williamstown, 11; Moonee Ponds, 10; and other suburbs, 163. Total, 661.

THE EQUITY TRUSTEES, EXECUTORS, AND AGENCY COMPANY LIMITED.

RESERVE LIABILITY, £100,000; GUARANTEE FUND, £10,000.

BOARD OF DIRECTORS—Edward Fanning, Esq., Chairman, W. Campbell Guest, Esq.; W. H. Irvine, Esq., K.C.M.G.; Donald Mackinnon, Esq., M.L.A.; R. G. M'Cutcheon, Esq., M.L.A.

REGISTERED OFFICE, No. 85 QUEEN ST., MELBOURNE.

This Company is empowered by special Act of Parliament to perform all classes of trustee business. JOEL FOX, Manager.

CLEMENT H. DAVIS,

Incorporated Accountant, Specialist for Installing Latest American Office Bookkeeping Systems, viz.—Looseleaf or Perpetual Ledgers and Card-Ledgers Correspondence, Filing, Adding and Posting Machines, &c., &c.

ROYAL BANK CHAMBERS. MELBOURNE.

Advices received by Mr. H. B. Connell, resident secretary of the New York Life Insurance Company, from the head office in New York state that the new business written and actually paid for in 1907 by the company was £27,000,000, and the insurance in force now amounts to the sum of £400,000,000. The executive officers in New York have cabled congratulations to the Australasian department on its share in the satisfactory new business results.



Utk.]

[Berlin.]

"Might is Right;" or, Politics in the Nursery."

A NEW DEPARTURE.

**Warner's
Safe Cure
(Concentrated)**

—NON-ALCOHOLIC—

2/6 Bottle

2/6 Bottle

Responding to the urgent requests of many sufferers, the proprietors have decided to introduce a concentrated, non-alcoholic form of that valuable medicine, Warner's Safe Cure, under the title of "**Warner's Safe Cure (Concentrated)**." The price of Warner's Safe Cure (Concentrated) is 2s. 6d. per bottle. The bottle is one-fourth the size of the 5s. bottle of Warner's Safe Cure, but it contains the same number of doses, the dose being also one-fourth, namely, a teaspoonful instead of a tablespoonful. The medicinal value is the same in each case, the medicinal contents of a 5s. bottle of Warner's Safe Cure being concentrated into a 2s. 6d. bottle of Warner's Safe Cure (Concentrated).

So well known are the beneficial effects of Warner's Safe Cure in all cases of kidney and liver disease, and complaints arising from the retention in the system of uric and biliary poisons, such as

Rheumatism

Gout

Neuralgia

Lumbago

Sciatica

Blood Disorders

Anaemia

Indigestion

Biliousness

Jaundice

Bright's Disease

Gravel

Stone

Bladder Troubles

General Debility

Sick Headache

that the introduction of the 2s. 6d. bottle of Warner's Safe Cure (Concentrated) cannot be regarded otherwise than as a public boon.

Warner's Safe Cure (Concentrated) is sold by all Chemists and Storekeepers, or will be sent, carriage paid, on receipt of price, by H. H. Warner & Co. Limited, Australasian Branch, Melbourne.

I'm the Robur Tea Girl!



SEE that your teapot is thoroughly clean before you put our good tea into it—scalding with hot water will rinse out stale leaves from the previous brew, and at the same time warm the teapot—a warmed teapot does not chill the boiling water as you pour it on the leaves. It is not possible to make a good cup of tea unless your teapot is both clean and warm.

For general family use our No. 1 Grade is eminently suitable—it makes nicer tea than is to be found in the average home, and goes much further than ordinary tea.

The "Robur" Tea Co.,

James Service & Co.

Proprietors.

MISS IRENE DILLON—Phot'd by Stewart & Co., Melb.



Robur^{tea}